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VOLUME I

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A

COLLECTION of POEMS.

THE SECOND EDITION.

VOL. I.

A COLLECTION OF POEMS

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY

SEVERAL HANDS.

LONDON:
Printed for G. PEARCH, N° 12, CHEAPSIDE.
M.DCC.LXX.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN an age like the preſent, wherein literary merit of every kind ſo much abounds, and is at the ſame time ſo much encouraged; many poetical performances which deſerve a longer remembrance than fugitive pieces uſually meet with, are daily thrown upon the public, and left to periſh in oblivion. To ſelect theſe from the trifling productions of the day, has ever been conſidered as an uſeful employment: and the favourable reception which Mr. DODSLEY's elegant Collection of Poems obtained from the public, is ſufficient to encourage any perſon who has the means in his power to continue that deſervedly eſteemed Miſcellany. Several attempts of this ſort have been made, but none have acquired ſo much reputation as to render the preſent undertaking uſeleſs or unneceſſary.

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Twelve years are now elapſed ſince the laſt volumes of that work were publiſhed, in which time it is not to be ſuppoſed that there has been ſo great a dearth of genius, but that many pieces have made their appearance which are not inferior to the beſt preſerved in that Miſcellany. Of the truth of this obſervation, the Editor appeals to the following Collection, which is compiled from the beſt productions publiſhed within that time, which Mr. Dodsley had not the opportunity of ſeeing, with the addition of many other pieces, which with all his diligence were overlooked by him. With what degree of judgment this Collection is made, the Editor ſubmits to the determination of the public; the greater part of the poetical pieces of the laſt thirty years have paſſed through his hands, and as of them the following Volumes are compoſed, he hopes they will not be conſidered as an improper Supplement to the work of which they are deſigned as a Continuation. He flatters himſelf that he has not ſuffered private friendſhip to obtrude any piece into this Collection, which is unworthy of the reſt, and great care has been

taken

taken to prevent the inſertion of any performance which has not been approved by gentlemen of diſtinguiſhed reputation; but as he is ſenſible that the taſte of perſons is very different, he expects not after all that every piece will meet with equal applauſe, being convinced of the truth of Mr. DODSLEY's obſervation, "That it "is impoſſible to furniſh out an entertainment "of this nature, where every part ſhall be re-"liſhed by every gueſt."

ARGU-

ARGUMENT.

Abelard and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortunes, fell into the hands of Eloisa: this occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

Isaac Taylor del. et sculp.

ABELARD TO ELOISA.

BY MR. CAWTHORNE,

MASTER OF TUNBRIDGE-SCHOOL.

AH, why this boding ſtart? this ſudden pain,
That wings my pulſe, and ſhoots from vein to vein?
What mean, regardleſs of yon midnight bell,
Theſe earth-born viſions ſaddening o'er my cell?
What ſtrange diſorder prompts theſe thoughts to glow?
Theſe ſighs to murmur, and theſe tears to flow?
'Tis ſhe, 'tis Eloiſa's form reſtor'd,
Once a pure ſaint, and more than ſaints ador'd:
She comes in all her killing charms confeſt,
Glares thro' the gloom, and pours upon my breaſt,

Bids heav'n's bright guard from Paraclete remove,
And drags me back to misery and love.
Enjoy thy triumphs, dear illusion! see
This sad apostate from his God to thee;
See, at thy call, my guilty warmths return,
Flame thro' my blood, and steal me from my urn.
Yet, yet, frail Abelard! one effort try,
Ere the last lingering spark of virtue die;
The deadly charming sorceress controul,
And spite of nature tear her from thy soul.
Long has that soul in these unsocial woods,
Where anguish muses, and where horror broods,
From love's wild visionary wishes stray'd,
And sought to lose thy beauties in the shade,
Faith dropt a smile, devotion lent her fire,
Woke the keen pang, and sanctify'd desire;
Led me enraptur'd to the blest abode,
And taught my heart to glow with all its God.
But oh, how weak fair faith and virtue prove!
When Eloisa melts away in love!
When her fond soul impassion'd, rapt, unveil'd,
No joy forgotten, and no wish conceal'd,
Flows thro' her pen as infant softness free,
And fiercely springs in ecstasies to me.
Ye heavens! as walking in yon sacred fane
With every seraph warm in every vein,
Just as remorse had rous'd an aking sigh,
And my torn soul hung trembling in my eye,

In

In that kind hour thy fatal letter came,
I ſaw, I gaz'd, I ſhiver'd at the name;
The conſcious lamps at once forgot to ſhine,
Prophetic tremors ſhook the hallow'd ſhrine;
Prieſts, cenſors, altars from thy genius fled,
And heaven itſelf ſhut on me while I read.
Dear ſmiling miſchief! art thou ſtill the ſame,
The ſtill pale victim of too ſoft a flame?
Warm, as when firſt with more than mortal ſhine
Each melting eye-ball mix'd thy ſoul with mine?
Have not thy tears for ever taught to flow,
The glooms of abſence, and the pangs of woe,
The pomp of ſacrifice, the whiſper'd tale,
The dreadful vow yet hovering o'er thy veil,
Drove this bewitching fondneſs from thy breaſt?
Curb'd the looſe wiſh, and form'd each pulſe to reſt?
And canſt thou ſtill, ſtill bend the ſuppliant knee
To love's dread ſhrine, and weep and ſigh for me?
Then take me, take me, lock me in thy arms,
Spring to my lips, and give me all thy charms:
No, fly me, fly me, ſpread th' impatient ſail,
Steal the lark's wing, and mount the ſwifteſt gale;
Skim the laſt ocean, freeze beneath the pole;
Renounce me, curſe me, root me from thy ſoul;
Fly, fly, for juſtice bares the arm of God,
And the graſp'd vengeance only waits his nod.
Are theſe my wiſhes? can they thus aſpire?
Does phrenzy form them, or does grace inſpire?

Can Abelard, in hurricanes of zeal,
Betray his heart, and teach thee not to feel?
Teach thy enamour'd ſpirit to diſown
Each human warmth, and chill thee into ſtone?
Ah, rather let my tendereſt accents move
The laſt wild tumults of unholy love!
On that dear boſom trembling let me lie,
Pour out my ſoul, and in fierce raptures die,
Rouze all my paſſions, act my joys anew,
Farewell, ye cells! ye martyr'd ſaints! adieu:
Sleep, conſcience, ſleep! each awful thought be drown'd,
And ſeven-fold darkneſs veil the ſcene around.
What means this pauſe, this agonizing ſtart?
This glimpſe of heaven quick-ruſhing thro' my heart?
Methinks I ſee a radiant croſs diſplay'd,
A wounded Saviour bleeds along the ſhade;
Around th' expiring God bright angels fly,
Swell the loud hymn, and open all the ſky:
O ſave me, ſave me, ere the thunders roll,
And hell's black caverns ſwallow up my ſoul.
Return, ye hours! when guiltleſs of a ſtain,
My ſtrong-plum'd genius throbb'd in every vein,
When warm'd with all th' Ægyptian fanes inſpir'd,
All Athens boaſted, and all Rome admir'd;
My merit in its full meridian ſhone,
Each rival bluſhing, and each heart my own.
Return, ye ſcenes! ah no, from fancy fly,
On time's ſtretch'd wing, till each idea die,

Eternal

Eternal fly, ſince all that learning gave
Too weak to conquer, and too fond to ſave,
To love's ſoft empire every wiſh betray'd,
And left my laurels withering in the ſhade.
Let me forget, that while deceitful fame
Graſp'd her ſhrill trump, and fill'd it with my name,
Thy ſtronger charms, impower'd by heav'n to move
Each ſaint, each bleſt inſenſible to love,
At once my ſoul from bright ambition won,
I hugg'd the dart, I wiſh'd to be undone;
No more pale ſcience durſt my thoughts engage,
Inſipid dulneſs hung on every page;
The midnight lamp no more enjoy'd its blaze,
No more my ſpirit flew from maze to maze:
Thy glances bade philoſophy reſign
Her throne to thee, and every ſenſe was thine.
But what could all the froſts of wiſdom do,
Oppos'd to beauty, when it melts in you?
Since theſe dark, cheerleſs, ſolitary caves,
Death-breathing woods, and daily-opening graves,
Miſ-ſhapen rocks, wild images of woe,
For ever howling to the deeps below;
Ungenial deſarts, where no vernal ſhower
Wakes the green herb, or paints th' unfolding flower;
Th' imbrowning glooms theſe holy manſions ſhed,
The night-born horrors brooding o'er my bed,
The diſmal ſcenes black melancholy pours
O'er the ſad viſions of enanguiſh'd hours;

Lean abſtinence, wan grief, low-thoughted care,
Diſtracting guilt, and hell's worſt fiend, deſpair,
Conſpire, in vain, with all the aids of art,
To blot thy dear idea from my heart.
  Deluſive, ſightleſs god of warm deſire!
Why would'ſt thou wiſh to ſet a wretch on fire?
Why lives thy ſoft divinity where woe
Heaves the pale ſigh, and anguiſh loves to glow?
Fly to the mead, the daiſy-painted vale,
Breathe in its ſweets, and melt along the gale;
Fly where gay ſcenes luxurious youths employ,
Where every moment ſteals the wing of joy;
There may'ſt thou ſee, low proſtrate at thy throne,
Devoted ſlaves and victims all thy own:
Each village-ſwain the turf-built ſhrine ſhall raiſe,
And kings command whole hecatombs to blaze.
  O memory! ingenious to revive
Each fleeting hour, and teach the paſt to live,
Witneſs what conflicts this frail boſom tore!
What griefs I ſuffer'd! and what pangs I bore!
How long I ſtruggled, labour'd, ſtrove to ſave
An heart that panted to be ſtill a ſlave!
When youth, warmth, rapture, ſpirit, love, and flame,
Seiz'd every ſenſe, and burnt thro' all my frame;
From youth, warmth, rapture, to theſe wilds I fled,
My food the herbage, and the rock my bed.
There, while theſe venerable cloiſters riſe
O'er the bleak ſurge, and gain upon the ſkies,

My

My wounded ſoul indulg'd the tear to flow
O'er all her ſad viciſſitudes of woe;
Profuſe of life, and yet afraid to die,
Guilt in my heart, and horror in my eye,
With ceaſeleſs prayers, the whole artillery given
To win the mercies of offended heaven,
Each hill, made vocal, eccho'd all around,
While my torn breaſt knock'd bleeding on the ground.
Yet, yet, alas! tho' all my moments fly
Stain'd by a tear, and darken'd in a ſigh;
Tho' meagre faſts have on my cheek diſplay'd
The duſk of death, and ſunk me to a ſhade,
Spite of myſelf the ſtill-impoiſoning dart
Shoots thro' my blood, and drinks up all my heart;
My vows and wiſhes wildly diſagree,
And grace itſelf miſtakes my God for thee.
  Athwart the glooms, that wrap the midnight ſky,
My Eloiſa ſteals upon my eye;
For ever riſes in the ſolar ray,
A phantom brighter than the blaze of day:
Where-e'er I go, the viſionary gueſt
Pants on my lip, or ſinks upon my breaſt;
Unfolds her ſweets, and, throbbing to deſtroy,
Winds round my heart in luxury of joy;
While loud hoſannas ſhake the ſhrines around,
I hear her ſofter accents in the ſound;
Her idol-beauties on each altar glare,
And heaven much-injur'd has but half my prayer:

No tears can drive her hence, no pangs controul,
For every object brings her to my ſoul.
  Laſt night, reclining on yon airy ſteep,
My buſy eyes hung brooding o'er the deep;
The breathleſs whirlwinds ſlept in every cave,
And the ſoft moon-beam danc'd from wave to wave;
Each former bliſs in this bright mirror ſeen,
With all my glories, dawn'd upon the ſcene,
Recall'd the dear auſpicious hour anew,
When my fond ſoul to Eloiſa flew:
When, with keen ſpeechleſs ecſtaſies oppreſt,
Thy frantic lover ſnatch'd thee to his breaſt,
Gaz'd on thy bluſhes arm'd with every grace,
And ſaw the goddeſs beaming in thy face;
Saw thy wild, trembling, ardent wiſhes move
Each pulſe to rapture, and each glance to love.
But lo! the winds deſcend, the billows roar,
Foam to the clouds, and burſt upon the ſhore,
Vaſt peals of thunder o'er the ocean roll,
The flame-wing'd lightning gleams from pole to pole.
At once the pleaſing images withdrew,
And more than horrors crouded on my view;
Thy uncle's form, in all his ire array'd,
Serenely dreadful ſtalk'd along the ſhade,
Pierc'd by his ſword, I ſunk upon the ground,
The ſpectre ghaſtly ſmil'd upon the wound;
A group of black infernals round me hung,
And toſs'd my infamy from tongue to tongue.

Deteſted

Deteſted wretch! how impotent thy age!
How weak thy malice! and how kind thy rage!
Spite of thyſelf, inhuman as thou art,
Thy murdering hand has left me all my heart;
Left me each tender, fond affection, warm,
A nerve to tremble, and an eye to charm.
No, cruel, cruel, exquiſite in ill,
Thou thought'ſt it dull barbarity to kill;
My death had robb'd loſt vengeance of her toil,
And ſcarcely warm'd a Scythian to a ſmile:
Sublimer furies taught thy ſoul to glow
With all their ſavage myſteries of woe;
Taught thy unfeeling poniard to deſtroy
The powers of nature, and the ſource of joy;
To ſtretch me on the racks of vain deſire,
Each paſſion throbbing, and each wiſh on fire;
Mad to enjoy, unable to be bleſt,
Fiends in my veins, and hell within my breaſt.
Aid me, fair faith! aſſiſt me, grace divine!
Ye martyrs! bleſs me, and ye ſaints! refine,
Ye ſacred groves! ye heaven-devoted walls!
Where folly ſickens, and where virtue calls;
Ye vows! ye altars! from this boſom tear
Voluptuous love, and leave no anguiſh there:
Oblivion! be thy blackeſt plume diſplay'd
O'er all my griefs, and hide me in the ſhade;
And thou, too fondly idoliz'd! attend,
While awful reaſon whiſpers in the friend;

Friend,

Friend, did I ſay? immortals! what a name?
Can dull, cold friendſhip, own ſo wild a flame?
No; let thy lover, whoſe enkindling eye
Shot all his ſoul between thee and the ſky,
Whoſe warmths bewitch'd thee, whoſe unhallow'd ſong
Call'd thy rapt ear to die upon his tongue,
Now ſtrongly rouze, while heaven his zeal inſpires
Diviner tranſports, and more holy fires;
Calm all thy paſſions, all thy peace reſtore,
And teach that ſnowy breaſt to heave no more.
  Torn from the world, within dark cells immur'd,
By angels guarded, and by vows ſecur'd,
To all that once awoke thy fondneſs dead,
And hope, pale ſorrow's laſt ſad refuge, fled;
Why wilt thou weep, and ſigh, and melt in vain,
Brood o'er falſe joys, and hug th'ideal chain?
Say, canſt thou wiſh, that, madly wild to fly
From yon bright portal opening in the ſky,
Thy Abelard ſhould bid his God adieu,
Pant at thy feet, and taſte thy charms anew?
Ye heavens! if to this tender boſom woo'd,
Thy mere idea harrows up my blood;
If one faint glimpſe of Eloiſe can move
The fierceſt, wildeſt agonies of love;
What ſhall I be, when, dazzling as the light,
Thy whole effulgence flows upon my ſight?
Look on thyſelf, conſider who thou art,
And learn to be an abbeſs in thy heart;

See,

See, while devotion's ever-melting ſtrain
Pours the loud organ thro' the trembling fane,
Yon pious maids each earthly wiſh diſown,
Kiſs the dread croſs, and croud upon the throne:
O let thy ſoul the ſacred charge attend,
Their warmths inſpirit, and their virtues mend;
Teach every breaſt from every hymn to ſteal
The ſeraph's meekneſs, and the ſeraph's zeal;
To riſe to rapture, to diſſolve away
In dreams of heaven, and lead thyſelf the way,
Till all the glories of the bleſt abode
Blaze on the ſcene, and every thought is God!
While thus thy exemplary cares prevail,
And make each veſtal ſpotleſs as her veil,
Th'eternal ſpirit o'er thy cell ſhall move
In the ſoft image of the myſtic dove;
The long-loſt gleams of heavenly comfort bring
Peace in his ſmile, and healing on his wing;
At once remove affliction from thy breaſt,
Melt o'er thy ſoul, and huſh her pangs to reſt.
O that my ſoul, from love's curſt bondage free,
Could catch the tranſports that I urge to thee!
O that ſome angel's more than magic art
Would kindly tear the hermit from his heart!
Extinguiſh every guilty ſenſe, and leave
No pulſe to riot, and no ſigh to heave.
Vain fruitleſs wiſh! ſtill, ſtill, the vigorous flame
Burſts, like an earthquake, thro' my ſhatter'd frame;

Spite

Spite of the joys that truth and virtue prove,
I feel but thee, and breathe not but to love;
Repent in vain, ſcarce wiſh to be forgiven;
Thy form my idol, and thy charms my heaven.
Yet, yet, my fair! thy nobler efforts try,
Lift me from earth, and give me to the ſky;
Let my loſt ſoul thy brighter virtues feel,
Warm'd with thy hopes, and wing'd with all thy zeal.
And when, low bending at the hallow'd ſhrine,
Thy contrite heart ſhall Abelard reſign;
When pitying heaven, impatient to forgive,
Unbars the gates of light, and bids thee live;
Seize on th'auſpicious moment ere it flee,
And aſk the ſame immortal boon for me.
Then when theſe black terrific ſcenes are o'er,
And rebel nature chills the ſoul no more;
When on thy cheek th'expiring roſes fade,
And thy laſt luſtres darken in the ſhade;
When arm'd with quick varieties of pain,
Or creeping dully ſlow from vein to vein,
Pale death ſhall ſet my kindred ſpirit free,
And theſe dead orbs forget to doat on thee;
Some pious friend, whoſe wild affections glow
Like ours, in ſad ſimilitude of woe,
Shall drop one tender, ſympathizing tear,
Prepare the garland, and adorn the bier;
Our lifeleſs reliques in one tomb enſhrine,
And teach thy genial duſt to mix with mine.

Mean while, divinely purg'd from every ſtain,
Our active ſouls ſhall climb th'etherial plain,
To each bright cherub's purity aſpire,
Catch all his zeal, and pant with all his fire;
There, where no face the glooms of anguiſh wears,
No uncle murders, and no paſſion tears,
Enjoy with heaven eternity of reſt,
For ever bleſſing, and for ever bleſt.

DEATH:

BY CHARLES EMILY, ESQ.

I.

THE feſtive roar of laughter, the warm glow
Of briſk-ey'd joy, and friendſhip's genial bowl,
Wit's ſeaſon'd converſe, and the liberal flow
Of unſuſpicious youth, profuſe of ſoul,
Delight not ever; from the boiſterous ſcene
Of riot far, and Comus' wild uproar,
From folly's crowd, whoſe vacant brow ſerene
Was never knit to wiſdom's frowning lore,
Permit me, ye time-hallow'd domes, ye piles
Of rude magnificence, your ſolemn reſt,
Amid your fretted vaults and length'ning iſles,
Lonely to wander; no unholy gueſt,
That means to break, with ſacrilegious tread,
The marble ſlumbers of your monumented dead.

II. Permit

II.

Permit me with ſad muſings, that inſpire
Unlabour'd numbers apt, your ſilence drear
Blameleſs to wake, and with th' Orphean lyre
Fitly attemper'd, ſooth the mercileſs ear
Of Hades, and ſtern death, whoſe iron ſway
Great nature owns thro' all her wide domain;
All that with oary fin cleave their ſmooth way
Through the green boſom of the ſpawny main,
And thoſe that to the ſtreaming æther ſpread,
In many a wheeling glide, their feathery ſail;
And thoſe that creep; and thoſe that ſtatelier tread,
That roam o'er foreſt, hill, or browſed dale;
The victims each of ruthleſs fate muſt fall;
E'en God's own image, man, high paramount of all.

III.

And ye, the young, the giddy, and the gay,
That ſtartle from the ſleepful lid of light
The curtain'd reſt, and with the diſſonant bray
Of Bacchus, and loud jollity, affright
Yon radiant goddeſs, that now ſhoots among
Theſe many windowed iſles her glimmering beam;
Know, that or e'er its ſtarr'd career along
Thrice ſhall have roll'd her ſilvery-wheeled team,
Some parent breaſt may heave the anſwering ſigh,
To the ſlow pauſes of the funeral knoll;
E'en now black Atropos, with ſcowling eye,
Roars in the laugh, and revels o'er the bowl,
E'en now in roſy-crowned pleaſure's wreath
Entwines in adder folds all-unſuſpected Death.

IV. Know

IV.

Know, on the ſtealing wing of time ſhall flee
Some few, ſome ſhort-liv'd years; and all is paſt;
A future bard theſe awful domes may ſee,
Muſe o'er the preſent age as I the laſt;
Who mouldering in the grave, yet once like you
The various maze of life were ſeen to tread,
Each bent their own peculiar to purſue,
As cuſtom urg'd or wilful nature led;
Mix'd with the various crouds inglorious clay,
The nobler virtues undiſtinguiſh'd lie;
No more to melt with beauty's heav'n-born ray,
No more to wet compaſſion's tearful eye,
Catch from the poet raptures not their own,
And feel the thrilling melody of ſweet renown.

V.

Where is the maſter-hand, whoſe ſemblant art
Chiſſel'd the marble into life, or taught
From the well-pencill'd portraiture to ſtart
The nerve that beat with ſoul, the brow that thought?
Cold are the fingers that in ſtone-fixt trance
The mute attention rivetting, to the lyre
Struck language: dimm'd the poet's quick-ey'd glance,
All in wild raptures flaſhing heaven's own fire.
Shrunk is the ſinew'd energy, that ſtrung
The warrior arm: where ſleeps the patriot breaſt
Whilom that heav'd impaſſion'd! Where the tongue
That lanc'd its lightning on the towering creſt
Of ſcepter'd inſolence, and overthrew
Giant Oppreſſion, leagued with all her earth-born crew!

VI. Theſe

VI.

Theſe now are paſt; long, long, ye fleeting years,
Purſue, with glory wing'd, your fated way,
Ere from the womb of time unwelcome peers
The dawn of that inevitable day,
When wrapt in ſhrouded clay their warmeſt friend
The widow'd virtues ſhall again deplore,
When o'er his urn in pious grief ſhall bend
His Britain, and bewail one patriot more;
For ſoon muſt thou, too ſoon! who ſpreadſt abroad
Thy beaming emanations unconfin'd,
Doom'd, like ſome better angel ſent of God
To ſcatter bleſſings over humankind,
Thou too muſt fall, O Pitt! to ſhine no more,
And tread theſe dreadful paths, a Faulkland trod before.

VII.

Faſt to the driving winds the marſhall'd clouds
Sweep diſcontinuous o'er the etherial plain;
Another ſtill upon another crouds,
All haſtening downward to their native main.
Thus paſſes o'er thro' varied life's career
Man's fleeting age; the Seaſons as they fly
Snatch from us in their courſe, year after year,
Some ſweet connection, ſome endearing tie.
The parent, ever-honour'd, ever-dear,
Claims from the filial breaſt the pious ſigh;
A brother's urn demands the kindred tear;
And gentle ſorrows guſh from friendſhip's eye.
To-day we frolick in the roſy bloom
Of jocund youth—The morrow knells us to the tomb.

VIII. W

VIII.

Who knows how ſoon in this ſepulchral ſpot,
  Shall heaven to me the drear abode aſſign!
How ſoon the paſt irrevocable lot
  Of theſe, that reſt beneath me, ſhall be mine.
Haply, when Zephyr to thy native bourn
  Shall waft thee o'er the ſtorm'd Hibernian wave,
Thy gentle breaſt, my Taviſtock [a], ſhall mourn
  To find me ſleeping in the ſenſeleſs grave.
No more the ſocial leiſure to divide,
  In the ſweet intercourſe of ſoul and ſoul,
Blithe or of graver brow; no more to chide
  The ling'ring years impatient as they roll,
Till all thy cultur'd virtues ſhall diſplay,
Full bloſſom'd, their bright honours to the gazing day.

IX.

Ah, dereſt youth! theſe vows perhaps unheard,
  The rude wind ſcatters o'er the billowy main;
Theſe prayers at friendſhip's holy ſhrine preferr'd
  May riſe to graſp their father's knees in vain.
Soon, ſoon may nod the ſad funereal plume
  With ſolemn horror o'er thy timeleſs hearſe,
And I ſurvive to grave upon thy tomb
  The mournful tribute of memorial verſe.——

[a] Francis, Marquis of Taviſtock, only ſon to the Duke of Bedford. His death, which happened on the 22d of March, 1767, was occaſioned by a fall from his horſe a few days before. Mr. Emily was Fellow of Trinity-College, Cambridge, and had been Tutor to the Marquis. He died in the year 1762, being then major of the Surry militia.

That leave to heaven's decision—Be it thine,
Higher than yet a parent's wishes flew,
To soar in bright pre-eminence, and shine
With self-earn'd honours, eager to pursue,
Where glory, with her clear unsully'd rays,
The well-born spirit lights to deeds of mightiest praise.

X.

'Twas she thy God-like Russell's bosom steel'd
With confidence untam'd, in his last breath
Stern-smiling. She, with calm composure, held
The patriot axe of Sidney, edg'd with death.
Smit with the warmth of her impulsive flame,
Wolfe's gallant virtue flies to worlds a-far,
Emulous to pluck fresh wreaths of well-earn'd fame
From the grim frowning brow of laurel'd war.
'Twas she, that on the morn of direful birth,
Bared thy young bosom to the fatal blow,
Lamented Armytage [b]!—the bleeding youth!
O bathe him in the pearly caves below,
Ye Nereids; and ye Nymphs of Camus hoar,
Weep—for ye oft have seen him on your haunted shore.

XI.

Better to die with glory, than recline
On the soft lap of ignominious peace,
Than yawn out the dull droning life supine
In monkish apathy and gowned ease.

b Sir John Armytage, Member of Parliament for the City of York, who was killed at St. Cas, in the year 1758.

Better employ'd in honour's bright career
The leaſt diviſion on the dial's round,
Than thrice to compaſs Saturn's live-long year,
Grown old in ſloth, the burthen of the ground;
Than tug with ſweating toil the ſlaviſh oar
Of unredeem'd affliction, and ſuſtain
The fev'rous rage of fierce diſeaſes ſore
Unnumber'd, that in ſympathetic chain
Hang ever thro' the thick circumfluous air,
All from the drizzly verge of yonder ſtar-girt ſphere.

XII.

Thick in the many-beaten road of life,
A thouſand maladies are poſted round,
With wretched man to wage eternal ſtrife
Unſeen, like ambuſh'd Indians, till they wound.
There the ſwol'n hydrop ſtands, the wat'ry rheum,
The northern ſcurvy, blotch with lep'rous ſcale;
And moping ever in the cloiſter'd gloom
Of learned ſloth, the bookiſh aſthma pale:
And the ſhunn'd hag unſightly, that ordain'd
On Europe's ſons to wreak the faithleſs ſword
Of Cortez, with the blood of millions ſtain'd,
O'er dog-ey'd luſt the tort'ring ſcourge abhorr'd,
Shakes threat'ning; ſince the while ſhe wing'd her flight
From Amazon's broad wave, and Andes' ſnow-clad height.

XIII.

Where the wan daughter of the yellow year,
The chatt'ring ague chill, the writhing ſtone,
And he of ghaſtly feature, on whoſe ear
Unheeded croaks the death-bird's warning moan,

Marafmus; knotty gout; and the dead life
Of nervelefs palfy; there on purpofe fell
Dark brooding, whets his interdicted knife
Grim fuicide, the damned fiend of hell.
There too is the ftunn'd apoplexy pight[c],
The bloated child of gorg'd intemperance foul;
Self-wafting melancholy, black as night
Lowering, and foaming fierce with hideous howl
The dog hydrophoby, and near allied
Scar'd madnefs, with her moon-ftruck eye-balls ftaring wide.

XIV.

There, ftretch'd one huge, beneath the rocky mine[d],
With boiling fulphur fraught, and fmouldering fires;
He, the dread delegate of wrath divine,
E'er while that ftood o'er Taio's hundred fpires
Vindictive; thrice he wav'd th' earth-fhaking wand,
Powerful as that the fon of Amram bore,
And thrice he rais'd, and thrice he check'd his hand:
He ftruck the rocking ground, with thund'rous roar
Yawn'd; here from ftreet to ftreet hurries, and there
Now runs, now ftops, then fhrieks and fcours amain,
Staring diftraction: many a palace fair,
With millions finks ingulpht, and pillar'd fane;
Old Ocean's fartheft waves confeft the fhock;
Even Albion trembled confcious on his ftedfaft rock.

[c] Placed.

[d] Alluding to the earthquake at Lifbon.

XV. The

XV.

The meagre famine there, and drunk with blood
Stern war; and the loath'd monſter, whom of yore
The ſlimy Naiad of the Memphian flood
Engend'ring, to the bright-hair'd Phœbus bore,
Foul peſtilence, that on the wide-ſtretch'd wings
Of commerce ſpeeds from Cairo's ſwarthy bay
His weſtering flight, and thro' the ſick air flings
Spotted contagion; at his heels diſmay
And deſolation urge their fire-wheel'd yoke
Terrible; as long of old, when from the height
Of Paran came unwrath'd the Mightieſt, ſhook
Earth's firm fixt baſe tottering; thro' the black night
Glanc'd the flaſh'd lightnings: heavens rent roof abroad
Thunder'd; and univerſal nature felt its God.

XVI.

Who on that ſcene of terror, on that hour
Of rouſed indignation, ſhall withſtand
Th' Almighty, when he meditates to ſhower
The burſting vengeance o'er a guilty land!
Canſt thou, ſecure in reaſon's vaunted pride,
Tongue-doughty miſcreant, who but now didſt gore
With more than Hebrew rage the innocent ſide
Of agonizing mercy, bleeding ſore,
Canſt thou confront, with ſtedfaſt eye unaw'd,
The ſworded judgment ſtalking far and near?
Well may'ſt thou tremble, when an injur'd God
Diſclaims thee—guilt is ever quick of fear—
Loud whirlwinds howl in zephyr's ſofteſt breath;
And ev'ry glancing meteor glares imagin'd death.

XVII.

The good alone are fearleſs—they alone
Firm and collected in their virtue, brave
The wreck of worlds, and look unſhrinking down
On the dread yawnings of the rav'nous grave:
Thrice happy! who the blameleſs road along
Of honeſt praiſe hath reach'd the vale of death;
Around him, like miniſtrant cherubs, throng
His better actions; to the parting breath
Singing their bleſſed requiems: he the while
Gently repoſing on ſome friendly breaſt,
Breathes out his benizons; then with a ſmile
Of ſoft complacence, lays him down to reſt,
Calm as the ſlumbering infant: from the goal
Free and unbounded flies the diſembodied ſoul.

XVIII.

Whether ſome delegated charge below,
Some much-lov'd friend its hovering care may cla'
Whether it heavenward ſoars, again to know
That long-forgotten country whence it came;
Conjecture ever, the misfeatur'd child
Of letter'd arrogance, delights to run
Thro' ſpeculation's puzzling mazes wild,
And all to end at laſt where it begun.
Fain would we trace, with reaſon's erring clue,
The darkſome paths of deſtiny aright;
In vain; the taſk were eaſier to purſue
The trackleſs wheelings of the ſwallow's flight.
From mortal ken himſelf the Almighty ſhrouds
Pavilion'd in thick night and circumambient clouds.

A

DESCRIPTIVE POEM:

ADDRESSED TO

TWO LADIES*,

AT THEIR RETURN FROM VIEWING THE MINES NEAR WHITEHAVEN.

BY DR. DALTON.

WELCOME to light, advent'rous pair!
Thrice welcome to the balmy air
From ſulph'rous damps in caverns deep [e],
Where ſubterranean thunders ſleep,

* Miſs Lowthers, daughters of the late Lord Lonſdale.

[e] *From ſulph'rous damps*, &c.] The coal mines near Whitehaven are greatly infeſted with fulminating damps; large quantities of them being frequently collected in thoſe deſerted works, which are not ventilated with perpetual currents of freſh air: and, in ſuch works, they often remain for a long time, without doing any miſchief. But when, by ſome accident, they are ſet on fire, they then produce dreadful explosions, very deſtructive to the miners; and burſting out of the pits with great impetuoſity, like the fiery eruptions from burning mountains, force along with them ponderous bodies to a great height in the air.

Or, wak'd, with dire Ætnæan ſound
Bellow the trembling mountain round,
Till to the frighted realms of day
Thro' flaming mouths they force their way;
From burſting ſtreams [f], and burning rocks,
From nature's fierce inteſtine ſhocks;
From the dark manſions of deſpair,
Welcome once more to light and air!
  But why explore that world of night
Conceal'd till then from female ſight?
Such grace and beauty why confine
One moment to a dreary mine?
  Was it becanſe your curious eye
The ſecrets of the earth would ſpy,
How intervein'd rich minerals glow,
How bubbling fountains learn to flow?
  Or rather that the ſons of day
Already own'd your rightful ſway,
And therefore, like young Ammon, you
Another world would fain ſubdue?

[f] *From burſting ſtreams*, &c.] The coal in theſe mines hath, ſeveral times, been ſet on fire by the fulminating damp, and hath continued burning for many months; until large ſtreams of water were conducted into the mines, and ſuffered to fill thoſe parts where the coal was on fire. By ſuch fires, ſeveral collieries have been intirely deſtroyed; of which there are inſtances near Newcaſtle, and in other parts of England, and in the ſhire of Fife in Scotland; in ſome of which places, the fire has continued burning for ages. But more mines have been ruined by inundations.

What

What tho' ſage Proſpero attend,
While you the cavern'd hill deſcend,
Tho', warn'd by him, with bended head
You ſhun the ſhelving roof, and tread
With cautious foot the rugged way,
While tapers ſtrive to mimic day?
Tho' he with hundred gates and chains
The Dæmons of the mine reſtrains [g],
To whom their parent, jealous earth,
To guard her hidden ſtores gave birth,
At which, while kindred furies ſung,
With hideous joy pale Orcus rung;
Tho' boiling with vain rage they ſit
Fix'd to the bottom of the pit,
While at his beck the ſpi'rits of air
With breath of heaven their taints repair;
Or if they ſeek ſuperior ſkies,
Thro' ways aſſign'd by him they riſe,
Troop after troop at day expire
In torments of perpetual fire;

g *The dæmons of the mine reſtrains*, &c.] In order to prevent, as much as poſſible, the collieries from being filled with thoſe pernicious damps, it has been found neceſſary carefully to ſearch for thoſe creviſes in the coal, from whence they iſſue out; and at thoſe places, to confine them within a narrow ſpace; and from thoſe narrow ſpaces in which they are confined, to conduct them through long pipes into the open air; where being ſet on fire, they conſume in perpetual flames, as they continually ariſe out of the earth.

Tho'

Tho' he with fury-quelling charms
The whole infernal hoſt diſarms,
And ſummons [h] to your guarded ſides
A ſquadron of etherial guides,
You ſtill, when we together view
The dreadful enterprize and you,
The public care and wonder go
Of all above and all below.
For at your preſence toil is o'er,
The reſtleſs miner works no more.
Nor ſtrikes the flint [i], nor whirls the ſteel
Of that ſtrange ſpark-emitting wheel,

h *And ſummons*, &c.] Thoſe who have the direction of theſe deep and extenſive works, are obliged to uſe great care and art in keeping them continually ventilated with perpetual currents of freſh air; which afford the miners a conſtant ſupply of that vital fluid, and expel out of the mines damps and other noxious exhalations, together with ſuch other burnt and foul air, as is become poiſonous and unfit for reſpiration.

i *Nor ſtrikes the flint*, &c.] It having been obſerved by Mr. Spedding, who ſuperintends theſe collieries, and to whom the author here gives the name of Proſpero, that the fulminating damp could only be kindled by flame, and that it was not liable to be ſet on fire by red-hot iron, nor by the ſparks produced by the colliſion of flint and ſteel, he invented a machine, in which, while a ſteel wheel is turned round with a very rapid motion, and flints are applied thereto, great plenty of fiery ſparks are emitted, that afford the miners ſuch a light as enables them to carry on their work in cloſe places, where the flame of a candle, or lamp, would occaſion dreadful exploſions. Without ſome invention of this ſort, the working of theſe mines, ſo greatly annoyed with theſe inflammable damps, would long ago have been impracticable.

Which,

Which, form'd by Prospero's magic care,
Plays harmless in the sulphurous air,
Without a flame diffuses light,
And makes the grisly cavern bright.
His task secure the miner plies,
Nor hears Tartarian tempests rise;
But quits it now, and hastes away
To this great Stygian holiday.
  Agape the sooty collier stands,
His axe suspended in his hands,
His Æthiopian teeth the while
" Grin horribly a ghastly smile,"
To see two goddesses so fair
Descend to him from fields of air.
Not greater wonder seiz'd th' abode
Of gloomy Dis, infernal god,
With pity when th' Orphean lyre
Did every iron heart inspire,
Sooth'd tortur'd ghosts with heavenly strains,
And respited eternal pains.
  But on you move [k] thro' ways less steep
To loftier chambers of the deep,

Whose

[k] *But on you move*, &c.] The reader may suppose that he hath entered these mines by the opening at the bottom of a hill, and hath already passed through a long adit, hewn in the rock, and arched over with brick, which is the principal road into them for men, and for horses; and which, by a steep descent, leads down to the lowest vein of coal.

Whoſe jetty pillars ſeem to groan
Beneath a ponderous roof of ſtone.
Then with increaſing wonder gaze
The dark inextricable maze,
Where cavern croſſing cavern meets,
(City of ſubterraneous ſtreets!)
Where in a triple [l] ſtory end
Mines that o'er mines by flights aſcend.
But who in order can relate
What terror ſtill your ſteps await?
How iſſuing from the ſulphurous coal
Thick Acherontic rivers [m] roll?
How in cloſe center of theſe mines,
Where orient morning never ſhines,

coal. Being arrived at the coal, he may ſuppoſe himſelf ſtill to deſcend, by ways leſs ſteep, till, after a journey of a mile and a half, he arrives at the profoundeſt parts of the mine. The greateſt part of this deſcent is through ſpacious galleries, which continually interſect other galleries; all the coal being cut away except large pillars, which, in deep parts of the mine, are three yards high, and about twelve yards ſquare at the baſe; ſuch great ſtrength being there required to ſupport the ponderous roof.

l *A triple ſtory*, &c] There are here three ſtrata of coal, which lie at a conſiderable diſtance one above another. The mines wrought in theſe parallel ſtrata have a communication by pits, and are compared by the author to the different ſtories of a building.

m *Thick Acherontic rivers*, &c.] The water that flows from the coal is collected into one ſtream, which runs towards the fire-engines. This water is yellow and turbid, from a mixture of ocher, and ſo very corroſive, that it quickly conſumes iron.

Nor

Nor the wing'd zephyrs e'er resort,
Infernal darkness holds her court?
How, breathless, with faint pace, and slow [n],
Thro' her grim sultry realm you go,
Till purer rising gales dispense
Their cordials to the sickening sense?
  Your progress next the wondering muse
Thro' narrow galleries pursues;
Where earth [o], the miner's way to close,
Did once the massy rock oppose:

In

[n] *How, breathless, with faint pace, and slow*, &c.] Those who descend into these mines, find them most close and sultry in the middle parts, that are most remote from the pits and adits, and perceive them to grow cooler the nearer they approach to those pits which are sunk to the deepest parts of the mines; down which pits, large streams of fresh air are made to descend, and up which, the water is drawn out, by means of fire-engines.

[o] *Where earth*, &c.] The vein of coal is not always regularly continued in the same inclined plane, but, instead thereof, the miners frequently meet with hard rock, which interrupts their further progress. At such places there seem to have been breaks in the earth, from the surface downwards; one part of the earth seeming to have sunk down, while the part adjoining has remained in its ancient situation. In some of these places, the earth may have sunk ten or twenty fathoms, or more; in other places, less than one fathom. These breaks, the miners call Dykes; and when they come at one of them, their first care is to discover whether the strata in the part adjoining be higher or lower than in the part where they have been working: or, (to use their own terms) whether the coal be cast down, or cast up. If it be cast down, they

In vain: his daring axe he heaves,
Tow'rds the black vein a paſſage cleaves:
Diſſever'd by the nitrous blaſt,
The ſtubborn barrier burſts at laſt.
Thus urg'd by hunger's clamorous call,
Inceſſant labour conquers all.

In ſpacious rooms once more you tread,
Whoſe roofs [p] with figures quaint o'erſpread
Wild nature paints with various dyes,
With ſuch as tinge the evening ſkies.

A different ſcene to this ſucceeds:
The dreary road abruptly leads
Down to the cold and humid caves,
Where hiſſing fall the turbid waves.
Reſounding deep thro' glimmering ſhades
The clank of chains your ears invades.
Thro' pits profound from diſtant day,
Scarce travels down light's languid ray.
High on huge axis heav'd, above,
See ballanc'd beams unweary'd move!

they ſink a pit to it; but if it be caſt up to any conſiderable height, they are often-times obliged, with great labour and expence, as at the place here deſcribed, to carry forwards a level or long gallery through the rock, until they again arrive at the ſtratum of coal.

[p] *Whoſe roofs*, &c.] Theſe colours, with which the free-ſtone roof of the mines is beautifully variegated in many places, and which have the appearance of clouds, ſeem to proceed from exſudations of ſalts, ocher, and other earthy ſubſtances.

While

While pent within the iron womb [q]
Of boiling caldrons pants for room,
Expanded ſteam, and ſhrinks, or ſwells,
As cold reſtrains, or heat impells,

And,

[q] *While pent within the iron womb*, &c.] The author hath here taken occaſion to celebrate the fire-engine, the invention of which does ſuch honour to this nation. He has endeavoured to deſcribe, in a poetic manner, the effects of the elaſtic ſteam, and the great power of the atmoſphere; which, by their alternate actions, give force and motion to the beam of this engine, and by it, to the pump-rods, which elevate the water through tubes, and diſcharge it out of the mine. It appears, from pretty exact calculations, that it would require about 550 men, or a power equal to that of 110 horſes, to work the pumps of one of the largeſt fire-engines now in uſe, (the diameter of whoſe cylinder is ſeventy inches) and thrice that number of men to keep an engine of this ſize conſtantly at work. And that as much water may be raiſed by an engine of this ſize kept conſtantly at work, as can be drawn up by 2520 men with rollers and buckets, after the manner now daily practiſed in many mines; or as much as can be borne up on the ſhoulders of twice that number of men; as is ſaid to be done in ſome of the mines of Peru. —So great is the power of the air in one of thoſe engines.

There are four fire-engines belonging to this colliery; which, when all at work, diſcharge from it about 1228 gallons every minute, at thirteen ſtrokes; 1,768,320 gallons every twenty-four hours. By the four engines here employed, nearly twice the above-mentioned quantity of water might be diſcharged from mines that are not above ſixty or ſeventy fathoms deep, which depth is rarely exceeded in the Newcaſtle collieries, or in any of the Engliſh collieries, thoſe of Whitehaven excepted.

The reader may find an account of Savery's engine in Harris's Lexicon Technicum.—Many great improvements have been made to it ſince, and

And, ready for the vacant ſpace,
Incumbent air reſumes his place,
Depreſſing with ſtupendous force
Whate'er reſiſts his downward courſe,
Pumps mov'd by rods from ponderous beams
Arreſt the unſuſpecting ſtreams,
Which ſoon a ſluggiſh pool would lie;
Then ſpout them foaming to the ſky.
  Sagacious Savery! taught by thee
Diſcordant elements agree,
Fire, water, air, heat, cold unite,
And lifted in one ſervice ſight,
Pure ſtreams to thirſty cities ſend,
Or deepeſt mines from floods defend.
Man's richeſt gift thy work will ſhine;
Rome's aqueducts were poor to thine!
  At laſt the long deſcent is o'er;
Above your heads the billows roar[r]:

High

and are daily making; ſeveral of which are related in the Philoſophical Tranſactions. The beſt account of it, its various improvement and uſes, is, I think, in Dr. Deſaguliers's courſe of experimental philoſophy, vol. II.

[r] *Above your heads*, &c.] The mines are here ſunk to the depth of one hundred and thirty fathoms, and are extended under the ſea to places where there is, above them, ſufficient depth of water for ſhips of large burden. Theſe are the deepeſt coal-mines that have hitherto been wrought; and perhaps the miners have not, in any other part of the globe, penetrated to ſo great a depth below the ſurface of the ſea; the very

High o'er your heads they roar in vain;
Not all the ſurges of the main
The dark receſs can e'er diſcloſe,
Rocks heap'd on rocks th' attempt oppoſe:
Thrice Dover's cliff from you the tides
With interpoſing roof divides!
  From ſuch abyſs reſtor'd to light,
Invade no more the realms of night.
For heroines it may well ſuffice
Once to have left theſe azure ſkies.
Heroes themſelves, in days of yore,
Bold as they were, atchiev'd no more.
Without a dread deſcent you may
The mines in their effects ſurvey,
And with an eaſy eye look down
On that fair port and happy town.
  Where late along the naked ſtrand
The fiſher's cot did lonely ſtand,
And his poor bark unſhelter'd lay,
Of every ſwelling ſurge the prey,
Now lofty piers their arms extend,
And with their ſtrong embraces bend
Round crowded fleets, which ſafe defy
All ſtorms that rend the wintry ſky,

very deep mines in Hungary, Peru, and elſewhere, being ſituated in mountainous countries, where the ſurface of the earth is elevated to a great height above the level of the ocean.

And bulwarks beyond bulwarks chain
The fury of the roaring main.
The peopled vale fair dwellings fill,
And length'ning ſtreets aſcend the hill;
Where induſtry, intent to thrive,
Brings all her honey to the hive;
Religion ſtrikes with reverent awe,
Example works th' effect of law,
And plenty's flowing cup we ſee
Untainted yet by luxury.
  Theſe are the glories of the mine!
Creative commerce, theſe are thine!
  Here while delighted you impart
Delight to every eye and heart,
Behold, grown jealous of your ſtay,
Your native ſtream [s] his charms diſplay,
To court you to his banks again;
Now wind in wanton waves his train,
Now ſpread into a chryſtal plain;
Then hid by pendent rocks would ſteal,
But tuneful falls his courſe reveal,
As down the bending vale he roves
Thro' Yanwath woods, and Buckholme's groves;
Whoſe broad o'erſpreading boughs beneath
Warbling he flows, while zephyrs breathe.
  Here ſoftly ſwells the ſpacious lawn,
Where bounds the buck, and ſkips the fawn,

[s] *Your native ſtream*, &c.] The river Lowther.

Or,

Or, couch'd beneath the hawthorn-trees,
In dappled groups enjoy the breeze.
  Amid yon ſunny plain, alone,
To patriarchal reverence grown,
An oak for many an age has ſtood
Himſelf a widely waving wood,
While men and herds, with ſwift decay,
Race after race, have paſs'd away.
See ſtill his central trunk ſuſtain
Huge boughs, which round o'erhang the plain;
And hoſpitable ſhade incloſe,
Where flocks and herds at eaſe repoſe!
  There the brown fells aſcend the ſky,
Below, the green incloſures lie;
Along their ſloping ſides ſupine
The peaceful villages recline:
On azure roofs [t] bright ſun-beams play,
And make the meaneſt dwelling gay.
Thus oft the wiſe all-ruling Mind
Is to the lowly cottage kind,
Bids there his beams of favour fall,
While ſorrow crowds the lofty hall,
That this may fear his awful frown,
And grateful that his goodneſs own.
  If, grown familiar to the ſight,
Lowther itſelf ſhould leſs delight;

[t] *On azure roofs*, &c.] The houſes of this country are covered with a beautiful blue ſlate.

Then change the ſcene: to nature's pride,
Sweet [u] Keſwick's vale, the muſe will guide.

The

[u] *Sweet Keſwick's vale*, &c.] This delightful vale is thus elegantly deſcribed by the late ingenious Dr. Brown in a letter to a friend. " In my way to the north from Hagley, I paſſed through Dovedale; and, to ſay the truth, was diſappointed in it. When I came to Buxton, I viſited another or two of their romantic ſcenes; but theſe are inferior to Dovedale. They are all but poor miniatures of Keſwick; which exceeds them more in grandeur than I can give you to imagine; and more, if poſſible, in beauty than in grandeur.

" Inſtead of the narrow ſlip of valley which is ſeen at Dovedale, you have at Keſwick a vaſt amphitheatre, in circumference above twenty miles. Inſtead of a meagre rivulet, a noble living lake, ten miles round, of an oblong form, adorned with a variety of wooded iſlands. The rocks indeed of Dovedale are finely wild, pointed, and irregular; but the hills are both little and unanimated; and the margin of the brook is poorly edged with weeds, moraſs, and bruſhwood. But at Keſwick, you will, on one ſide of the lake, ſee a rich and beautiful landſkip of cultivated fields, riſing to the eye in fine inequalities, with noble groves of oak, happily diſperſed; and climbing the adjacent hills, ſhade above ſhade, in the moſt various and pictureſque forms. On the oppoſite ſhore, you will find rocks and cliffs of ſtupendous height, hanging broken over the lake in horrible grandeur, ſome of them a thouſand feet high, the woods climbing up their ſteep and ſhaggy ſides, where mortal foot never yet approached: on theſe dreadful heights the eagles build their neſts; a variety of water-falls are ſeen pouring from their ſummits, and tumbling in vaſt ſheets from rock to rock in rude and terrible magnificence: while on all ſides of this immenſe amphitheatre the loſty mountains riſe round, piercing the clouds in ſhapes as ſpiry and fantaſtic as the very rocks of Dovedale. To this I muſt add the frequent

The muſe, who trod th' inchanted ground,
Who ſail'd the wonderous lake around,

With

quent and bold projection of the cliffs into the lake, forming noble bays and promontories: in other parts they finely retire from it, and often open in abrupt chaſms or clefts, through which at hand you ſee rich and uncultivated vales, and beyond theſe, at various diſtance, mountain riſing over mountain; among which, new proſpects preſent themſelves in miſt, till the eye is loſt in an agreeable perplexity.

Where active fancy travels beyond ſenſe,
And pictures things unſeen.——

Were I to analyſe the two places into their conſtituent principles, I ſhould tell you, that the full perfection of Keſwick conſiſts of three circumſtances, beauty, horror, and immenſity united; the ſecond of which alone is found in Dovedale. Of beauty it hath little; nature having left it almoſt a deſert: neither its ſmall extent, nor the diminutive and lifeleſs form of the hills, admit magnificence; but to give you a complete idea of theſe three perfections, as they are joined in Keſwick, would require the united powers of Claude, Salvator, and Pouſſin. The firſt ſhould throw his delicate ſunſhine over the cultivated vales, the ſcattered cots, the groves, the lake, and wooded iſlands. The ſecond ſhould daſh out the horror of the rugged cliffs, the ſteeps, the hanging woods, and foaming water-falls; while the grand pencil of Pouſſin ſhould crown the whole with the majeſty of the impending mountains.

" So much, for what I would call the permanent beauties of this aſtoniſhing ſcene. Were I not afraid of being troſome, I could now dwell as long on its varying or accidental beauties. I would ſail round the lake, anchor in every bay, and land you on every promontory and iſland. I would point out the perpetual change of proſpect: the woods, rocks, cliffs, and mountains, by turns vaniſhing or riſing into view: now gaining on the ſight, hanging over our heads in their full dimen-

With you will haſte once more to hail
The beauteous brook of Borrodale.

From

ſions, beautifully dreadful; and now, by a change of ſituation, aſſuming new romantic ſhapes, retiring and leſſening on the eye, and inſenſibly loſing themſelves in an azure miſt. I would remark the contraſt of light and ſhade, produced by the morning and evening ſun; the one gilding the weſtern, the other the eaſtern ſide of this immenſe amphitheatre; while the vaſt ſhadow projected by the mountains buries the oppoſite part in a deep and purple gloom, which the eye can hardly penetrate: the natural variety of colouring which the ſeveral objects produce is no leſs wonderful and pleaſing: the ruling tincts in the valley being thoſe of azure, green, and gold, yet ever various, ariſing from an intermixture of the lake, the woods, the graſs, and corn-fields: theſe are finely contraſted by the grey rocks and cliffs; and the whole heightened by the yellow ſtreams of light, the purple hues, and miſty azure of the mountains. Sometimes a ſerene air and clear ſky diſcloſe the tops of the higheſt hills: at others, you ſee the clouds involving their ſummits, reſting on their ſides, or deſcending to their baſe, and rolling among the vallies, as in a vaſt furnace; when the winds are high, they roar among the cliffs and caverns like peals of thunder; then, too, the clouds are ſeen in vaſt bodies ſweeping along the hills in gloomy greatneſs, while the lake joins the tumult, and toſſes like a ſea: but in calm weather the whole ſcene becomes new: the lake is a perfect mirror; and the landſkip in all its beauty: iſlands, fields, woods, rocks, and mountains, are ſeen inverted, and floating on its ſurface. I will now carry you to the top of a cliff, where, if you dare approach the ridge, a new ſcene of aſtoniſhment preſents itſelf; where the valley, lake, and iſlands, ſeem lying at your feet; where this expanſe of water appears diminiſhed to a little pool amidſt the vaſt and immeaſurable objects that ſurround it; for here the ſummits of more diſtant hills appear

beyond

From ſavage parent, gentle ſtream!
Be thou the muſe's favourite theme:
O ſoft inſinuating glide
Silent along the meadow's ſide,
Smooth o'er the ſandy bottom paſs
Reſplendent all thro' fluid glaſs,
Unleſs upon thy yielding breaſt
Their painted heads the lilies reſt,
To where in deep capacious bed
The widely liquid lake is ſpread.
Let other ſtreams rejoice to roar
Down the rough rocks of dread Lodore [x],
Ruſh raving on with boiſterous ſweep,
And foaming rend the frighted deep,
Thy gentle genius ſhrinks away
From ſuch a rude unequal fray;
Thro' thine own native dale, where riſe
Tremendous rocks amid the ſkies,

beyond thoſe you have already ſeen; and riſing behind each other in ſucceſſive ranges and azure groups of craggy and broken ſteeps, form an immenſe and awful picture, which can only be expreſſed by the image of a tempeſtuous ſea of mountains. Let me now conduct you down again to the valley, and conclude with one circumſtance more; which is, that a walk by ſtill moon-light (at which time the diſtant water-falls are heard in all their variety of ſound) among theſe inchanting dales, open ſuch ſcenes of delicate beauty, repoſe, and ſolemnity, as exceed all deſcription.

[x] *Of dread Lodore*, &c.] A very high caſcade here falls into the lake of Derwentwater, near where Borrodale-beck (or brook) enters into it, as deſcribed above.

Thy waves with patience ſlowly wind,
Till they the ſmootheſt channel find,
Soften the horrors of the ſcene,
And thro' confuſion flow ſerene.
  Horrors like theſe at firſt alarm,
But ſoon with ſavage grandeur charm,
And raiſe to nobleſt thoughts your mind:
Thus by thy fall, Lodore, reclin'd,
The cragged cliff, impendent wood,
Whoſe ſhadows mix o'er half the flood,
The gloomy clouds, which ſolemn ſail,
Scarce lifted by the languid gale
O'er the capp'd hill, and darken'd vale;
The ravening kite, and bird of Jove,
Which round th' aëreal ocean rove,
And, floating on the billowy ſky,
With full expanded pennons fly,
Their fluttering or their bleating prey
Thence with death-dooming eye ſurvey;
Channels by rocky torrents torn [y],
Rocks to the lake in thunder borne,
Or ſuch as o'er our heads appear
Suſpended in their mid career,

[y] *Channels by rocky torrents torn*, &c.] For an account of an extraordinary ſtorm in a part of this country, called St. John's vale, by which numerous fragments of rocks were driven down from the mountains, along with cataracts of water, ſee a letter from Cockermouth, inſerted in the Gentleman's Magazine of October, 1754.

To

To ſtart again at his command,
Who rules fire, water, air, and land,
I view with wonder and delight,
A pleaſing, tho' an awful ſight:
For, ſeen with them, the verdant iſles
Soften with more delicious ſmiles,
More tempting twine their opening bowers,
More lively glow the purple flowers,
More ſmoothly ſlopes the border gay,
In fairer circle bends the bay,
And laſt, to fix our wandering eyes,
Thy roofs, O Keſwick, brighter riſe
The lake and lofty hills between,
Where giant Skiddow ſhuts the ſcene:
  Supreme of mountains, Skiddow, hail!
To whom all Britain ſinks a vale!
Lo, his imperial brow I ſee
From foul uſurping vapours free!
'Twere glorious now his ſide to climb,
Boldly to ſcale his top ſublime!
And thence—my muſe, theſe flights forbear,
Nor with wild raptures tire the fair.
Hills, rocks, and dales have been too long
The ſubject of thy rambling ſong.
Far other ſcenes their minds employ,
And move their hearts with ſofter joy.
For pleaſures they need never roam,
Theirs with affection dwell, at home.

Thrice

Thrice happy they at home to prove
A parent's and a brother's love,
Her bright example pleas'd to trace,
Learn every virtue, every grace,
Which luſtre give in female life
To daughter, ſiſter, parent, wife;
Grateful to ſee her guardian care
A tender father's loſs repair,
And, riſing far o'er grief and pain,
The glories of her race maintain.
Their antient ſeats let others fly,
To ſtroll beneath a foreign ſky,
Or loitering in their villas ſtay,
Till uſeleſs ſummers waſte away,
While, hopeleſs of their lord's return,
The poor exhauſted tenants mourn;
From Lowther ſhe diſdains to run
To baſk beneath a ſouthern ſun,
Opens the hoſpitable door,
Welcomes the friend, relieves the poor;
Bids tenants ſhare the lib'ral board,
And early know and love their lord,
Whoſe courteous deeds to all extend,
And make each happy gueſt a friend.
To ſmiling earth the grateful main
Thus gives her gather'd ſtreams again
In ſhowers on hill, and dale, and plain.

O may

O may the virtues, which adorn
With modeſt beams his riſing morn,
Unclouded grow to perfect day!
May he with bounty's brighteſt ray
The natives chear, enrich the ſoil,
With arts improve, reward their toil,
Glad with kind warmth our northern ſky,
And generous Lonſdale's loſs ſupply.

EPISTLE

TO THE

Right Honble. the Lord Viſcount BEAUCHAMP.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXXXV-VI.

BY THE SAME.

MY LORD,

"WHAT is Nobility?" you wiſh to know,
The real ſubſtance ſtripp'd of all its ſhow:
And can you then the honeſt freedom bear
Of truths I ought to tell, and you to hear?
Or ſhall I ſay—"Such beauty, birth, eſtate,
"Muſt make their owner lov'd, and make him great!

"Above

" Above the mean reſtraint of vulgar rules,
" Your will a law, plebeians but your tools,
" While mingling with your blood each honour flows,
" And in each pulſe a Percy's ardor glows?——
Not ſo the muſe: ſhe teaches you to know,
How vain thoſe honours you to others owe!
Who riſe to glory, muſt by virtue riſe,
'Tis in the mind all genuine greatneſs lies:
On that eternal baſe, on that alone,
The world's eſteem you build, and more——your own.
Tho' Percy, Seymour, mighty names! combine
To ſwell your blood, to dignify your line;
For you tho' fortune all her ſtores has ſpread,
And beauty points to pleaſure's roſy bed;
Yet what avail birth, beauty, fortune's ſtore,
The plume of title, and the pride of power,
If deaf to virtue, deaf to honour's call,
To tyrant vice a wretched ſlave you fall?
To vice, paternal laurels you muſt yield;
Revers'd each triumph, loſt each purple field;
Your ſires no more their captive foes detain,
You pay the ranſom, and you break the chain;
No more your high-deſcended fame we view,
No Hartford fought, no Percy bled for you.
I know, my lord, ambition fills your mind,
And in life's voyage is th' impelling wind;
But at the helm let ſober reaſon ſtand,
And ſteer the bark, with heaven-directed hand:

So

So ſhall you ſafe ambition's gales receive,
And ride ſecurely, tho' the billows heave;
So ſhall you ſhun the giddy hero's fate,
And by her influence be both good and great.
  She bids you firſt, in life's ſoft vernal hours,
With active induſtry, wake nature's powers;
With riſing years, ſtill riſing arts diſplay;
With new-born graces, mark each new-born day.
'Tis now the time young paſſion to command,
While yet the pliant ſtem obeys the hand;
Guide now the courſer with a ſteady rein,
Ere yet he bounds o'er pleaſure's flowery plain:
In paſſion's ſtrife, no medium you can have;
You rule a maſter, or ſubmit a ſlave.
" For whom theſe toils, you may perhaps enquire;"
Firſt for yourſelf: Next nature will inſpire
The filial thought, fond wiſh, and kindred tear,
Which make the parent and the ſiſter dear:
To theſe, in cloſeſt bands of love, ally'd,
Their joy or grief you live, their ſhame or pride:
Hence timely learn to make their bliſs your own,
And ſcorn to think or act for ſelf alone;
Hence bravely ſtrive upon your own to raiſe
Their honour, grandeur, dignity, and praiſe.
  But wider far, beyond the narrow bound
Of family, ambition ſearches round;
Searches to find the friend's delightful face,
The friend at leaſt demands the ſecond place.

And

And yet beware: for moſt deſire a friend
From meaner motives, not for virtue's end.
There are, who with fond favour's fickle gale
Now ſudden ſwell, and now contract their ſail;
This week devour, the next with ſickening eye
Avoid, and caſt the ſully'd play-thing by;
There are, who, toſſing in the bed of vice,
For flattery's opiate give the higheſt price;
Yet from the ſaving hand of friendſhip turn,
Her med'cines dread, her generous offers ſpurn.
Deſerted greatneſs! who but pities thee?
By crowds encompaſs'd, thou no friend can'ſt ſee:
Or ſhould kind truth invade thy tender ear,
We pity ſtill; for thou no truth can'ſt hear.
Ne'er grudg'd thy wealth to ſwell an uſeleſs ſtate,
Yet, frugal, deems th' expence of friends too great;
For friends, ne'er mixing in ambitious ſtrife,
For friends, the richeſt furniture of life!

Be your's, my lord, a nobler, higher aim,
Your pride to burn with friendſhip's ſacred flame:
By virtue kindled, by like manners fed,
By mutual wiſhes, mutual favors ſpread,
Increas'd with years, by candid truth refin'd,
Pour all its boundleſs ardors thro' your mind.
Be your's the care a choſen band to gain;
With them to glory's radiant ſummit ſtrain,
Aiding and aided each, while all contend,
Who beſt, who braveſt, ſhall aſſiſt his friend.

Thus

Thus ſtill ſhould private friendſhips ſpread around,
Till in their joint embrace the public's found,
The common friend!—then all her good explore,
Explor'd, purſue with each unbiaſs'd power.
But chief the greateſt ſhould her laws revere,
Ennobling honours, which ſhe bids them wear.
A Britiſh noble is a dubious name,
Of loweſt infamy, or higheſt fame:
Born to redreſs an injur'd orphan's cauſe,
To ſmooth th' unequal frown of rigid laws;
To ſtand an iſthmus of our well-mix'd ſtate,
Where rival powers with reſtleſs billows beat,
And from each ſide alike the fury fling
Of maddening commons, or incroaching king.
How mean, who ſcorns his country's ſacred voice!
By birth a patriot, but a ſlave by choice.
How great, who anſwers this illuſtrious end,
Whom prince and people call their equal friend!
" Yes, there I'll reſt; ambition toils no more,
" That goal attain'd, ſure her long race is o'er."
Alas! 'tis ſcarce begun; ambition ſmiles
At the poor limits of the Britiſh iſles;
She o'er the globe expatiates unconfin'd,
Expands with chriſtian charity the mind,
And pants to be the friend of all mankind.
Her country all beneath one ambient ſky;
Whoe'er beholds yon radiant orbs on high,

To whom one ſun impartial gives the day,
To whom the ſilver moon her milder ray,
Whom the ſame water, earth, and air ſuſtain,
O'er whom one parent-king extends his reign,
Are her compatriots all; by her belov'd,
In nature near, tho' far by ſpace remov'd;
On common earth, no foreigner ſhe knows;
No foe can find, or none but virtue's foes:
Ready ſhe ſtands her chearful aid to lend,
To want and woe an undemanded friend;
Nor thus advances others bliſs alone;
But in the way to theirs ſtill finds her own.
Their's is her own. What, ſhould your taper light
Ten thouſand, burns it to yourſelf leſs bright?
"Men are ungrateful."—Be they ſo, that dare!
Is that the giver's, or receiver's care?
Oh! blind to joys, that from true bounty flow,
To think, thoſe e'er repent whoſe hearts beſtow!
Man to his Maker thus beſt homage pays,
Thus peaceful walks thro' virtue's pleaſing ways:
Her gentle image on the ſoul impreſt
Bids each tempeſtuous paſſion leave the breaſt:
Thence with her livid ſelf-devouring ſnakes
Pale Envy flies; her quiver Slander breaks:
Thus falls (dire ſcourge of a diſtracted age!)
The knave-led, one-ey'd monſter, Party-Rage.
Ambition joſtles with her friends no more;
Nor thirſts Revenge to drink a brother's gore;

Fury-

Fury-Remorſe no ſtinging ſcorpion rears;
O'er trembling Guilt no falling ſword appears.
Hence Conſcience, void of blame, her front erects,
Her God ſhe fears, all other fear rejects.
Hence Juſt Ambition boundleſs ſplendours crown,
And hence ſhe calls eternity her own.
Thus your lov'd [z] Scipio paſt his glorious days,
Bleſt with his kindred's, friend's, and country's praiſe.
Nor ended there the human hero's thought,
Nor in the Roman was the man forgot;
In the deaf battle hearing nature's call,
He doom'd with tears a rival empire's fall,
The world's gr at patriot he!—by fame inſpir'd,
His youth each art adorn'd, each virtue fir'd;
He thro' Rome's ſons the brave contagion ſpread,
Now led to conqueſt, now to wiſdom led;
Pleas'd, or to ſtill the forum's civil roar,
Or muſe, Cajeta, on thy bending ſhore;
Free from affairs, unfetter'd with parade,
To taſte a friend amid the rural ſhade:
There deigns to mingle in immortal lays,
There deep thro' time his country's fate ſurveys,
While from his tongue ſublimeſt precepts flow—
" How man but ſojourns on this ſpot below,
" How mortal fame is to a point confin'd,
" Heaven only fit to fill th' immortal mind;

[z] Scipio Africanus Æmilianus.

"For heaven, how virtue can alone prepare,
"And vice wou'd find herſelf unhappy there."
Hence, loos'd from earth, his pure affections ſoar
Where ſenſual pleaſure cheats the ſoul no more.
Beneath his feet do nations treaſures lie?
Millions he views with unretorted eye.
His country's manners does corruption drown?
He, blameleſs cenſor! ſtems them by his own.
Did kingdoms groan? he bade oppreſſion ceaſe,
Stern tyrants aw'd, and huſh'd the world to peace.
Did juſtice call? he car'd not what became
Of life, or of life's ſweeteſt breath, his fame:
For her he dar'd the nobles, peoples hate,
For her he liv'd, for her reſign'd to fate.
Theſe were his honours, his high triumphs theſe!
Oh! how unlike the ſlaves of wealth and eaſe:
With plenty curſt, to make their life a void,
Too great, too noble, to be well employ'd,
They ſeek ſome livery'd friend to drag away
The heavy, cumberous, miſerable day.
There are, my lord, that with unfeeling ear
A Scipio's, Sydney's, Falkland's glory hear,
Unmov'd a Lonſdale's ſpotleſs honour ſee,
Wiſe, ſtudious, generous, loyal, juſt, and free!
Are proof to every lure of honeſt fame;
And yet of ſycophants would buy a name;
Hence birds of throat obſcene, and greedy maw,
The chattering magpye, the tale-bearing daw,

Rooks,

Rooks, vultures, harpies, their vile board ſurround,
While frighted merit flies th' unhallow'd ground,
Flies to the private ſhade, the pure retreat,
And to their flatterers leaves the proud and great.
What, tho' their hands ne'er hold Britannia's reins,
Nor ſwords e'er ſeek her foes on crimſon plains?
Yet, Blount ſhall own they drive ſix horſes well,
And Mordington's their bolder courage tell,
Their name with Mordaunt's Pope diſdains to ſing,
Yet with their triumphs does Newmarket ring.
What tho' (ye fair!) they break thro' honour's laws;
Yet hence they gain a modiſh world's applauſe:
Receiv'd, repuls'd, their boaſt is ſtill the ſame,
And ſtill they triumph o'er each injur'd name.
Their vote, we know, ne'er rais'd the drooping ſtate,
But reſcu'd operas from impending fate.
Their bounty never bids Affliction ſmile,
But pampers fidlers with the tradeſman's ſpoil.
No Goth to learning e'er was foe ſo fell,
Yet their bought praiſes dedications ſwell;
Yet White's allows them, in a length of years,
The firſt of ſharpers, tho' the laſt of peers.
In vain for ſuch may domes on domes ariſe,
With heads audacious, and invade the ſkies;
In vain diſhonour'd ſtars dart mimic rays,
To give their ſordid breaſts a borrow'd blaze;
In vain with lordly rule, their wide domains
Swell hundred hills, and ſpread an hundred plains:

If mean, ſtill meaner by their lofty ſtate,
(So ſtatues leſſen by a baſe too great)
With birth ignoble, poor amid their ſtore,
Obſcur'd by ſplendor, impotent with power,
By titles ſtain'd, with beauty unadorn'd,
Courted by flattery, but by merit ſcorn'd,
The ſlaves of ſlaves, corruption's dirty tools,
The prey of villains, and the gaze of fools.
  Riſe then, my lord, with noble ardor riſe!
And whilſt your ſires before your raviſh'd eyes
Paſs in a grand review, oh! pant for fame,
And by your actions dignify their name,
Tranſmitting thence, with heighten'd luſtre down,
Honours, that may your future offspring crown!
  That ſight the muſe with pleaſing hope ſurveys,
While to the bliſsful hour her fancy ſtrays,
When in the Hertford of another age
The ſame fair virtues ſhall your ſoul engage;
The ſame ſoft meekneſs and majeſtic mien
Shall chear the private, grace the public ſcene.
From her, to glad at once your ears and eyes,
A fair Eliza ſhall with ſpirit riſe,
With lively humour, yet devoid of blame,
And be, with ſweet variety, the ſame;
O'er ſome bleſt heart confirm her laſting ſway,
With reaſon ſprightly, and with goodneſs gay.
When to another Beauchamp you ſhall owe
Thoſe joys, that with your dawning virtues grow,

In him again be born, again ſhall live,
And take that happineſs, which now you give.
Heaven has on you pour'd down his kindeſt ſhower,
Health, riches, honours, bleſs'd your natal hour;
At once an elegance of form and mind,
To pleaſe, to ſerve, and to adorn your kind;
In manners gentle, but in genius ſtrong;
Tho' gay, collected, and polite, tho' young.
  Theſe bounteous heaven beſtows! 'tis your's to raiſe
His gifts, and from their uſe derive your praiſe:
His the materials, your's the work muſt be;
Your choice, my lord, is ſame or infamy.
  Oh! ſhould your virtues in pure current flow,
And wealth and pleaſure all around beſtow,
Till earth no more their length'ning ſtream can bound,
Nor ſinks their fame in time's vaſt ocean drown'd,
Say, might the muſe to future age declare,
They were her early honour and her care?
That by her hand the bubbling fount was clear'd,
That, following where the mazy rill appear'd,
She form'd their channel, and their courſe ſhe ſteer'd?
Might then this fond ambitious verſe pretend,
She taught the pupil, yet preſerv'd the friend;
Firſt twin'd the wreaths, that ſhall your temples crown,
Still in your glory happier than her own?

EPISTLE

TO THE

Right Honble. the Countess of HERTFORD,

AT PERCY LODGE:

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXLIV.

BY THE SAME.

YOU ask me, madam, if the muse
From Colebrooke still my steps pursues:
Take then (but first your patience lend)
Her story thus from end to end.
She, that at Bath, so debonair,
Sung gallant Damon and his fair,
To beauteous Townsend tun'd her lyre,
And did, at Pelham's sight, inspire
Strains, that her Lincoln's self forgives
(You see the daring poet lives!)
She, that at Percy-Lodge so late
From morn to night was us'd to prate,

Almost

Almoſt impertinent and rude,
Unbidden would herſelf intrude
With tale, and epigram, and ſong,
To waſt the chearful hours along,
Whilſt I, o'erjoy'd myſelf to view
Alive, and with my lord and you,
Not once could check her merry vein,
Her unpremeditated ſtrain,
And did, from heedleſs joy, neglect
To greatneſs every grave reſpect;
This muſe, I ſay, inconſtant grown,
Forſook me, when I came to town;
Friend to my fortune, ſhe withdrew,
When I left Percy-Lodge and you.
Since then, in vain I aſk her aid,
In vain her cruelty upbraid;
The town, ſhe ſays, was ne'er her choice;
If there ſhe tries to raiſe her voice,
Her ſtrains are to their theme unjuſt,
Or drown'd in noiſe, or choak'd with duſt.
Her plea is good. The muſe's theme,
Like the pure, bright, harmonious ſtream,
Ne'er but in rural channels flows;
Cities and bards are endleſs foes.
Reſolv'd Parnaſſus' top to climb,
[a] And there to build the lofty rhyme,

[a] Part of a Verſe of Milton's.

I to fam'd Claremont's height aſpire,
To borrow thence poetic fire,
To waft, like Cooper's-Hill, its name
On wings of everlaſting fame;
Or, (if that bold attempt be vain)
Your partial ear to entertain.
I mount my chaiſe, the ſpace between,
Fancy anticipates the ſcene,
And Vanity, officious maid,
Thus offers her ſelf-pleaſing aid;
" Poor Vanbrugh's plan is out of date,
" And Garth but ſaw its riſing ſtate,
" His verſe with tuneful fable rung,
" But left its real charms unſung;
" But now, to my tranſported eyes,
" In full maturity will riſe
" The bowers, the temples, and the groves,
" That Kent has plann'd, and Pelham loves.
At length, awaken'd from my dream,
My eyes behold the real theme,
And the gay ſketch, that fancy drew,
They find more amiably true.
On a neat ſtructure now they reſt,
Where rural plainneſs is expreſt,
With harveſts ſtor'd, compact, and warm,
And, tho' Palladian, yet a farm,
Whence cars, in ruſtic order drawn,
Paſs and repaſs the ſloping lawn,

While

While flocks, in fleecy groups around,
Or, moving, crop the daiſy'd ground,
Or, ſunk beneath the tufted trees,
Turn, languid, to the noontide breeze.
The luſtier herds, in glare of day,
Baſk, and imbibe the ſunny ray.
While theſe I view, on humid wings
The ſultry ſouth a tempeſt brings,
Black clouds inveſt the low'ring ſkies,
And all the beauteous viſion flies.
Now from the thick-deſcending rain
I drive acroſs the darken'd plain,
And leave the lovely ſcene behind,
That juſt began to charm my mind.
How rare does pleaſure ſtand the teſt!
With patience now I arm my breaſt,
And, in a moralizing vein,
With thoughts like theſe my grief reſtrain:
"The ſkies are clear, when ſtorms are o'er,
"Again ſmooth waves ſalute the ſhore,
"Each ſun but ſets to riſe again,
"And gild with morn the dewy plain;
"This hour, perhaps, hope cheats the mind,
"The next, an equal joy we find."
Juſt ſo; the houſe a ſhelter lends,
Within I find the beſt of friends,
Spence, whoſe ſoft boſom oft has known
To make another's woe her own;

She

She now, with hoſpitable grace,
Compaſſionates my preſent caſe,
Aſks of your health, and hears with joy,
How you your growing ſtrength employ
In rural cares and exerciſe;
And kind congratulations riſe,
When on my favourite theme I dwell,
And Beauchamp's riſing virtues tell.
Fondly the vanity I ſhare,
And recollect my pleaſing care,
That, with parental aid combin'd,
Founded the ſtructure of his mind:
So boaſtful builders call their own
Works, where they laid the firſt rude ſtone.
  The ſtorm ſubſides, the mount I gain,
Thence dart my eyes acroſs the plain.
Full ſwelling to the ſight, I found
Firſt holy Paul's majeſtic round,
Thro' wide Auguſta's ſmoak; and now
Roſe lofty Windſor's tow'red brow;
Here glitter ſtreams of vulgar names,
There ſlowly winds imperial Thames,
On his green banks, in level line,
Here ſpacious Hampton's turrets ſhine,
Whoſe windows kindling at the ray
Of Sol, beam back redoubled day;
Towns, villages, and pointed ſpires,
And ſmoak thick-wreath'd from cottage-fires,

And planted villas, intervene,
To grace the ſweetly-vary'd ſcene.
O'er all my eyes tranſported range,
With every glance the viſions change,
Till, drawn by beauties nearer home,
Along the lovely park I roam,
Now ſkim the walk, deſcend the glade,
Then plunge into the deepeſt ſhade.
Here flouriſh ſweets in mingled bloom,
There (worthy ancient Greece or Rome)
Fair temples, opening to the ſight,
Surpriſe each turn with new delight:
In pleaſure loſt, I wiſh to gaze
At once a thouſand different ways,
Awful or pleaſing, every part
Expands the ſoul, or glads the heart,
Great, open, liberal, unconfin'd,
Juſt emblem of its maſter's mind,
Who knows unequall'd ſtate to ſhew,
Yet, gracious, ſtoops to all below.
  Beneath a hill, whoſe hoary brow
Ne'er felt the wound of ſcythe or plow,
(Along whoſe wild and heathy ſide
Britannia's [b] naval heroes ride,
When they, with colours wide diſplay'd,
That proud Iberia's ſons upbraid,

b About that time the crew of the Centurion were expected to paſs by from Portſmouth with the prize-money taken from the Acapulca ſhip.

In

In tawny troop, from India's ſhore,
Guard in rough pomp their captive ore)
Mid circling waters lies an iſle,
Whoſe verdant ſhores reflected ſmile
With Flora's painted hues; above,
Soft-boſom'd in a ſhady grove,
A dome, but half reveal'd to ſight,
Chequers the boughs with Parian white.
  If chance from hence at evening fair
The riſing ſong ſoft ſteals on air,
Which to the well-according ſtrings
The ſkillful voice ſweet-warbling ſings,
The paſſing ſwain ſuſpended ſtands,
And, wondering, lifts to heaven his hands,
Doubts if beneath ſome leafy ſpray
Soft Philomela pours her lay,
Or ſome bleſt ſpirit from above
Enchants with harmony the grove;
Nor gueſſes that the tuneful art,
Which awes and charms his ſimple heart,
Is hers, whoſe bounty loves to bleſs
Sad ſickening want, and lone diſtreſs,
And hers the ſweet enchanting ſong,
To whom the liſtening groves belong,
And all, that her Newcaſtle's art
In boundleſs fondneſs can impart,
Each level walk, each ſhelving glade,
Whate'er employs the labourer's ſpade,

Whate'er

Whate'er rewards his patient toil,
And makes the barren desert smile.
This isle in tempting prospect stands,
Thither I stretch my eyes and hands,
Eager the farther shore to gain,
But stretch my hands and eyes in vain.
For hark! the threat'ning winds arise,
Again with clouds obscure the skies,
And tell my baffled hopes, that this
Is an inchanted isle of bliss,
Now in near prospect blooming fair,
And now involv'd in black despair!
My chaise regain'd, I cross the plain,
When lo! the sun beams forth again.
Hope, gay impostor, points the way,
Where, near the road, fair Esher lay;
And who at Esher would not stay?
I turn'd. Retiring from the town,
The noble owner just came down.
I saw the gate behind him close,
Then murmur'd at this short repose
From cares for Britain's safety shewn,
Grudg'd his repose, who guards my own!
I now pursue my former way,
And with my journey ends this day
Of hope, and fear, and pain, and pleasure,
Of all my other days the measure!
Yours a more even tenor know,
And scarce perceive an ebb or flow.

The

The cauſe is plain. To fortune's gale
You, cautious, never ſpread a ſail;
Safe in your port, content at home,
You ne'er for painful pleaſure roam,
And think it folly, if not ſin,
One night to ſojourn at an inn.
Nay, when the Atlas of our ſtate
Throws off for you a nation's weight,
In courtly terms your ear to greet,
And caſt himſelf beneath your feet,
You (like Egeria) in your grott
Or ſeek he muſt, or finds you not.
More cautious ſtill, e'en when retir'd,
By wits nor cenſur'd, nor admir'd,
You ſay, (tho' every art your friend)
You dare to no one art pretend.
Your fear is juſt. Each ſtate and nation
Aſſigns to woman reputation,
While man aſſerts his wider claim,
Jealous proprietor of fame.
Yet ſure, without offence, you may
On nature's open leaf diſplay
Your harmleſs unambitious ſkill,
To ſink a grott, or ſlope a hill,
A dell with flowers adorn, or lead
A winding rill along the mead,
Or bid oppoſing trees be join'd,
In hoſpitable league intwin'd,

Without

Without their leave, whoſe madneſs dares
Rouze human ſtates to cruel wars;
Or, if the Bourbon of the air
Againſt your feather'd folk declare
Fell war, betake you to th' alliance
Of net or gun, and bid defrance
To every robber, ſmall or great,
That would diſturb your calm retreat.
O may kind heaven propitious ſmile
On every art that can beguile
A ſon's long abſence from your ſight,
And render back that juſt delight!
From thoſe diſtracting dire alarms,
That ſet a jarring world in arms,
From tainted air's infectious breath,
Where flies unſeen the dart of death,
His ſteps, ye guardian angels, guide,
And turn the fatal ſhaft aſide!
Return'd, his parent's bliſs to crown,
And make, all earth can give, their own,
Like Smithſon's, may his manly heart
Act not the vain, but generous part,
Call drooping art from her receſs,
With health, and eaſe, and fame to bleſs!
O may, like his, his riper age
With caution tread the civil ſtage,
Like him, th' enchanted cup put by,
And every vain temptation fly,

Of

Of power, or penſion, place, or name,
If meant ſtate-traps, that ſink to ſhame;
Yet his juſt Prince, without a bribe,
Love—more than all the venal tribe!
But from theſe themes I now refrain,
Reſerv'd to grace a future ſtrain.
For I have treſpaſs'd on your time,
And ſee a tedious length of rhyme.
What muſt it then appear to you?
Reſpectful moſt this ſhort adieu.

SOME THOUGHTS

ON

BUILDING and PLANTING,

TO

Sir JAMES LOWTHER, Bart.

OF LOWTHER-HALL.

BY THE SAME.

WHEN ſtately ſtructures Lowther grace,
Worthy the owner and the place,
Faſhion will not the works direct,
But Reaſon be the Architect.

Ready

Ready each beauteous order ſtands
To execute what ſhe commands.
The Doric grave, where weight requires [c],
To give his manly ſtrength aſpires;
The light Corinthian [d], richly gay,
Does all embelliſhments diſplay;
Between them ſee [e], with matron air,
The Ionic [f], delicately fair!

c *The Doric grave, where weight requires.*] In ea æde cum voluiſſent columnas collocare, non habentes ſymmetrias earum, & quærentes quibus rationibus efficere poſſent, ut & *ad onus ferendum* eſſent idoneæ, & in aſpectu probatam haberent venuſtatem: dimenſi ſunt virilis pedis veſtigium, & cum invenniſſent pedem ſextam partem eſſe altitudinis in homine, ita in columnam tranſtulerunt: & qua craſſitudine fecerunt baſin ſcapi, tantum cam ſexies cum capitulo in altitudinem extulerunt. Ita Dorica columna *virilis corporis* proportionem, & firmitatem & venuſtatem in ædificiis præſtare cœpit. *Vitruv.* l. iv. c. i. p. 60.

d *The light Corinthian*, &c.] Tertium vero, quod Corinthium dicitur, virginalis habet gracilitatis imitationem: quod virgines propter ætatis teneritatem gracilioribus membris figuratæ, effectus recipiunt in ornatu venuſtiores. Ejus autem capituli prima inventio, *&c.* Ibid.

e *Between them ſee*, &c.] Junoni, Dianæ, Libero Patri, cæteriſq; Diis qui eadem ſunt ſimilitudine, ſi ædes Ionicæ conſtruerentur, habita erit ratio *mediocritatis*, quod & ab ſevero more Doricorum & à teneritate Corinthiorum, temperabitur earum inſtitutio proprietatis. *Ibid.*

f *The Ionic*, &c.] Item poſtea Dianæ conſtituere ædem quærentes, novi generis ſpeciem, iiſdem veſtigiis ad muliebrem tranſtulerunt gracilitatem: & fecerunt primum columnæ craſſitudinem altitudinis octava parte: ut haberent ſpeciem excelſiorem, baſi ſpiram ſuppoſuerunt pro calceo, capitulo volutas, uti capillamento concriſpatos cincinnos prænendentes dextra ac ſiniſtra collocaverunt, & cymatiis & encarpis pro crinibus diſpoſitis, frontes ornaverunt: truncoq; toto ſtrias, uti ſtolarum rugas, *matronali more* dimiſerunt. *Ibid.*

Theſe their abundant aid will lend
To anſwer every ſtructure's end.
To Building can a mode belong
But gay, or delicate, or ſtrong?
Why ſearch we then for orders new,
Rich in theſe all-compriſing few,
But that the ſtandard rules of Greece
Diſdain to humour wild caprice?
They Fancy's wanton freaks controul,
In every part conſult the whole,
Teach Art to dreſs, and not diſguiſe,
Seek laſting fame, not ſhort ſurpriſe,
And all adornings to produce
From real or from ſeeming uſe [g],
The place's genius to revere,
And, as he bids, the ſtructure rear.
Smiles he o'er fragrant Flora's bloom?
Ne'er ſhock him with a grotto's gloom.
Nor with ſmooth ſlender columns mock
His roughneſs in the rugged rock.
Nor by trim ſteps hand gently down,
(Like dainty dames in formal town)

g —*From real or from ſeeming uſe,*] —quemadmodum mutuli cantheriorum projecturæ ferunt *imaginem*, ſic in Ionicis denticuli ex projecturis aſſerum habent imitationem. Itaque in Græcis operibus nemo ſub mutulo denticulos conſtituit: non enim poſſunt ſubtus cantherios aſſeres eſſe. Quod ergo ſupra cantherios & templa in *veritate* debet eſſe collacatum, id in *imaginibus*, ſi infra conſtitutum fuerit, mendoſam habebit operis rationem; *&c.*

The

The nimble Naiades, who bound
O'er native rocks with ſprightly ſound.
Nor roving Dryades confine
Preciſely to a ſingle line,
Strait, circular, or ſerpentine.
All forms ariſe at nature's call,
And uſe can beauty give to all.
None e'er diſguſt the judging mind,
When vary'd well, or well combin'd.
This Lowther's noble planter knew,
And kept it in his conſtant view.
So ſweetly wild his woods are ſtrown,
Nature miſtakes them for her own,
Yet all to proper ſoil and ſite
So ſuited, doubly they delight.
While tender plants in vales repoſe,
Where the mild zephyr only blows,
Embattled firs bleak hills adorn,
Under whoſe ſafeguard ſmiles the corn.
Who builds or plants, this rule ſhould know,
From truth [h] and uſe [i] all beauties flow.

h *From truth*, &c.] —quod non poteſt in *veritate* fieri, id non putaverunt in imaginibus factum, poſſe certam rationem habere. Omnia enim certa proprietate, & à *veris naturæ* deductis moribus, traduxerunt in operum perfectiones: & ea probaverunt, quorum explicationes in diſputationibus rationem poſſunt habere *veritatis*. *Vitruv*. lib. iv. c. ii. p. 67. edit. de Læt.

i —*and uſe*, &c.] See the idea of beauty explained by the great Dr. Berkley in the Minute Philoſopher, dial. iii. ſect. viii, ix. edit. 3, 1752.

THE HYMN OF CLEANTHES[k].

BY GILBERT WEST, ESQ.

O Under various ſacred names ador'd!
Divinity ſupreme! all-potent Lord!
Author of nature! whoſe unbounded ſway
And legiſlative power all things obey!
Majeſtic Jove! all hail! To thee belong
The ſuppliant prayer, and tributary ſong:
To thee from all thy mortal offspring due;
From thee we came, from thee our being drew;
Whatever lives and moves, great Sire! is thine,
Embodied portions of the ſoul divine.
Therefore to thee will I attune my ſtring,
And of thy wondrous power for ever ſing.
The wheeling orbs, the wandering fires above,
That round this earthly ſphere inceſſant move,
Through all this boundleſs world admit thy ſway,
And roll ſpontaneous where thou point'ſt the way.

k Cleanthes, the author of this hymn, was a ſtoic philoſopher, a diſciple of Zeno. He wrote many pieces, none of which are come down to us, but this and a few fragments, which are printed by H. Stephens, in a collection of philoſophical poems.

Such

Such is the awe impreſt on nature round
When through the void thy dreadful thunders ſound.
Thoſe flaming agents of thy matchleſs power,
Aſtoniſh'd worlds, hear, tremble, and adore.
Thus paramount to all, by all obey'd,
Ruling that reaſon which thro' all convey'd
Informs this general maſs, thou reign'ſt ador'd,
Supreme, unbounded, univerſal Lord.
For nor in earth, nor earth-encircling floods,
Nor yon etherial pole, the ſeat of gods,
Is ought perform'd without thy aid divine;
Strength, wiſdom, virtue, mighty Jove, are thine!
Vice is the act of man, by paſſion toſt,
And in the ſhoreleſs ſea of folly loſt,
But thou, what vice diſorders, canſt compoſe;
And profit by the malice of thy foes:
So blending good with evil, fair with foul,
As thence to model one harmonious whole:
One univerſal law of truth and right;
But wretched mortals ſhun the heavenly light;
And, tho' to bliſs directing ſtill their choice,
Hear not, or heed not reaſon's ſacred voice,
That common guide ordain'd to point the road
That leads obedient man to ſolid good.
Thence quitting virtue's lovely paths they rove,
As various objects various paſſions move.
Some thro' oppoſing crowds and threatning war
Seek power's bright throne, and fame's triumphal car.

Some, bent on wealth, purſue with endleſs pain
Oppreſſive, ſordid, and diſhoneſt gain:
While others, to ſoft indolence reſign'd,
Drown in corporeal ſweets th' immortal mind.
But, O great father, thunder-ruling God!
Who in thick darkneſs mak'ſt thy dread abode!
Thou, from whoſe bounty all good gifts deſcend,
Do thou from ignorance mankind defend!
The clouds of vice and folly, O controul;
And ſhed the beams of wiſdom on the ſoul!
Thoſe radiant beams, by whoſe all-piercing flame
Thy juſtice rules this univerſal frame.
That honour'd with a portion of thy light
We may eſſay thy goodneſs to requite
With honorary ſongs and grateful lays,
And hymn thy glorious works with ceaſeleſs praiſe,
The proper taſk of man: and ſure to ſing
Of nature's laws, and nature's mighty king
Is bliſs ſupreme. Let gods with mortals join!
The ſubject may tranſport a breaſt divine.

INSCRIP-

INSCRIPTION ON A SUMMER-HOUSE

BELONGING TO GILBERT WEST, ESQ. AT WICKHAM, IN KENT.

BY THE SAME.

NOT wrapt in ſmoky London's fulphurous clouds,
And not far diſtant, ſtands my rural cot:
Neither obnoxious to intruding crowds,
Nor for the good and friendly too remote.

And when too much repoſe brings on the ſpleen,
Or the gay city's idle pleaſure's cloy;
Swift as my changing wiſh I ſhift the ſcene,
And now the country, now the town enjoy.

THE HOUSE OF SUPERSTITION.

A VISION.

BY MR. DENTON.

I.

WHEN Sleep's all-ſoothing hand with fetters ſoft
Ties down each ſenſe, and lulls to balmy reſt;
The internal power, creative Fancy oft
Broods o'er her treaſures in the formful breaſt.

Thus when no longer daily cares engage,
  The buſy mind purſues the darling theme;
Hence angels whiſper'd to the ſlumbering ſage,
  And gods of old inſpir'd the hero's dream;
Hence as I ſlept, theſe images aroſe,
To Fancy's eye, and join'd this fairy ſcene compoſe.

II.

As when fair morning dries her pearly tears,
  The mountain lifts o'er miſts its lofty head;
Thus new to ſight a gothic dome appears
  With the grey ruſt of rolling years o'erſpread.
Here Superſtition holds her dreary reign,
  And her lip-labour'd oriſons ſhe plies
In tongue unknown, when morn bedews the plain,
  Or evening ſkirts with gold the weſtern ſkies;
To the dumb ſtock ſhe bends, or ſculptur'd wall,
And many a croſs ſhe makes, and many a bead lets fall.

III.

Near to the dome a magic pair reſide
  Prompt to deceive, and practis'd to confound;
Here hood-winkt Ignorance is ſeen to bide
  Stretching in darkſome cave along the ground.
No object e'er awakes his ſtupid eyes,
  Nor voice articulate arreſts his ears,
Save when beneath the moon pale ſpectres riſe,
  And haunt his ſoul with viſionary fears:
Or when hoarſe winds incavern'd murmur round,
And babbling echo wakes, and iterates the ſound.

IV. Where

IV.

Where boughs entwining form an artful ſhade,
And in faint glimmerings juſt admit the light,
There Error ſits in borrow'd white array'd,
And in Truth's form deceives the tranſient ſight.
A thouſand glories wait her opening day,
Her beaming luſtre when fair Truth imparts;
Thus Error would pour forth a ſpurious ray,
And cheat th' unpractis'd mind with mimic arts;
She cleaves with magic wand the liquid ſkies,
Bids airy forms appear, and ſcenes fantaſtic riſe.

V.

A porter deaf, decrepid, old, and blind
Sits at the gate, and lifts a liberal bowl
With wine of wondrous power to lull the mind,
And check each vigorous effort of the ſoul:
Whoe'er un'wares ſhall ply his thirſty lip,
And drink in gulps the luſcious liquor down,
Shall hapleſs from the cup deluſion ſip,
And objects ſee in features not their own;
Each way-worn traveller that hither came,
He lav'd with copious draughts, and Prejudice his name.

VI.

Within a various race are ſeen to wonne,
Props of her age, and pillars of her ſtate,
Which erſt were nurtur'd by the wither'd crone,
And born to Tyranny, her grieſly mate:
The firſt appear'd in pomp of purple pride,
With triple crown erect, and throned high;
Two golden keys hang dangling by his ſide
To lock or ope the portals of the ſky;

Crouching

Crouching and proſtrate there (ah! ſight unmeet!)
The crowned head would bow, and lick his duſty feet.

VII.

With bended arm he on a book reclin'd
  Faſt lock'd with iron claſps from vulgar eyes;
Heaven's gracious gift to light the wandering mind,
  To lift fall'n man, and guide him to the ſkies!
A man no more, a god he would be thought,
  And 'mazed mortals blindly muſt obey:
With ſlight of hand he lying wonders wrought,
  And near him loathſome heaps of reliques lay:
Strange legends would he read, and figments dire
Of Limbus' priſon'd ſhades, and purgatory fire.

VIII.

There meagre Penance ſat, in ſackcloth clad,
  And to his breaſt cloſe hugg'd the viper, Sin,
Yet oft with brandiſh'd whip would gaul, as mad,
  With voluntary ſtripes his ſhrivel'd ſkin.
Counting large heaps of o'er-abounding good
  Of ſaints that dy'd within the church's pale,
With gentler aſpect there Indulgence ſtood,
  And to the needy culprit would retail;
There too, ſtrange merchandize! he pardons ſold,
And treaſon would abſolve, and murder purge with gold.

IX.

With ſhaven crown in a ſequeſter'd cell
  A lazy lubbard there was ſeen to lay;
No work had he, ſave ſome few beads to tell,
  And indolently ſnore the hours away.

The

The nameleſs joys that bleſs the nuptial bed,
  The myſtic rites of Hymen's hallow'd tye
Impure he deems, and from them ſtarts with dread,
  As crimes of fouleſt ſtain, and deepeſt dye:
No ſocial hopes hath he, no ſocial fears,
But ſpends in lethargy devout the lingering years.

X.

Gnaſhing his teeth in mood of furious ire
  Fierce Perſecution ſat, and with ſtrong breath
Wakes into living flame large heaps of fire,
  And feaſts on murders, maſſacres, and death.
Near him was plac'd Procruſtes' iron bed
  To ſtretch or mangle to a certain ſize;
To ſee their writhing pains each heart muſt bleed,
  To hear their doleful ſhrieks and piercing cries;
Yet he beholds them with unmoiſtened eye,
Their writhing pains his ſport, their moans his melody.

XI.

A gradual light diffuſing o'er the gloom,
  And ſlow approaching with majeſtic pace;
A lovely maid appears in beauty's bloom,
  With native charms, and unaffected grace:
Her hand a clear reflecting mirror ſhows,
  In which all objects their true features wear,
And on her cheek a bluſh indignant glows
  To ſee the horrid ſorceries practis'd there;
She ſnatch'd the volume from the tyrant's rage,
Unlock'd its iron claſps, and ope'd the heavenly page.

XII. "My

XII.

" My name is Truth, and you, each holy ſeer,
" That all my ſteps with ardent gaze purſue,
" Unveil, ſhe ſaid, the ſacred myſteries here,
" Give the celeſtial boon to public view.
" Tho' blatant Obloquy with leprous mouth
" Shall blot your fame, and blaſt the generous deed,
" Yet in revolving years ſome liberal youth
" Shall crown your virtuous act with glory's meed,
" Your names adorn'd in [l] Gilpin's poliſh'd page,
" With each hiſtoric grace, ſhall ſhine thro' every age.

XIII.

" With furious hate tho' fierce relentleſs power
" Exert of torment all her horrid ſkill;
" Tho' your lives meet too ſoon the fatal hour
" Scorching in flames, or writhing on the wheel;
" Yet when the [m] dragon in the deep abyſs
" Shall lie, faſt bound in adamantine chain,
" Ye with the Lamb ſhall riſe to ceaſeleſs bliſs,
" Firſt-fruits of death, and partners of his reign;
" Then ſhall repay the momentary tear
" The great ſabbatic reſt, the millenary year."

[l] The Reverend Mr. William Gilpin, author of the lives of Bernard Gilpin, Biſhop Latimer, Wickliff, and the principal of his followers.

[m] See Revel. chap. 20. and the learned and ingenious Biſhop of Briſtol's comment upon it, in the 3d vol. of his diſſertation on the prophecies.

ELEGIES

E L E G I E S

BY MR. DELAP.

ELEGY I.

AH ſtay!—thy wand oblivious o'er my eyes
Yet wave, mild power of ſleep!—my prayer is vain;
She flies, the partial nurſe of nature flies,
With all her ſoothing viſionary train.

Then let me forth; and near yon flowering thorn
Taſte heaven's pure breath; while rob'd in amber veſt,
Freſh from her watery couch, the youthful morn
Steals on the ſlumbers of the drowſy eaſt.

Lo, at her preſence, the ſtrong arm of toil,
With glittering ſickle, mows the prime of May;
While yon poor hirelings, for the mine's rude ſoil,
Leave to their ſleeping babes their cots of clay.

With ſturdy ſtep, they cheerly whiſtle o'er
The path that flings acroſs the reedy plain,
To the deep caverns of that yawning moor,
Whoſe ſhaggy breaſt abhors the golden grain.

There, in her green dreſs, nature never roves,
  Spreads the gay lawn, nor lifts the lordly pine,
They ſee no melting clouds refreſh the groves,
  No living landſcape drawn by hands divine.

But many a fathom from the ſunny breeze,
  Their painful way in central night they wear;
Heave the pik'd axes on their bended knees,
  Or ſidelong the rough quarry ſlowly tear.

Yet while damp vapours chill each reeking brow,
  How loudly laughs the jovial voice of mirth;
Pleas'd that the wages of the day allow
  A ſocial blaze to chear their evening hearth.

There the chaſte houſewife, with maternal care,
  Her thrifty diſtaff plies, in grave attire;
Bleſt to behold her ruddy offſpring wear
  The full reſemblance of their ſturdy ſire.

To ſpread with ſuch coarſe fare their homely board
  As fits the genius of their little fate,
Free from thoſe ills that haunt their pamper'd lord;
  To be unhappy we muſt firſt be great.

In theſe dark caves, where heaven's paternal hand,
  Far from the world, their private cradle laid,
They toil ſecure; the ſtorms that ſtrike the land
  With wild diſmay roll harmleſs o'er their head.

For

For who, the load of weary life to bear,
  Wou'd from theſe murky manſions chace the ſlave?
Who ceaſe to breathe heaven's pure and chearful air,
  To be but living tenants of the grave?

Yet harraſs'd as they are, their face ſtill wears
  The reverend comelineſs of green old age;
No ſtains their mind from worldly ſcience bears;
  Their ray of knowledge gleams from nature's page.

The few plain rules her ſimple leſſons give,
  They ſtill thro' life with pleas'd attention ply;
Their helpleſs offspring bid them wiſh to live,
  Their breathleſs parents bid them learn to die.

And ſurely heaven whoſe penetrating ſight
  Pierces the ſoul, and reads its inmoſt groan,
Muſt ſee content, with more ſincere delight,
  Toil in the mine, than triumph on the throne;

See[n] Charles, more pleas'd, within the convent's gloom,
  Seeking the ſlave's calm nights, their temperate days,
And peaceful paſſage to the private tomb,
  Than diadem'd with glory's crimſon rays.

[n] Charles V. of Spain, who in the full blaze of his glory reſigned the throne to his ſon Philip, and retired to a convent in Eſtremadura.

Ev'n the proud ſage, whoſe deep myſterious brain
Has reaſon'd all the balm of hope away,
Convinc'd that learning's but ingenious pain,
Might hail their happier lot, and ſighing ſay,

" Oh had I thus, within the dark profound,
" By daily labor earn'd my daily food;
" Or with yon ſeedman ſow'd the quickening ground,
" Or cleav'd with ponderous axe the groaning wood.

" Full many an hour that now, tho' ſped with art,
" On ſlow and duſky pinions ſullen flies,
" Full many an anxious wiſh, or pang of heart,
" That reaſon's boaſted anodyne defies,

" Had ne'er been born. Nor had th' uneaſy mind,
" Pent in the priſon of this mortal mould,
" Felt its etherial energy confin'd,
" Its brighteſt ſunſhine in dark clouds enroll'd.

" But native ſenſe her modeſt courſe had run;
" Her faintly luſtre untaught virtue ſpread;
" Health crown'd my toils, and e'er the day was done,
" Sound ſleep beneath ſome alder's ruſtling ſhade.

" Then, as I ſtole down life's declining hill,
" Here nature's gifts had furniſh'd nature's needs,
" The brook's cold beverage every latent ill
" Had ſtarv'd, that cloyſter'd contemplation feeds.

Till

" Till, in the peaceful ſhade of this lone bower,
" Or near yon ſhattered tower in ſilence laid,
" The orient orb, that watch'd my natal hour,
" Had brightly glitter'd o'er my mouldering head."

TO SICKNESS.

ELEGY II.

HOW blith the flowery graces of the Spring
From nature's wardrobe come: and hark how gay
Each glittering inſect, hovering on the wing,
Sings their glad welcome to the fields of May.

They gaze, with greedy eye, each beauty o'er;
They ſuck the ſweet breath of the bluſhing roſe;
Sport in the gale, or ſip the rainbow ſhower;
Their life's ſhort day no pauſe of pleaſure knows.

Like their's, dread power, my chearful morn diſplay'd
The flattering promiſe of a golden noon,
Till each gay cloud, that ſportive nature ſpread,
Died in the gloom of thy diſtemper'd frown.

Yes, ere I told my two and twentieth year,
Swiſt from thy quiver flew the deadly dart;
Harmleſs it paſt 'mid many a blithe compeer,
And found its fated entrance near my heart.

Pale as I lay beneath thy ebon wand,
  I ſaw them rove thro' pleaſure's flowery field;
I ſaw health paint them with her roſy hand,
  Eager to burſt my bonds, but forc'd to yield.

Yet while this mortal cot of mouldering clay
  Shakes at the ſtroke of thy tremendous power,
Ah muſt the tranſient tenant of a day
  Bear the rough blaſt of each tempeſtuous hour!

Say, ſhall the terrors thy pale flag unfolds,
  Too rigid queen! unnerve the ſoul's bright powers,
Till with a joyleſs ſmile the eye beholds
  Art's magic charms, and nature's fairy bowers.

No, let me follow ſtill, thoſe bowers among,
  Her flowery footſteps, as the goddeſs goes;
Let me, juſt lifted 'bove th' unletter'd throng,
  Read the few books the learned few compoſe.

And ſuffer, when thy awful pleaſure calls
  The ſoul to ſhare her frail companion's ſmart,
Yet ſuffer me to taſte the balm that falls,
  From friendſhip's tongue, ſo ſweet upon the heart.

Then, tho' each trembling nerve confeſs thy frown,
  Ev'n till this anxious being ſhall become
But a brief name upon a little ſtone,
  Without one murmur I embrace my doom.

For

For many a virtue, ſhelter'd from mankind,
  Lives calm with thee, and lord o'er each deſire;
And many a feeble frame, whoſe mighty mind
  Each muſe has touch'd with her immortal fire.

Even [o] he, ſole terror of a venal age,
  The tuneful bard, whoſe philoſophic ſoul,
With ſuch bright radiance glow'd on virtue's page,
  Learn'd many a leſſon from thy moral ſchool.

He [p] too, who "mounts and keeps his diſtant way,"
  His daring mind thy humanizing glooms
Have temper'd with a melancholy ray,
  And taught to warble 'mid the village tombs.

Yes, goddeſs, to thy temple's deep receſs
  I come; and lay for ever at its door
The ſiren throng of follies numberleſs,
  Nor wiſh their flattering ſongs ſhould ſooth me more.

Thy decent garb ſhall o'er my limbs be ſpread,
  Thy hand ſhall lead me to thy ſober train,
Who here retir'd, with penſive pleaſure tread
  The ſilent windings of thy dark domain.

[o] Mr. Pope.

[p] Mr. Gray.

Hither the cherub Charity ſhall fly
  From her bright orb, and brooding o'er my mind,
For miſery raiſe a ſympathizing ſigh,
  Pardon for foes, and love for humankind.

Then while Ambition's trump, from age to age
  Its ſlaughter'd millions boaſts; while Fame ſhall rear
Her deathleſs trophies o'er the bard and ſage,
  Be mine the widow's ſigh, the orphan's prayer.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

BY MR. HUDSON.

THE ſable queen of ſhades retires,
  Encircled with her fading fires;
Yok'd to her iron car, the dragons fly,
With ſlow wing blackening many a league of ſky.
  Go, melancholy goddeſs, go,
  Nurſe of deſpondency and woe.
  'Tis time: the cock's ſhrill clarion calls
The dawn, and ſtrikes the prowling wolf with fear,
  And bids the phantoms diſappear,
  That glimmer 'midſt yon mouldering walls:
    They ſtartle at the ſound,
  And gliding o'er the trackleſs ground,

Loth,

Loth, to their marble manſions haſte away.
No more their livid lightnings play:
The terrors of aërial tumults ceaſe,
Huſh'd to ſerenity and ſmiling peace.

For, lo! in heaven's ambroſial bowers,
Wak'd by the ſtationary hours,
Parent of day, the morn unveils her eyes,
And vermeil bluſhes ſtreak the orient ſkies:
How nature triumphs at the ſight,
Renew'd in all her beauty bright!
Her fragrant groves their incenſe yield;
The zephyrs, from her humid ſtores, diffuſe
The ſweetneſs of mellifluous dews;
And pleaſure paints the lillied field.
Here, gilt with ſplendid rays,
The ſpires and lofty turrets blaze;
There the canals reflect a pleaſing gleam;
While dancing down the pebbly ſtream
The ſilver radiance chears the feather'd throng,
Woods, hills, and dales re-echo with their ſong.

Thus, like the morn, will faireſt Freedom come,
In majeſty divine,
With dawning glory to diſperſe the gloom
Of dire Oppreſſion; and illume the mind
To darkneſs and deſpondency confin'd.
Ariſe, O Liberty! 'tis thine
The charms of nature to refine;

With blooming hope and harmony to pleaſe,
To crown with plenty, and to bleſs with eaſe,
To light up awful Virtue's living ray,
And pour the flood of intellectual day.

Place me in Afric's deſert lands,
Where Thirſt ſits gaping on the ſands;
If there auſpicious Freedom fix her ſeat,
'Midſt burning blaſts, I'll hail the rude retreat;
Soon ſhall the wild, more poliſh'd grown,
Admire new beauties, not her own:
Sage Induſtry ſhall dig the well
Capacious, yawning many a fathom deep;
While lowing herds, and bleating ſheep,
Stand frequent in the cooling cell:
Soon ſhall the mantling vine
Be taught around the palm to twine;
And ſocial arts the ſtranger Naiads wake,
That ſleep beneath the diſtant lake,
Curious to view young Commerce gayly roam,
And bring full harveſts to his barren home.

Place me beneath the gelid zone,
Near winter's adamantine throne,
Where fartheſt ocean foams with icy roar
Along the bleak, inhoſpitable ſhore:
If Freedom to the ſmoky dome
With fur-cloath'd mortals deign to roam;

Thro'

Thro' ſnowy waſtes the dome I'll ſeek:
What hinders to enjoy the freezing year!
For Property will there appear;
And chearful Health, with roſy cheek,
Purſue the panting prey;
Or, mindful of the lengthen'd day,
Sit chaunting on the mountain's chryſtal brow,
Where hanging torrents ſhine below;
Nor will Cimmerian Sleep forget to bring
Safe ſlumbers, waving at his downy wing.

Come then, Celeſtial, let thy wiſh'd return
This happier clime ſerene;
This happier clime, if Rome thy abſence mourn,
No more with ſmiles of pleaſure entertains,
Nor Baia's groves, nor rich Campania's plains:
Heartleſs we view the ſplendid ſcene
Of turrets, and the painted green;
Heartleſs the muſic of the groves we hear,
As when, new harneſs'd out by Wrath and Fear,
Night's chariot moves in ſtorms; and thunders hurl'd
Roll their broad terrors round the groaning world.

ODE TO FANCY.

BY THE SAME.

WHERE art thou, Fancy, viſionary maid?
Whoſe lenient artifice and eaſy aid
Can quell the fierce diſorders of the breaſt,
And ſoothe the penſive ſoul to reſt?
Whether along the daiſy bank reclin'd,
With foliage veil'd, you court the fanning wind,
Or by the brook's loquacious channel ſtray,
Where the deep dimpled eddies play;
Haſte thee, from the blended glow
Of beauties in yon lucid bow,
With fine ſpun light, and golden beams,
Softly weave thy waking dreams:
Bid the rang'd ideas fly,
Opening to the raviſh'd eye
A glimpſe of bliſs, where gay Deſire is found
Sporting with Youth while muſic wakes around.

Behold the variegated proſpect riſe!
What gallant harmony! what glad ſurpriſe!
The ſweet Mygdonian pipe with rural ſtrains
Collects the nymphs and ſhepherd ſwains.

Secu

Secure in yonder vale their fleecy breed,
And heifers 'midſt the neighbouring paſtures feed.
Meanwhile, with flowrets deck'd, each blithſome pair
Have bid adieu to pine and care.
See them hand in hand advance
Circling in the ſmooth pac'd dance;
Now to numbers quaint they ſtray,
Bounding on the mazy way!
The goldfinch and the linnet nigh
Join the ſimple minſtrelſy:
The ſimple notes, and merry gambols fire
(Plac'd by the hawthorn-hedge) each ancient ſire.

But ſee! where Solitude, of ſober mien,
With Health and Modeſty, her charming maids,
Leaving the ſtraw-roof'd neighbourhood, is ſeen
To rove beneath the venerable ſhades!
O harmleſs cottages! O happy glades!
Where no misfortunes factious rage deplore,
No diſcontent the quiet breaſt invades:
How pleaſant 'tis from this far ſeaſon'd ſhore
To hear the tumbling ocean's wavy roar!
Now whither, with the ſun-beam's darting ſpeed,
Thy rapt enthuſiaſt, Fancy, wilt thou lead?
What other ſcenes of more ſincere delight
The goddeſs and her gueſt invite?

She,

She, like the Sybil with her golden bough,
Deſcends to ſearch the ſacred realms below.
In amaranthine bowers the bleſt appear,
By pearly grot or fountain clear:
To heroes ghoſts, or ſcepter'd kings,
The laurell'd bard divinely ſings.
Hark! the animating ſtrains
Warble thro' th' Elyſian plains:
When the pauſe admits delay
Thus th' immortals ſeem to ſay,
(Cloſing the accents of each tuneful voice)
"For ever thus, for ever we rejoice."

What ſad tranſition! means this riſing ſhow
To drive out real pain with fancied woe?
I ſee the mourners in the darken'd room,
The ruſtic hearſe, the letter'd tomb.
Still, ſtill the wayward, wild ideas take
The ſolemn livery of death, and wake
Tender-ey'd pity, as the village train
The ſhrouded huſbandman ſuſtain.
What ſemblances of wretched plight
'Mid the proceſſion ſtrike the ſight!
Ah! 'tis Grief herſelf appears,
Her flowing treſſes ſteep'd in tears;
Her garments torn, her boſom bare,
Recklefs of th' inclement air
Three orphan children mark their mother's moan,
Hang down their heads, and anſwer groan for groan.

Hence, hence, ye hapleſs images; away
Deluſive Fancy; with thy ſubtle heat
No more thy vain machinery diſplay,
Now the dark grave, and now the green retreat:
Contentment's truth ſurpaſſes thy deceit.
Siſter of Wiſdom ſhe; of aſpect mild:
Who makes the golden mean her certain ſeat,
And looks on caſualty as nature's child;
To heaven's beheſts ſtill nobly reconcil'd.

******:********:***********

ODE ON TRUE GREATNESS.

BY THE SAME.

LET who will climb the towery ſteep
Of ſovereignty, with ſlippery ſtrides,
Where, on the boſom of the deep
Below, the pitchy pinnace rides:
A death's head flag, unfurl'd to view,
Waves ghaſtly; and a ſable crew
Gaze from the deck, and ſeem to wait,
Daſh'd down the pointed rocks, the raſh unfortunate.
Mine be the low and level way,
Amid the quiet vale to ſtray,

Safe

Safe in ſome ſylvan lodge to dwell,
  And lull'd by the clear ſtream that ſpeeds
  By ſhallow fords to ruſtling reeds,
And ſmall lakes, fring'd with homely aſpodel.

There ſits the calm, the rural ſage,
  With nature's volume fair in view;
And meditates the ſhining page
  Replete with wonders ever new:
While Wiſdom points, on either hand,
Where plants, and herbs, and flowrets ſtand
  In emerald groves, and ſhadowy glades,
In furzy moors, or muſky-ſmelling meads.
  Truth, in her liquid glaſs ſerene,
  To him explains each moral ſcene:
Oft, in the downward ſkies, a train
  Of tinſel inſects he ſurveys,
  Or glow-worm, with fallacious blaze,
Juſt emblem of court greatneſs, frail and vain.

Oft in his woodland walk he ſtops to mark
  The ſpirited and youthful lark,
Warn'd by the dawning in the dappled eaſt,
  Lift his melodious flight thro' upper air;
Late the low tenant of the ruſhy neſt
  Now ſings unrival'd in his radiant ſphere.
The pondering hermit then ſees Merit roam,
Above the nurſlings of the courtly dome,
On Glory's ſparkling wheels, rais'd from its humble dome

Firſ

First of the families of fame,
  That Rome's imperial city grace,
From rural huts and hamlets came
  The Fabian and Fabrician race;
With that firm judge that could contemn
And banish the proud diadem.
  To Sabine fields she owes the vine,
Whose tendrils yet round Virtue's column twine;
  Which braves Oppression's wintry breath,
  And stands the icy touch of Death.
The leafless flock, that Fortune dooms
  To wither, with returning spring
(While the glad flocks of Freedom sing)
Profuse of promis'd sweets, with double vigour blooms.

Hark! hark! 'tis Brutus' name I hear,
  Join'd with his fair, heroic bride;
To Honour's hallow'd fane they steer
  Along the favourable tide;
To her and Safety there to place
The tablet, vow'd to human race:
  Blow, every kind and gentle gale
Of gratitude, and fan the swelling sail.
  High on a fleecy couch reclin'd,
  Of white and amber clouds combin'd,
Rome's genius lifts his august head;
  Now slow descending nearer draws,
  Hail'd with the popular applause,
And bids the solemn pageantry proceed.

Go,

Go, the triumphal ornaments display;
  Ye sacred Salii lead the way:
Next led the order of Patrician blood,
  In awful march a numerous train compose,
And follow'd by the jubilating crowd;
  As Cybelé thro' Phrygian cities goes,
Majestic, and with golden turrets crown'd:
A hundred gods her gorgeous car surround,
A thousand tongues acclaim; the clanging cymbals sound

ODE TO CONCORD.

BY THE SAME.

SOUL of the world, first mover, say,
  From thee what glorious being came,
Powerful to raise this universal frame?
  Who taught the ponderous wheels to play?
Gave beauty to look forth with radiant eyes,
And cloath'd with ambient day the chrystal skies?
  'Twas Concord, who enthron'd above,
    With sevenfold adamantine chains
    The path of wandering orbs restrains,
  Kindles the genial fire of love,
    And walks the courts of genuine light,
(While all heaven hails the wonders of her sight)

Where

Where Bliſs has baniſh'd Chance, and ſore Annoy,
And Goodneſs fills the cup of general joy.

Nor is ſhe to the heavens confin'd;
Forth on the morning's wings ſhe rides,
She ſkims the glowing evening's purple tides,
And leaves the ſetting ſun behind.
Where doves ſit cooing at the noon-tide hour,
And linnets warble in the woodbine bower;
Where the pale moon her luſtre ſpreads,
The love-lorn bird divides her ſong,
The ſoft flute ſooths the rural throng,
And dew drops load the flowrets' heads;
Where the ingenuous chorus ſings,
The delicate touch flies o'er the trembling ſtrings,
From the gilt roof the ſymphony rebounds;
Thine, goddeſs, are the charms, and thine the ſilver ſounds.

The buxom air, the ſaphire main,
All height and depth confeſs thy gracious reign;
But chief is thy delight to dwell
Lodg'd in the human breaſt, thy dereſt cell.
Favour and friendſhip meet thee there,
And tender tranſport with the guſhing tear:
There wedlock at thy altar bends,
There halcyon peace ſecurely broods,
And meek tranquillity attends
To quell unruly rage, and ſooth the ſwelling floods.

Now

Now by the magic of thy tongue,
That call'd up firſt the rolling ſpheres,
Thro' the gay circle of revolving years,
With rapturous ſounds of myſtic ſong;
Attun'd in heavenly harmony to run:
And by the virtue of th' enchanting zone;
Which when the fair Idalian queen
Accepts, with univerſal ſway,
The ſmiles and winning paſſions play
In her reſiſtleſs look and mien;
The loves thy heavenly gift admire;
And tip their little darts with lambent fire;
Freſh wreaths the graces bring, and form the round,
Where riſing daiſies mark the meaſur'd ground.

Now by the roſy mildneſs ſweet,
Of which when youthful ſpring awakes,
From thy abundance amply ſhe partakes,
What time the ſilk-plum'd zephyrs meet
In Saba's groves, to kiſs the bending blooms
With balmy lips, and wanton in perfumes:
And by the ripened, redolent grace,
When ſummer in the Perſian fields
To ſober-ſeeming Autumn yields
Her treaſures on the loaded ſprays,
The ſky-rob'd plum, the purple vine,
The velvet peach, and damaſk nectarine;
While Plenty, waving her Heſperian bough,
Gladdens Pomona with the golden ſhow.

Great

Great goddeſs! with the words of peace
Bid this wild uproar of contention ceaſe;
Bid Amity, with gentle ray,
The woes that lowr on faction's brow diſplay.
Shall Rome to thee a rebel prove?
For helliſh hate abandon heavenly love?
Here, gentle Concord, on each breaſt
Let thy ſpring-ſweetneſs bland diſtil;
Here thy ambroſial fragrance reſt,
And all mankind obey thy ſovereign will.

A FRAGMENT.

BY MR. MALLET.

* * * * * * * * *

FAIR morn aſcends: ſoft zephyr's wing
O'er hill and vale renews the ſpring:
Where, ſown profuſely, herb and flower,
Of balmy ſmell, of healing power,
Their ſouls in fragrant dews exhale,
And breathe freſh life in every gale.
Here, ſpreads a green expanſe of plains,
Where ſweetly-penſive Silence reigns;
And there at utmoſt ſtretch of eye,
A mountain fades into the ſky;
While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
A river rolls with ſounding ſweep,

Of human art no traces near,
I ſeem alone with Nature here!

Here are thy walks, O ſacred Health!
The monarch's bliſs, the beggar's wealth!
The ſeaſoning of all good below!
The ſovereign friend in joy or woe!
O Thou, moſt courted, moſt deſpis'd,
And but in abſence duly priz'd!
Power of the ſoft and roſy face!
The vivid pulſe, the vermil grace,
The ſpirits when they gayeſt ſhine,
Youth, beauty, pleaſure, all are thine!
O ſun of life! whoſe heavenly ray
Lights up and chears our various day,
The turbulence of hopes and fears,
The ſtorm of fate, the cloud of years,
Till Nature with thy parting light
Repoſes late in Death's calm night:
Fled from the trophy'd roofs of ſtate,
Abodes of ſplendid pain, and hate;
Fled from the couch, where in ſweet ſleep
Hot Riot would his anguiſh ſteep,
But toſſes thro' the midnight ſhade,
Of death, of life, alike afraid;
For ever fled to ſhady cell,
Where Temperance, where the Muſes dwell,
Thou oft art ſeen, at early dawn
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn:
Or on the brow of mountain high,
In ſilence feaſting ear and eye,

With

With ſong and proſpect, which abound
From birds, and woods, and waters round.
  But when the ſun, with noon-tide ray,
Flames forth intolerable day;
While Heat ſits fervent on the plain,
With Thirſt and Languor in his train,
All nature ſickening in the blaze:
Thou, in the wild and woody maze,
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
Impendent from the neighbouring ſteep,
Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing Coolneſs has her ſeat.
  There, plung'd amid the ſhadows brown,
Imagination lays him down;
Attentive in his airy mood,
To every murmur of the wood:
The bee in yonder flowery nook;
The chidings of the headlong brook;
The green leaf ſhivering in the gale;
The warbling hill, the lowing vale;
The diſtant woodman's echoing ſtroke;
The thunder of the falling oak.
From thought to thought in viſion led,
He holds high converſe with the dead;
Sages, or Poets. See they riſe!
And ſhadowy ſkim before his eyes.
Hark! Orpheus ſtrikes the lyre again,
That ſoften'd ſavages to men:
Lo! Socrates, the Sent of heaven,
To whom it's moral will was given.

Fathers and friends of humankind,
They form'd the nations, or refin'd,
With all that mends the head and heart,
Enlightening truth, adorning art.
While thus I mus'd beneath the ſhade,
At once the ſounding breeze was laid:
And Nature, by the unknown law
Shook deep with reverential awe:
Dumb ſilence grew upon the hour;
A browner night involv'd the bower:
When iſſuing from the immoſt wood,
Appear'd fair Freedom's Genius good.
O Freedom! ſovereign boon of heaven;
Great Charter with our being given;
For which the patriot and the ſage
Have plann'd, have bled thro' every age!
High privilege of human race,
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace:
Who could not give, nor can reclaim,
What but from God immediate came!

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ON THE DEATH OF LADY ANSON.

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF HARDWICKE, HER FATHER, 1761.

BY THE SAME.

O CROWN'D with honor, bleſt with length of days,
Thou whom the wiſe revere, the worthy praiſe;
Juſt guardian of thoſe laws thy voice explain'd,
And meriting all titles thou haſt gain'd——
Tho' ſtill the faireſt from heaven's bounty flow;
For good and great no monarch can beſtow:
Yet thus, of health, of fame, of friends poſſeſt,
No fortune, Hardwicke, is ſincerely bleſt.
All humankind are ſons of ſorrow born:
The great muſt ſuffer, and the good muſt mourn.

For ſay, can Wiſdom's ſelf, what late was thine,
Can Fortitude, without a ſigh, reſign?
Ah no! when Love, when Reaſon, hand in hand,
O'er the cold urn conſenting Mourners ſtand,
The firmeſt heart diſſolves to ſoftneſs here;
And Piety applauds the falling tear.
Thoſe ſacred drops, by virtuous weakneſs ſhed,
Adorn the living, while they grace the dead:
From tender thought their ſource unblam'd they draw,
By Heaven approv'd, and true to Nature's law.

When his lov'd Child the Roman could not ſave,
Immortal Tully, from an early grave [q],
No common forms his home-felt paſſion kept;
The ſage, the patriot, in the parent, wept.
And O! by grief ally'd, as join'd in fame,
The ſame thy loſs, thy ſorrows are the ſame.
She whom the Muſes, whom the Loves deplore,
Even ſhe, thy pride and pleaſure, is no more:
In bloom of years, in all her virtue's bloom,
Loſt to thy hopes, and ſilent in the tomb.

O Seaſon mark'd by mourning and deſpair!
Thy blaſts how fatal to the young and fair?
For vernal freſhneſs, for the balmy breeze,
Thy tainted winds came pregnant with diſeaſe:
Sick Nature ſunk before the mortal breath,
That ſcatter'd fever, agony, and death!
What funerals has thy cruel ravage ſpread!
What eyes have flow'd! what noble boſoms bled!

Here let Reflection fix her ſober view:
O think, who ſuffer, and who ſigh with you.
See, rudely ſnatch'd, in all her pride of charms,
Bright Granby from a youthful huſband's arms!
In climes far diſtant, ſee that huſband mourn;
His arms revers'd, his recent laurel torn!

[q] Tullia died about the age of two and thirty. She is celebrated for her filial piety; and for having added, to the uſual graces of her ſex, the more ſolid accompliſhments of knowledge and polite letters.

Behold

Behold again, at Fate's imperious call,
In one dread inſtant blooming Lincoln fall!
See her lov'd Lord with ſpeechleſs anguiſh bend!
And, mixing tears with his, thy nobleſt friend,
Thy Pelham turn on heaven his ſtreaming eye:
Again in Her, he ſees a Brother die.

And He, who long, unſhaken and ſerene,
Had Death, in each dire form of terror, ſeen,
Thro' worlds unknown, o'er unknown oceans toſt,
By Love ſubdu'd, now weeps a Conſort loſt:
Now, ſunk to fondneſs, all the man appears,
His front dejected, and his ſoul in tears!

Yet more: nor thou the muſe's voice diſdain,
Who fondly tries to ſoothe a Father's pain—
Let thy calm eye ſurvey the ſuffering ball:
See kingdoms round thee verging to their fall!
What ſpring had promis'd, and what autumn yields,
The bread of thouſands raviſh'd from their fields!
See youth and age, th' ignoble and the great,
Swept to one grave, in one promiſcuous fate!
Hear Europe groan! hear all her nations mourn!
And be a private wound with patience borne.

Think too: and Reaſon will confirm the thought:
Thy cares, for Her, are to their period brought.
Yes, She, fair pattern to a failing age,
With wit, chaſtis'd, with ſprightly temper, ſage;
Whom each endearing name could recommend,
Whom all became, wife, ſiſter, daughter, friend,

Unwarp'd by folly, and by vice unſtain'd,
The prize of virtue has, for ever, gain'd!
From life eſcap'd, and ſafe on that calm ſhore
Where ſin, and pain, and error are no more,
She now no change, nor you a fear can feel:
Death, to her fame, has fix'd th' eternal ſeal!

EDWIN AND EMMA.

BY THE SAME.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Faſt by a ſheltering wood,
The ſafe retreat of Health and Peace,
An humble cottage ſtood.

There beauteous Emma flouriſh'd fair
Beneath a mother's eye;
Whoſe only wiſh on earth was now
To ſee her bleſt, and die.

The ſofteſt bluſh that Nature ſpreads
Gave colour to her cheek:
Such orient colour ſmiles thro' heaven,
When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones ſcorn
  This charmer of the plains:
That ſun, who bids their diamond blaze,
  To paint our lilly deigns.

Long had ſhe fill'd each youth with love,
  Each maiden with deſpair;
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
  Yet knew not ſhe was fair.

Till Edwin came, the pride of ſwains,
  A ſoul devoid of art;
And from whoſe eye, ſerenely mild,
  Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught:
  Was quickly too reveal'd:
For neither boſom lodg'd a wiſh
  That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliſs
  Did love on both beſtow!
But bliſs too mighty long to laſt,
  Where fortune proves a foe.

His ſiſter, who, like Envy form'd,
  Like her in miſchief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked ſkill,
  Each darker art employ'd.

The

The Father too, a ſordid man,
  Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the clod
  From whence his riches grew.

Long had he ſeen their ſecret flame,
  And ſeen it long unmov'd:
Then with a father's frown at laſt
  Had ſternly diſapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
  Of differing paſſions ſtrove:
His heart, that durſt not diſobey,
  Yet could not ceaſe to love.

Deny'd her ſight, he oft behind
  The ſpreading hawthorn crept,
To ſnatch a glance, to mark the ſpot
  Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft too on Stanemore's wintry waſte,
  Beneath the moon-light ſhade,
In ſighs to pour his ſoften'd ſoul,
  The midnight mourner ſtray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
  A deadly pale o'ercaſt:
So fades the freſh roſe in its prime,
  Before the northern blaſt.

The parents now, with late remorſe,
  Hung o'er his dying bed;
And weary'd heaven with fruitleſs vows,
  And fruitleſs ſorrow ſhed.

'Tis paſt! he cry'd—but if your ſouls
  Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let theſe dim eyes once more behold
  What they muſt ever love!

She came; his cold hand ſoftly touch'd,
  And bath'd with many a tear:
Faſt-falling o'er the primroſe pale,
  So morning dews appear.

But oh! his ſiſter's jealous care,
  A cruel ſiſter ſhe!
Forbade what Emma came to ſay;
  "My Edwin, live for me."

Now homeward as ſhe hopeleſs wept
  The church-yard path along,
The blaſt blew cold, the dark owl ſcream'd
  Her lover's funeral ſong.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
  Her ſtartling fancy found
In every buſh his hovering ſhade,
  His groan in every ſound.

Alone,

Alone, appall'd, thus had ſhe paſt
  The viſionary vale—
When lo! the death-bell ſmote her ear,
  Sad ſounding in the gale!

Juſt then ſhe reach'd, with trembling ſtep,
  Her aged mother's door:
He's gone! ſhe cry'd; and I ſhall ſee
  That angel-face no more!

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
  Beat high againſt my ſide—
From her white arm down ſunk her head,
  She ſhivering ſigh'd, and died.

AN ELEGY ON A PILE OF RUINS.

BY J. CUNNINGHAM.

IN the full proſpect yonder hill commands
  O'er foreſts, fields, and vernal-coated plains;
The veſtige of an ancient abbey ſtands,
  Cloſe by a ruin'd caſtle's rude remains.

Half

Half buried, there, lie many a broken buſt,
  And obeliſk, and urn, o'erthrown by time;
And many a cherub, here, deſcends in duſt
  From the rent roof, and portico ſublime.

The rivulets, oft frighted at the ſound
  Of fragments tumbling from the towers on high,
Plunge to their ſource in ſecret caves profound,
  Leaving their banks and pebbly bottoms dry.

Where reverend ſhrines in gothic grandeur ſtood,
  The nettle, or the noxious night-ſhade, ſpreads;
And aſhlings, wafted from the neighbouring wood,
  Thro' the worn turrets wave their trembling heads.

There Contemplation, to the crowd unknown,
  Her attitude compos'd, and aſpect ſweet!
Sits muſing on a monumental ſtone,
  And points to the memento at her feet.

Soon as ſage evening check'd day's ſunny pride,
  I left the mantling ſhade, in moral mood;
And, ſeated by the maid's ſequeſter'd ſide,
  Thus ſigh'd, the mouldering ruins as I view'd.

Inexorably calm, with ſilent pace,
  Here Time has paſs'd—What ruin marks his way!
This pile, now crumbling o'er its hallow'd baſe,
  Turn'd not his ſtep, nor could his courſe delay.

Religion

Religion rais'd her ſupplicating eyes
  In vain; and Melody, her ſong ſublime:
In vain, Philoſophy, with maxims wiſe,
  Would touch the cold unfeeling heart of Time.

Yet the hoar tyrant, tho' not mov'd to ſpare,
  Relented when he ſtruck its finiſh'd pride;
And, partly the rude ravage to repair,
  The tottering towers with twiſted ivy tied.

How ſolemn is the cell o'ergrown with moſs,
  That terminates the view yon cloiſter'd way!
In the cruſh'd wall a time-corroded croſs;
  Religion like, ſtands mouldering in decay!

Where the mild ſun, thro' ſaint-encypher'd glaſs,
  Illum'd with mellow light that brown-brow'd iſle;
Many rapt hours might Meditation paſs,
  Slow moving 'twixt the pillars of the pile!

And Piety, with myſtic-meaning beads,
  Bowing to ſaints on every ſide inurn'd;
Trod oft the ſolitary path, that leads
  Where now the ſacred altar lies o'erturn'd!

Thro' the grey grove, betwixt thoſe withering trees,
  'Mongſt a rude group of monuments, appears
A marble-imag'd matron on her knees,
  Half waſted, like a Niobe in tears:

Low levell'd in the duſt her darling's laid!
  Death pitied not the pride of youthful bloom;
Nor could maternal piety diſſuade,
  Or ſoften the fell tyrant of the tomb.

The relicks of a mitred ſaint may reſt,
  Where, mouldering in the nich, his ſtatue ſtands;
Now nameleſs, as the crowd that kiſs'd his veſt,
  And crav'd the benediction of his hands.

Near the brown arch, redoubling yonder gloom,
  The bones of an illuſtrious chieftain lie;
As trac'd upon the time-unletter'd tomb,
  The trophies of a broken fame imply.

Ah! what avails, that o'er the vaſſal plain,
  His rights and rich demeſnes extended wide!
That honour, and her knights, compos'd his train,
  And chivalry ſtood marſhall'd by his ſide!

Tho' to the clouds his caſtle ſeem'd to climb,
  And frown'd defiance on the deſperate foe;
Tho' deem'd invincible, the conqueror, Time,
  Levell'd the fabric, as the founder, low.

Where the light lyre gave many a ſoftening ſound,
  Ravens and rooks, the birds of diſcord dwell;
And where ſociety ſat ſweetly crown'd,
  Eternal ſolitude has fix'd her cell.

The lizard, and the lazy lurking bat,
  Inhabit now, perhaps, the painted room,
Where the ſage matron and her maidens ſat,
  Sweet-ſinging at the ſilver-working loom.

The traveller's bewilder'd on a waſte;
  And the rude winds inceſſant ſeem to roar,
Where, in his groves with arching arbours grac'd,
  Young lovers often ſigh'd in days of yore.

His aqueducts, that led the limpid tide
  To pure canals, a cryſtal cool ſupply!
In the deep duſt their barren beauties hide:
  Time's thirſt, unquenchable, has drain'd them dry!

Tho' his rich hours in revelry were ſpent
  With Comus, and the laughter-loving crew;
And the ſweet brow of beauty, ſtill unbent,
  Brighten'd his fleecy moments as they flew:

Fleet are the fleecy moments! fly they muſt;
  Not to be ſtay'd by maſque, or midnight roar!
Nor ſhall a pulſe, amongſt that mouldering duſt,
  Beat wanton at the ſmiles of beauty more!

Can the deep ſtateſman, ſkill'd in great deſign,
  Protract, but for a day, precarious breath;
Or the tun'd follower of the ſacred nine,
  Soothe, with his melody, inſatiate Death?

No

No—tho' the palace bar her golden gate,
  Or monarchs plant ten thouſand guards around;
Unerring, and unſeen, the ſhaft of fate
  Strikes the devoted victim to the ground!

What then avails ambition's wide-ſtretch'd wing,
  The ſchoolman's page, or pride of beauty's bloom!
The crape-clad hermit, and the rich-rob'd king,
  Levell'd, lie mix'd promiſcuous in the tomb.

The Macedonian monarch, wiſe and good,
  Bade, when the morning's roſy reign began,
Courtiers ſhould call, as round his couch they ſtood,
  "Philip! remember, thou'rt no more than man.

"Tho' glory ſpread thy name from pole to pole;
  "Tho' thou art merciful, and brave, and juſt;
"Philip, reflect, thou'rt poſting to the goal,
  "Where mortals mix in undiſtinguiſh'd duſt!"

So Saladin, for arts and arms renown'd,
  (Ægypt and Syria's wide domains ſubdued)
Returning with imperial triumphs crown'd,
  Sigh'd, when the periſhable pomp he view'd;

And as he rode, high in his regal car,
  In all the purple pride of conqueſt dreſt;
Conſpicuous, o'er the trophies gain'd in war,
  Plac'd, pendent on a ſpear, his burial veſt:

While thus the herald cried—" This ſon of power,
" This Saladin, to whom the nations bow'd;
" May, in the ſpace of one revolving hour,
" Boaſt of no other ſpoil, but yonder ſhroud!"

Search where Ambition rag'd, with rigour ſteel'd;
Where Slaughter, like the rapid lightning, ran;
And ſay, while Memory weeps the blood-ſtain'd field,
Where lies the chief, and where the common man?

Vain are the pyramids, and motto'd ſtones,
And monumental trophies rais'd on high!
For time confounds them with the crumbling bones,
That mix'd in haſty graves unnotic'd lie.

Reſts not, beneath the turf, the peaſant's head,
Soft as the lord's, beneath the labour'd tomb?
Or ſleeps one colder, in his cloſe clay bed,
Than t'other, in the wide vault's dreary womb?

Hither let Luxury lead her looſe-rob'd train;
Here flutter Pride, on purple-painted wings:
And, from the moral proſpect, learn—how vain
The wish, that ſighs for ſublunary things.

ODE

ODE TO SLEEP.

BY MR. H——.

I.

FRIEND to the gloomy ſhade of night!
Vaſt ſource of fanciful delight!
Power! whoſe care-diſſolving ſway,
The ſlave that pants o'er Indian hills,
The wretch whom ſnow-girt Zembla chills,
And wide creation's fertile race obey;
The joyous choriſters that flit in air,
The mutes that dwell beneath the ſilver flood,
The ſavage howling o'er th' affrighted wood,
And man, th' imperious lord of all, thy power declare.

II.

Thy magic wand can oft reſtrain
The miſer's ſordid hopes of gain;
Can make each heart-felt trouble ceaſe:
Or from the ſickening thought ſuſpend
The image of a dying friend;
And lull Suſpicion's wakeful eyes in peace.
If thou but ſoothe the faithful lover's reſt,
No fond remembrance of each parting ſigh,
Of beauty's ſmile, or pity's ſtreaming eye,
In grief's ſoft moments ſteal around his aking breaſt.

III.

Fair virtue's friend! thou ne'er ſhalt ſhed
Thy bleſſings o'er the impious head,
Or 'midſt the noiſe of crowds be found;
Thy balm-diſtilling ſweets alone
To ermin'd Innocence are known,
And gay Content with rural garlands crown'd.
By thee the ſhadow-trembling murderer's guilt
With doubled terror wrings the tortur'd ſoul,
The purpled ſteel, the life-deſtructive bowl,
Recall the baleful horrors of the blood he ſpilt.

IV.

When by ſome pale and livid light
I cheat the tedious hours of night,
Indulging o'er the Attic page:
The dying taper warns to reſt,
Thy viſions ſeize my raviſh'd breaſt,
And pictur'd beauties real woes aſſuage.
O'er Helicon [r] my bleating lambs I guard,
Or mix'd with dull Bœotia's ſimple ſwains
Protect my flocks in humble Aſcra's plains,
And view the ſky-born ſiſters hail their favourite bard.

V.

Methinks I hear the Theban lyre:
I feel my raviſh'd ſoul aſpire:

[r] Heſiod is ſaid to have led the life of a ſhepherd on mount Helicon, where, as he relates in his Theogony, the Muſes appeared to him, and adopted him in their ſervice. V. 24.

The

The nymphs ſurround the infant boy.
Already conſcious of his fame
The feſtive choirs their hopes proclaim,
While Pan exults with uncouth ſigns of joy;
For thee [s], ſole glory of thy abject race,
The thyme-fed bees their luſcious ſweets diffuſe,
To ſoothe the numbers of thy copious muſe,
And in Bœotia fix each coy reluctant grace.

VI.

Oft fir'd with Bacchanalian rage,
The [t] Father of the Grecian ſtage
In terror clad annoys my reſt;
I feel unnumber'd horrors riſe!
The ſight forſakes my ſwimming eyes,
While hiſſing furies ruſh upon my breaſt.
In ſolemn pomp, I ſee old Gela mourn,
Diſſolv'd in grief beſide the poet's grave
To ſorrowing ſounds he lulls each plaintive wave,
His willows fading and his ſea-green mantle torn.

[s] Pindar: whoſe birth the Nymphs and Pan are ſaid to have ſolemnized with dances: we are likewiſe told, that in his infancy the bees fed him with their honey. He was born at Thebes, the capital of Bœotia, a province remarkable for the dulneſs of its inhabitants, of which he himſelf takes notice in his Olympics.

[t] Æſchylus, who was reported never to have wrote but when inſpirited by wine; he had a particular genius for terrifying the audience: of which the Chorus of Furies in his Eumenides is a remarkable and well known inſtance. He was buried near the river Gela, where the tragedians performed dramas at his tomb.

VII.

With longing taſte, with eager lip,
In raptur'd viſions oft I ſip
The honeys of the tragic [u] bee;
Whoſe ſtrains could every tempeſt quell,
Could every noxious blaſt diſpell,
And ſtill the hollow roaring of the ſea.
Whoſe powerful fancy, whoſe exhauſtleſs vein,
Whoſe daring genius, whoſe triumphant wing,
Deep ſource from whence ten thouſand rivers ſpring,
Juſt bounds could limit, and each rigid rule reſtrain.

VIII.

How oft inſpir'd with magic dread,
By fancy to the cave I'm led
Where ſits the wiſe Piérian [x] ſage;
With piercing eye, with penſive mind,
In attic ſolitude reclin'd,
Stern virtue's precepts chill the poet's rage.
Bleſt bard! whoſe muſe, mid mildeſt morals ſtrong,
Could each rebellious appetite controul,
Could wake each tender feeling of the ſoul,
And deck inſtruction in the pleaſing charms of ſong.

[u] Sophocles, who, it is ſaid, was able to check the fury of the winds and ſea. Philoſtratus de Vita Apollonii Tyanei, lib. viii. pag. 393.

[x] Euripides, who, we learn from Aul. Gellius lib. xv. cap. 20, pag. 418. was reported to have wrote many of his tragedies in an old melancholy cave. He was generally diſtinguiſhed by the epithet of Wiſe.

IX. With

IX.

With patriot ardor I behold
The [y] mirthful muſe for freedom bold;
Tho' chaſte, ſevere; tho' poignant, ſweet;
For long uncertain where to reſt,
At length upon the poet's breaſt
The ſportive Graces fix'd their gay retreat.
With ſimpler ſtrains the [z] Doric muſes charm,
And oft to nobler themes of heavenly praiſe
As Lybia's [a] poet hymns his ſolemn lays,
The wanton Teïan [b] loves each chaſter thought diſarm.

X.

Thus may thy languid charms diſpenſe
Their bleſſings o'er my raviſh'd ſenſe
By thee to Attic worlds convey'd.
Thus if at Juno's [c] fond requeſt
Thou e'er on Ida's top oppreſt
Th' Almighty Thunderer with thy dewy ſhade,
To ſoothe one mortal thy fond care employ!
And, Morpheus, thus may thy mild Lethéan powers,
For ever hovering round my midnight hours,
Thro' Fancy's mirror wrap me in idéal joy.

[y] Ariſtophanes, who is eſteemed to have been of ſingular ſervice to the commonwealth, by repreſenting to his fellow-citizens the pernicious deſigns of their leading men.

[z] Theocritus.

[a] Callimachus.

[b] Anacreon.

[c] Alluding to a paſſage in Homer. Iliad Ξ V. 233.

ODE ON BEAUTY.

To * * * * * *.

BY THE SAME.

I.

AND wilt thou, Romeo, ſtill maintain
That Beauty holds a boundleſs reign,
Soft power, by all confeſt!
See'ſt thou the coward and the brave,
The free-born Briton and the ſlave,
With equal rapture bleſt?

II.

The gods indulgent to mankind
The tendereſt paſſions of the mind
With frugal hands diſpenſe:
For faithleſs I can ne'er believe,
That rude untutor'd hearts perceive
The finer joys of ſenſe.

III.

Mark but the ruthleſs Indian's ſoul,
Which no ingenuous thoughts controul,
Where Pity never dwelt:
By Beauty, Fancy's loveliest child,
Mid lorn Savannahs waſte and wild,
With human feelings melt!

IV. Behold

IV.

Behold the powerful charm aſſuage
The hoary lion's lawleſs rage:
He owns the wanton fire;
And lordly roaming o'er the plain
Singles the faireſt of his train
To feed the looſe deſire!

V.

But would'ſt thou feel a purer flame
Than ev'n the warmeſt wiſh can frame,
By much too fine to cloy;
Far, far beyond that aking breaſt,
With which the village-hind's oppreſt,
Who idly terms it joy?

VI.

Has heaven indulgent to thy make
Form'd thee to every ſenſe awake,
Blithe hope, or frantic fear?
Can human miſeries ſteal a ſigh,
Or from thy ſoft conſenting eye
Can pity draw the tear?

VII.

Canſt thou with wild Othello glow
In all his maddening jealous woe,
By Love's dark doubts diſtreſt?
With treacherous Jaffier doſt thou feel
Th' impending tortures of the wheel,
That wound his guilty breaſt?

VIII. Tell

VIII.

Tell me, can Pindar's lofty ſtrain,
Luxuriant Fancy's fruitful vein,
  The nobleſt thoughts infuſe?
Say, do you taſte his generous fire,
Or canſt thou feelingly expire
  To Sappho's plaintive muſe?

IX.

See'ſt thou the warmth, the grace divine,
That breathes thro' mild Correggio's line,
  By heaven's peculiar care:
Does Guido wrap thee in delight?
Can Titian's colours charm thy ſight?
  Or Julio's godlike air?

X.

Say, does thy heart with rapture ſpring,
When Handel ſtrikes the magic ſtring,
  With tranſport do you hear?
Or doſt thou languiſh into pain
When ſoft Corelli's tender ſtrain
  Subdues the raviſh'd ear?

XI.

Canſt thou with Freedom's ſons rejoice
To hear th' Athenian [d] patriot's voice
  'Mid tyrants undiſmay'd;
But fails his bolder fire——O ſay,
Can Tully charm each ſenſe away,
  And baffle reaſon's aid?

[d] Demoſthenes.

XII. Canſt

XII.

Canſt thou with pity mov'd bewail
The ſimple Emma's haplefs tale
  And fond believing heart?
Or ſay, does Eloiſa's line,
Where learning, taſte, and love combine,
  A nobler flame impart?

XIII.

The Muſe in mild melodious lays
Inſtruction's awful voice conveys,
  And each wild wiſh diſarms:
While picture's arts alone can trace
Each ſoften'd line, each ſecret grace,
  And add to Beauty's charms.

XIV.

Should Hope her lenient aid refuſe,
Tho' each diſaſterous day renews
  One ſadden'd ſcene of woe,
From pleaſing ſymphony of ſound,
When melting notes diſſolve around,
  Unnumber'd raptures flow.

XV.

Muſic her ſiſter arts may aid,
And Poetry o'er light and ſhade
  Reflect her mutual fire;
Meek ſuppliants all at Beauty's ſhrine
In one united there ſhall join
  The Pencil, Muſe, and Lyre.

ODE TO TASTE.

BY THE SAME.

SAY, Godde∫s, wilt thou never ſmile
Indulgent on Britannia's iſle!
Hither thy gentle footſteps bend,
On Albion's ſea-girt cliffs deſcend;
O come, and with thy genial ray
Chaſe every gloomy cloud away:
No more ſhall Ignorance preſide,
Or Gothic Rage in triumph ride.
Let Judgment, thy unſhaken friend,
With poliſh'd Elegance attend:
Simplicity, meek rural queen,
With downcaſt looks and modeſt mien,
In looſely-flowing neat attire,
Shall charm thee with her ruſtic lyre,
To that in her enchanting court
The frolic Graces ever ſport,
And guarded by their watchful aid,
The fiñer Arts ſhall never fade.

Bleſt power! whoſe charms alone diſpenſe
A keener rapture to each ſenſe:

If Melody enchant my breaſt,
Or ſoothe my ſoften'd ſoul to reſt:
By thee may every ſtrain be crown'd,
May'ſt thou ſtill harmonize each ſound.
If blooming colours ſeem to live,
May you freſh life and vigour give;
May you reſtrain each poet's rage,
Or animate his purer page.
Do'ſt thou his ſavage wrath appeaſe,
Ev'n Terror's giant-form can pleaſe;
'Mid ſhadowy ſhapes in dead of night,
That ſhoot acroſs my dazzled ſight;
'Mid ſpectres of enormous ſize,
'Mid ghoſts that from their charnels riſe,
'Mid ſhrouded friends who ſolemn ſtalk,
And haunt me in my midnight walk;
While wild-winds bluſtering round my head,
Inſpire me with poetic dread;
Thro' cloſing ſhades o'er valleys green,
May'ſt thou ſtill ſolemnize the ſcene;
And as the ſtorms innoxious roll,
Pour thy lov'd horrors o'er my ſoul.

Yet not alone Britannia's ſhore
Thy fatal abſence ſhall deplore.
See old Achaia's genius mourn,
His boſom bare, his garments torn;
See his generous patriot breaſt
By all his country's wrongs oppreſt.

See

See him with haughty fix'd disdain
Lament his dastard sons in vain!
To fairer happier climes belong
The painter's tints, the poet's song.
Lo! conscious of approaching night:
Where Picture wings her destin'd flight.
Behold dejected Sculpture stand
Prepar'd to leave our desart land.
Yet, Goddess, yet thy secret fire
With wondering rapture we admire.
By thee 'mid rugged rocks we find
Each speaking passion of the mind.
With awful horror we behold
Th' immense Alcides' monstrous mould;
While Venus, queen of soft desires,
Each tender gentler thought inspires [e].

O Alexander, not alone
The warrior's skill to thee was known.
Fair Science, heaven-descended maid,
Confesses thy propitious aid:
To thee the grateful Arts shall raise
Eternal monuments of praise.
Behold with thee they die away,
To Roman ignorance a prey [f],

And

[e] The Hercules of the Farnese and the Venus de Medicis.

[f] In the year of Rome 585, the Romans, under the conduct of Paulus Æmilius, in the second Macedonian war, entirely subdued Greece,

And lo! again in conquering Rome
With all their usual vigour bloom;
Again they feel the fatal blow,
And sink beneath the Vandal foe [g].
Once more the Arts began to spread;
Once more gay Science rear'd her head:
Alas! in vain she strove t' assuage
The enthusiast zealot's bigot rage [h].
Wilt thou, O Taste, again appear,
Protectress of each circling year!
Wilt thou in all thy wonted prime
Review this lost unhallow'd clime;
Or where far distant regions lie,
'Mid dreary desarts bloom and die!
Say, shall the stern Olympian god
No more in living marble nod!
Shall never Raphael charm the heart,
Shall never Nature yield to Art,
Shall never Maro's beauties shine,
Except in Armstrong's classic line!

Greece, and led Persius king of Macedon in triumph. It was not till after this victory that the Romans had any taste for the fine arts.

Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, & artes
Intulit agresti Latio, &c.

Horace Epist. I. Lib. ii.

g In the eighteenth year of Honorius, in the consulship of Verannes and Tertullus, Rome was besieged and taken by the Barbarians, under the conduct of Gedegisil, king of the Vandals.

h Pope Gregory, who ordered all the ancient statues and paintings to be destroyed, that there might be no remains of Heathenism.

And

And does no Leo now remain,
Who yet ſhall chear thy drooping train!
There are, who ſtill thy aid implore,
Who ſtill thy ſovereign power adore,
Thy relicts with religious fear
Fond Italy ſhall yet revere.

Sweet power, in ſimple pomp array'd
Be all thy native charms diſplay'd.
Again reviving Sculpture breathes;
Fair Science trims her blaſted wreaths;
With ſuppliant willing hand to thee
The pencil Picture ſhall decree:
With one conſent the Muſe's choir
To thee ſhall dedicate the Lyre.

Come, Goddeſs, feaſt my longing ſight,
Let me direct thy pleaſing flight:
Whate'er voluptuous ſlaves could boaſt
On fair Phæacia's ſunny coaſt,
Whate'er the poet's fancy taught,
Or imag'd to his wanton thought [1]:
For thee a happier fate remains;
You ſtill ſhall view more bliſsful plains,
Where the ſoft guardian of thy charms
Expects thee to his longing arms:
He ſhall with fixt attention gaze,
Shall crown thee with immortal bays,

1 See Homer's deſcription of the gardens of Alcinöus, Odyſſ. vii. V. 112.

With

With lenient hand thy cares aſſuage,
Protect thee from Time's lawleſs rage,
The taunt of ſcorn, the dark revile,
The languid, faint-approving ſmile,
The noiſe of Mirth, the plaintive ſigh,
And ſimpering Folly's heedleſs eye.

Would'ſt thou with Innocence reſide,
Behold the temple's modeſt pride [k];
Or in the darkſome cavern'd cell
With ſolitary hermits dwell;
Would'ſt thou with faint deſponding air
To melancholy vaults repair,
With aching, ſicken'd, cold review,
Bid every ſorrow ſtream anew:
Here may'ſt thou weep thy favourite Rome,
Sad-ſighing o'er each martyr's tomb [l]:
Meek Pity, Attic maid, ſhall join
Her tender ſocial tears with thine,
O'er every urn freſh laurels ſtrow,
And fondly emulate thy woe.

k The Temple of Innocence and Hermit's Cell in the gardens at Goodwood.

l The Catacombs at Goodwood. Thoſe in the Via Appia near Rome are generally ſuppoſed to be caves, where the primitive chriſtians concealed themſelves from their perſecutors, and interred thoſe who were martyrs for their religion. Mr. Wright, in his Travels through Italy, vol. i. pag. 357. acquaints us, that at the mouth of ſome of the niches were to be ſeen ſmall vials like lachrymatories tinged with red, which they eſteemed an indication that the bodies of martyrs were depoſited there.

Or would'ſt thou newer [m] worlds ſurvey,
Where Darkneſs holds her barren ſway,
Where ne'er the Muſe's chaplet blew,
Where Learning's laurel never grew;
Where Nature to our wondering eyes
Each ſalutary herb ſupplies:
Where flowers their fragrant ſweets diffuſe,
Where trees diſtil their kindly dews;
And bleſt with every power to heal,
Soft ſlumbers o'er the ſenſes ſteal.
In ſuch enchanting, artleſs ſcenes,
'Mid bowery mazes, ſpreading greens,
Sooth'd by the breezy weſtern gale,
In ſcented grove, or rocky dale,
Or wandering from the ruſſet cot,
To ſeek the deep emboſom'd grot,
Beneath the orange ſhade inclos'd,
Or in the myrtle bower repos'd,
Or where the flaunting flowers have wove
With mingled ſweets the high alcove,
Each Indian wooes his favourite mate;
What Nature dictates they relate:
No youths by love's cold arts are won;
Nor maids by eaſy faith undone;
With eye up-rais'd the ſimple ſwain
Dreads not the tortures of diſdain,

[m] Alluding to the American wood at Goodwood. America is, from the late diſcovery of it, called the New World.

But,

But, kneeling at his fair one's feet,
Breathes vows unconſcious of deceit:
Each pleaſing ſound ſhe ſighs to hear
Repeated on her longing ear;
Amaz'd, nor anxious to controul
The mutual wiſhes of her ſoul,
Atteſts each unknown power above,
As witneſs of her ſpotleſs love;
Yet rack'd by fond diſtruſtful fears
Pours out her aching heart in tears,
And tells to her admiring youth
Sweet tales of innocence and truth.

Fancy ſuch raptures ſhall ſuggeſt,
Lov'd inmate of thy raviſh'd breaſt;
Shall point where wanton zephyrs ſtray,
And o'er th' unruffled ocean play[n].
Or ſnatch thee to ſome wave-worn ſhore,
Where fierce Atlantic ſurges roar:
Where Plata with reſiſtleſs force
Thro' deſerts rolls his rapid courſe,
Or where Maranan proudly laves
Waſte regions with his circling waves:
Where boundleſs Oroonoko fills
His channels from a thouſand hills,
And with regardleſs rage deſtroys;
While twenty mouths with hideous noiſe,

[n] America is bounded on the weſt by the Pacific Ocean, and on the eaſt by the Atlantic.

From ſome immenſe Peruvian ſteep,
Spout his vex'd billows to the deep.
Thus while you view the tyrant flood,
Wild dread ſhall chill thy loitering blood;
And frighted Fancy, ſelf-amaz'd,
Start at the phantom ſhe had rais'd.

Should Nature's ſimple beauties fail,
And Art's gay ſtructures more prevail,
Here too the poliſh'd dome is plac'd,
With each Vitruvian beauty grac'd:
Or wouldſt thou at the early dawn
Tranſport thee to the dew-clad lawn;
Or from the mid-day fervor rove
Beneath the ſilent plantane grove:
Or with the fairy elves be ſeen
In dances on the level green:
Should baleful War, 'mid loud alarms,
'Mid vanquiſh'd foes, and conquering arms,
'Mid hoſts o'erthrown, and myriads ſlain,
On Britain fix his iron reign;
Should Jove's fair daughter, oliv'd Peace,
Bid the wild battle's tumult ceaſe;
In poliſh'd eaſe you ſtill ſhall ſhare
Thy kind protector's foſtering care;
His faithful love ſhall ſtill appear,
His friendly aid ſhall ſtill be near,
His conſtant, his unweary'd power
Shall lull thee in the balmy bower:

Shall watch thee o'er the dewy glade,
And guard thee from the midnight ſhade.

Thou too ſhalt all his toils repay,
Slow-lingering here with fond delay;
Here ſhalt thou chooſe thy favourite ſeat,
Here fix thy laſt, thy bleſt retreat;
Each old Athenian bloom regain,
And here in Attic ſplendor reign.

******:********:***********

O D E

TO THE

Right Honourable the Lady ****,

ON THE DEATH OF HER SON.

BY THE SAME.

WHILE you 'mid ſpring's gay months deplore,
Till leſſening Grief's exhauſted ſtore,
By Time ſubſiding fail;
The Muſe, Affliction's conſtant friend,
With ſocial woe ſhall ſtill attend,
If aught her aid avail.

'Tis hers in life's moſt ruffled ſcene
To ſmooth Misfortune's angry mien,
  And watch each riſing ſigh:
'Tis hers to bid the Guilty fear,
To wipe the virtuous ſtarting tear
  That ſwells in Sorrow's eye.

'Mid ſimple Scythian's dreary land
Her gentle, ſweet, aſſuaſive hand
  Could give ſad Ovid reſt;
She ſtill in mournful numbers pleas'd,
With her the hapleſs exile eas'd
  His ſadly plaintive breaſt.

For thee ſhe ſtill ſhall ſeek the plain,
Where Severn leads his duſky train,
  Or Wey's ſmooth waters roll;
Her power could blunt Affliction's dart,
And fondly ſooth the keener ſmart
  Of Sappho's love-ſick ſoul.

On you propitious ſhe beſtows
A mind too chaſte for Sappho's woes,
  Unſtain'd by wild deſire;
She Sappho's charms in you ſupplies,
To me the partial power denies
  The Leſbian's purer fire.

Did bounteous heaven, profuſely kind,
To frame the favourite infant mind
  Its fondeſt care employ;
How idle yet the hopes you raiſe
In planning of his future days,
  How vain each fancy'd joy!

Had Fate prolong'd th' uncertain flame,
Nor from the weak enfeebled frame
  Had life's fleet viſion paſt;
Who knows but angry heaven had ſtill
With every baleful bitter ill
  Each future day o'ercaſt!

Since awful Prudence ne'er appears,
Till calmer thoughts and milder years
  Each lawleſs wiſh aſſuage;
A fruit unknown to ſummer's heat,
That buds alone in life's retreat,
  And only blooms in age.

'Mid Solitude's ſequeſter'd joy
May no rude cares thy peace deſtroy
  By ſure Remembrance brought:
Nor e'er from Grief's abundant ſource
May dark Reflection's ſecret force
  Recall one aching thought.

Oft as to each regardleſs wind
With ſimple notes the village-hind
  Attunes his love-lorn reed,
When Night her dewy curtain ſpreads,
And Cynthia ſilver glimmerings ſheds
  O'er thicket, vale, and mead.

Thou too, beneath the moon's pale gleams,
Shall haunt thoſe glades, where fairy ſtreams
  To Sorrow's ſoftneſs flow;
Where Love and Grief alone have trod,
Where bending willows ſeem to nod
  With ſympathetic woe.

Wan Melancholy 'mid the ſtorm
Shall rear her meek dejected form,
  In ſable veſt array'd;
While ſullen Silence reigns around,
Her voice in ſlow and ſolemn ſound
  Shall whiſper thro' the ſhade:

" Stranger, draw near!—To Sorrow true
" With me theſe loneſome walks review,
  " Where Horror's charms invite;
" Daughter of Joy!—I know thy air!
" Retract thy hurry'd ſteps!—nor dare
  " Profane each hallow'd rite!

" To

" To mix with Mirth's mad train be thine:
" The dismal drearier task be mine
" 'Mid these lorn scenes to weep!
" My days in these still bowers immur'd,
" By no false flattering hopes allur'd,
" Shall one sad tenor keep.

" Let Grief no more thy youth consume,
" Nor sighing o'er the silent tomb
" Thy piteous murmurs breathe.
" Reject the gloomy cypress bough,
" Each airy form to grace thy brow
" Shall twine the festive wreath.

" The Infant Shade, where-e'er you rove,
" Shall faithful to that sacred grove
" With sure return appear;
" Nor e'er his filial love shall cease,
" He still with soothing sounds of peace
" Shall charm thy listening ear.

" At morn, when deep sepulcral caves,
" When opening vaults, and yawning graves
" Their wandering dead recall;
" He ne'er shall quit that sainted place
" Till lingering in thy fond embrace
" The shadowy tear shall fall.

" May'st

"May'ſt thou, 'mid Pleaſure's ſons rejoice,
"Each Muſe ſhall with according voice
"Confirm the pleaſing tale."
This ſaid——the melting Maid of Woe
Shall ceaſe—and o'er her charms ſhall throw
The thin tranſlucent veil.

The time ſhall come, when Fancy's power
To each ſlow-ſorrowing penſive hour
Shall gladly bring relief;
When every care ſhall die away,
And wakeful Memory's gentler ſway
Diſſolve the reign of Grief.

Thus, by the painter's juſt deſign,
From each judicious happy line
The colours bloom or fade;
Elude the nice obſerver's ſight,
By ſoft gradations dawn to light,
Or languiſh into ſhade.

SLANDER: OR, THE WITCH OF WOKEY [o].

IN aunciente days tradition ſhows,
A ſorry wicked elf aroſe,
The witch of Wokey hight [p],
Oft have I heard the fearful tale,
From Sue and Roger of the vale,
Told out in winter night.

Deep in the dreary diſmal cell
Which ſeem'd, and was y-cleped hell,
This blue-eye'd hag was ſty'd;
Nine wicked elves have legends ſayne
By night ſhe choſe her guardian train,
All kennell'd cloſe her ſide.

[o] Wokey-hole is a noted cavern in Somerſetſhire, which has given birth to as many wild fanciful ſtories as the Sybils cave in Italy. Through a very narrow entrance, it opens into a large vault, the roof whereof, either on account of its height, or the thickneſs of the gloom, cannot be diſcovered by the light of torches. It goes winding a great way underground, is croſt by a ſtream of very cold water, and is all horrid with broken pieces of rock: many of theſe are evident petrifactions; which on account of their ſingular forms, have given riſe to the fables alluded to in this poem.

[p] A petrifaction in the cavern of Wokey ſo called.

Here

Here ſcreeching owls oft made their neſt,
While wolves its craggy ſides poſſeſt,
  Night howling through the rocks;
No wholeſome herb cou'd here be found,
She blaſted every plant around,
  And bliſter'd o'er the flocks.

Her haggard face ſo foul to ſee,
Her mouth unmeet a mouth to be,
  With eyne of deadly leer;
She nought devis'd but neighbours ill,
On all ſhe wreak'd her wayward will,
  And marr'd all goodly cheer.

All in her prime, have poets ſunge,
No gaudy youth, gallante and younge
  Ere bleſt her longing arms;
Hence roſe her fell deſpight to vex,
And blaſt the youth of either ſex,
  By dint of helliſh charms.

From Glaſton came a lerned wight,
Full bent to marr her fell deſpight,
  And well he did I ween;
Save hers, ſich miſchief ne'er was knowne,
And ſince his mickle lerninge ſhowne,
  Sich miſchief ne'er has beene.

He

He chauntede out his godlie booke,
He crofs'd the water, blefte the brooke,
  Then—Pater-nofter done,
The gaftly hag he fprinkled o'er,
When lo! where ftood the hag before,
  Now ftood a gaftly ftone.

Full well 'tis knowne adown the vale,
Tho' ftrange may feem the difmal tale
  Eke wondrous may appear;
I'm bold to fay, there's never one
That has not feen the witch in ftone,
  With all her houfehold gear.

But tho' this lernede clerke did well,
With grieved heart, alas I tell,
  She left this curfe behind;
" My fex fhall be forfaken quite,"
" Tho' fenfe and beauty both unite,"
  " Nor find a man that's kinde."

Now lo e'en as this fiend did fay,
The fex have found it to this day,
  That men are wondrous fcante;
Here's beauty, wit, and fenfe combin'd,
With all that's good, and virtuous join'd,
  Yet fcarce there's one gallante.

Shall

Shall ſuch fair nymphs thus daily moan!
They might I trow as well be ſtone,
As thus forſaken dwell;
Since Glaſton now can boaſt no clerks
From Oxenford come down, ye ſparks,
And help revoke the ſpell.

Yet ſtay—nor thus deſpond, ye fair,
Virtue's the gods peculiar care,
Then mark their kindly voice;
" Your ſex ſhall ſoon be bleſt again,"
" We only wait to find ſich men"
" As beſt deſerve ſich choice."

THE IGNORANCE OF MAN.

BY JAMES MERRICK, M. A.

BEHOLD yon new-born infant, griev'd
With hunger, thirſt, and pain;
That aſks to have the wants reliev'd,
It knows not to explain.

Aloud the ſpeechleſs ſuppliant cries,
And utters, as it can,
The woes that in its boſom riſe,
And ſpeak its nature Man.

That infant, whoſe advancing hour
  Life's various ſorrows try,
(Sad proof of ſin's tranſmiſſive power)
  That infant, Lord! am I.

A childhood yet my thoughts confeſs,
  Tho' long in years mature;
Unknowing whence I feel diſtreſs,
  And where, or what its cure.

Author of good! to thee I turn;
  Thy ever wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants diſcern,
  Thy hand alone ſupply.

O let thy fear within me dwell,
  Thy love my footſteps guide;
That love ſhall vainer loves expel,
  That fear all fears beſide.

And O! by error's force ſubdu'd,
  Since oft my ſtubborn will,
Prepoſterous, ſhuns the latent good,
  And graſps the ſpecious ill;

Not to my wiſh, but to my want,
  Do thou thy gifts apply:
Unaſk'd, what good thou knoweſt, grant;
  What ill, tho' aſk'd, deny.

THE

THE TRIALS OF VIRTUE.

BY THE SAME.

PLac'd on the verge of Youth, my mind
Life's opening ſcene ſurvey'd:
I view'd its hills of various kind,
Afflicted and afraid.

But chief my fear the dangers mov'd,
That Virtue's path incloſe:
My heart the wiſe purſuit approv'd;
But O, what toils oppoſe!

For ſee, ah! ſee, while yet her ways
With doubtful ſtep I tread,
A hoſtile World its terrors raiſe,
Its ſnares deluſive ſpread.

O! how ſhall I, with heart prepar'd,
Thoſe terrors learn to meet?
How from the thouſand ſnares to guard
My unexperienc'd feet?

As

As thus I mus'd, oppreſſive Sleep
  Soft o'er my temples drew
Oblivion's veil. The watry Deep,
  An object ſtrange and new,

Before me roſe: on the wide ſhore
  Obſervant as I ſtood,
The gathering ſtorms around me roar,
  And heave the boiling flood.

Near and more near the billows riſe;
  Ev'n now my ſteps they lave;
And Death to my affrighted eyes
  Approach'd in every wave.

What hope, or whither to retreat?
  Each nerve at once unſtrung,
Chill Fear had fetter'd faſt my feet,
  And chain'd my ſpeechleſs tongue.

I feel my heart within me die;
  When ſudden to mine ear
A voice deſcending from on high
  Reprov'd my erring fear.

" What tho' the ſwelling ſurge thou ſee
  " Impatient to devour?
" Reſt, Mortal, reſt on God's decree,
  " And thankful own his power.

" Know, when he bade the Deep appear,
" Thus far, th' Almignty ſaid,
" Thus far, nor farther, rage; and Here
" Let thy proud waves be ſtay'd.

I heard: and lo! at once controul'd,
The waves in wild retreat
Back on themſelves reluctant roll'd,
And murm'ring left my feet.

Deeps to aſſembling Deeps in vain
Once more the ſignal gave:
The ſhores the ruſhing weight ſuſtain,
And check th' uſurping wave.

Convinc'd, in Nature's volume wiſe
The imag'd truth I read;
And ſudden from my waking eyes
Th' inſtructive Viſion fled.

Then why thus heavy, O my Soul!
Say why, diſtruſtful ſtill,
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
O'er ſcenes of future ill.

Let Faith ſuppreſs each riſing fear,
Each anxious doubt exclude:
Thy Maker's will has plac'd thee here,
A Maker wiſe and good!

He to thy every trial knows
  Its just restraint to give,
Attentive to behold thy woes,
  And faithful to relieve.

Then why thus heavy, O my Soul!
  Say why, distrustful still,
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
  O'er scenes of future ill.

Tho' griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,
  Still in thy God confide,
Whose finger marks the Seas their bound,
  And curbs the headlong Tide.

VERSES

WRITTEN ORIGINALLY IN

THE PERSIC LANGUAGE.

BY THE SAME.

IF mortal hands thy peace destroy,
  Or friendship's gifts bestow,
Wilt thou to Man ascribe thy joy?
  To Man impute thy woe?

'Tis God, whoſe thoughts to various ends
  The human lot diſpoſe,
Around thee plant aſſiſting friends,
  Or heap avenging Foes.

Not from the Bow the deaths proceed,
  But from the Archer's ſkill;
Who lends the thirſty ſhaft its ſpeed,
  And gives it ſtrength to kill.

A HYMN.

BY THE SAME.

PART I.

GOD of my health, whoſe tender care
  Firſt gave me power to move,
How ſhall my thankful heart declare
  The wonders of thy love?

While void of thought and ſenſe I lay,
  Duſt of my parent Earth,
Thy breath inform'd the ſleeping clay,
  And call'd me to the birth.

From

From Thee the parts their faſhion took,
  E'er life was yet begun,
And in the volume of thy Book
  Were written one by one.

Thine eye beheld in open view
  The yet unfiniſh'd plan:
The portrait lines thy pencil drew,
  And form'd the future Man.

O may this frame, that riſing grew
  Beneath thy plaſtic hands,
Be ſtudious ever to purſue
  Whate'er thy Will commands!

The Soul, that moves this earthly load,
  Thy ſemblance let it bear,
Nor loſe the traces of the God
  Who ſtamp'd his image there.

PART II.

THOU, who within this earthly ſhrine
  Haſt pour'd thy quick'ning ray,
O! let thine influence on me ſhine,
  And purge each miſt away.

With curious ſearch let others aſk
  Thro' Nature's depths to ſee:
O teach my ſoul the better taſk,
  To know itſelf and Thee!

Teach me to know how weak the mind
  That yields to erring pride;
And let my doubting Reason find
  Thy Word its safest guide.

Let me not, lost in Learning's maze,
  Religion's flame resign:
For what's the worth of human praise,
  Compar'd, my God, to Thine?

Keep in my soul the strong delight,
  The hopes that in me rise,
While Faith presents before my sight
  The bliss that never dies.

O be those Hopes my only boast,
  That Faith my whole employ,
Till Faith in Knowledge shall be lost,
  And Hope in fullest Joy!

PART III.

WHERE-E'ER I turn my wakeful thought,
  Unnumber'd foes I see:
Guide of my youth, forsake me not,
  But lead me safe to Thee.

As on I press, Distrust and Doubt
  Dissuasive step between;
While Pleasures tempt me from without,
  And Passions war within.

Yet,

Yet, fix'd on Thee, I loſe each fear,
  Each vain aſſault I brave:
I know Thee, Lord, nor ſlow to hear,
  Nor impotent to ſave.

O caſt my errors from thy ſight,
  And let them paſs away,
Unheeded, as a watch by night,
  Or as a cloud by day.

So while, in ſecret thought arraign'd,
  O'er my paſt life I go,
And mark how oft I urg'd thy hand
  To ſtrike th' avenging blow,

So oft ſhall my repeated lays
  My thankful heart declare,
And joy to celebrate thy praiſe,
  Whoſe Mercy deign'd to ſpare.

******:********:***********

THE LORD'S PRAYER PARAPHRASED.

BY THE SAME.

FATHER of all! whoſe ſeat of reſt
In higheſt heaven is rear'd,
Thy name by every tongue be bleſt,
By every heart rever'd.

Let earth to thy Meſſiah's throne
Its juſt ſubjection yield:
Here, as in heaven, thy will be known;
Here, as in heaven, fulfill'd.

With bread ſufficient to the day
Our mortal frame ſupply;
And feed the ſoul that moves our clay
With manna from on high.

While, conſcious of the debt we owe,
We bow the humble knee,
That mercy we to others ſhew
Deſcend on us from Thee.

Do

Do Thou our erring feet ſecure;
O lead us far from ill!
And keep us upright, juſt, and pure,
In act, in word, and will.

Hear, Lord! for power ſupreme is thine,
Thine, glory, worſhip, praiſe:
Nor Nature's bounds thy reign confine,
Nor numbers Time thy days.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

BY MR. DYER.

HAVE my friends in the town, in the gay buſy town,
Forgot ſuch a man as John Dyer?
Or heedleſs deſpiſe they, or pity the clown
Whoſe boſom no pageantries fire?

No matter, no matter—content in the ſhades—
(Contented?—why, every thing charms me)
Fall in tunes all adown the green ſteep, ye caſcades,
Till hence rigid virtue alarms me.

Till outrage ariſes, or miſery needs
The ſwift, the intrepid avenger;
Till ſacred religion, or liberty bleeds,
Then mine be the deed, and the danger.

Alas!

Alas! what a folly, that wealth and domain
We heap up in ſin and in ſorrow!
Immenſe is the toil, yet the labour how vain!
Is not life to be over to-morrow?

Then glide on my moments, the few that I have,
Smooth-ſhaded, and quiet and even;
While gently the body deſcends to the grave,
And the ſpirit ariſes to heaven.

ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

BY MISS CARTER.

COME, Melancholy! ſilent power,
Companion of my lonely hour,
To ſober thought confin'd;
Thou ſweetly ſad ideal gueſt,
In all thy ſoothing charms confeſt,
Indulge my penſive mind.

No longer wildly hurried thro'
The tides of mirth, that ebb and flow
In folly's noiſy ſtream:
I from the buſy crowd retire,
To court the objects that inſpire
Thy philoſophic dream.

Thro'

Thro' yon dark grove of mournful yews
With ſolitary ſteps I muſe,
  By thy direction led:
Here, cold to pleaſure's tempting forms,
Conſociate with my ſiſter-worms,
  And mingle with the dead.

Ye midnight horrors! awful gloom!
Ye ſilent regions of the tomb!
  My future peaceful bed:
Here ſhall my weary eyes be clos'd,
And every ſorrow lie repos'd
  In death's refreſhing ſhade.

Ye pale inhabitants of night,
Before my intellectual ſight
  In ſolemn pomp aſcend:
O tell how trifling now appears
The train of idle hopes and fears
  That varying life attend!

Ye faithleſs idols of our ſenſe,
Here own how vain your fond pretence,
  Ye empty names of joy!
Your tranſient forms like ſhadows paſs,
Frail offspring of the magic glaſs,
  Before the mental eye.

The dazzling colours, falſely bright,
Attract the gazing vulgar ſight
  With ſuperficial ſtate:
Thro' Reaſon's clearer optics view'd,
How ſtript of all it's pomp, how rude
  Appears the painted cheat.

Can wild Ambition's tyrant power,
Or ill-got Wealth's ſuperfluous ſtore,
  The dread of death controul?
Can Pleaſure's more bewitching charms
Avert or ſoothe the dire alarms
  That ſhake the parting ſoul?

Religion! e'er the hand of Fate
Shall make Reflexion plead too late,
  My erring ſenſes teach,
Amidſt the flattering hopes of youth,
To meditate the ſolemn truth,
  Theſe awful relics preach.

Thy penetrating beams diſperſe
The miſt of error, whence our fears
  Derive their fatal ſpring:
'Tis thine the trembling heart to warm,
And ſoften to an angel form
  The pale terrific king.

When

When ſunk by guilt in ſad deſpair,
Repentance breathes her humble prayer,
  And owns thy threatnings juſt:
Thy voice the ſhuddering ſuppliant chears,
With Mercy calms her torturing fears,
  And lifts her from the duſt.

Sublim'd by thee, the ſoul aſpires
Beyond the range of low deſires,
  In nobler views elate:
Unmov'd her deſtin'd change ſurveys,
And, arm'd by faith, intrepid pays
  The univerſal debt.

In Death's ſoft ſlumber lull'd to reſt,
She ſleeps, by ſmiling viſions bleſt,
  That gently whiſper Peace:
Till the laſt morn's fair opening ray
Unfolds the bright eternal day
  Of active life and bliſs.

O D E.

BY THE SAME.

WITH reſtleſs agitations toſs'd,
And low immers'd in woes,
When ſhall my wild diſtemper'd thoughts
Regain their loſt repoſe?

Beneath the deep oppreſſive gloom
My languid ſpirits fade:
And all the drooping powers of life
Decline to death's cold ſhade.

O Thou! the wretched's ſure retreat,
Theſe torturing cares controul,
And with the chearful ſmile of peace
Revive my fainting ſoul!

Did ever thy relenting ear
The humble plea diſdain?
Or when did plaintive Miſery ſigh,
Or ſupplicate in vain?

Oppreſt

Oppreſt with grief and ſhame, diſſolv'd
  In penitential tears,
Thy goodneſs calms our reſtleſs doubts,
  And diſſipates our fears.

New life, from thy refreſhing grace
  Our ſinking hearts receive;
Thy gentle, beſt lov'd attribute
  To pity and forgive.

From that bleſt ſource propitious Hope
  Appears ſerenely bright,
And ſheds her ſoft diffuſive beam
  O'er Sorrow's diſmal night.

Diſpers'd by her ſuperior force,
  The ſullen ſhades retire,
And opening gleams of new-born joy
  The conſcious ſoul inſpire.

My griefs confeſs her vital power,
  And bleſs the friendly ray:
Fair Phoſphor to the ſmiling morn
  Of everlaſting day.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT IN A THUNDER STORM.

BY THE SAME.

LET coward Guilt with pallid Fear,
To ſheltering caverns fly,
And juſtly dread the vengeful Fate
That thunders thro' the ſky;

Protected by that hand, whoſe law
The threatening ſtorms obey;
Intrepid Virtue ſmiles ſecure,
As in the blaze of day.

In the thick clouds tremendous gloom;
The lightnings lurid glare,
It views the ſame all-gracious power
That breathes the vernal air.

Thro' Nature's ever-varying ſcene;
By different ways purſued,
The one eternal end of heaven
Is univerſal good.

With

With like beneficent effect
  O'er flaming Æther glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
  Or blushes in the rose.

By Reason taught to scorn those fears
  That vulgar minds molest;
Let no fantastic terrors break
  My dear Narcissa's rest.

Thy life may all the tendrest care
  Of Providence defend;
And delegated angels round
  Their guardian wings extend.

When, thro' creation's vast expanse,
  The last dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the spheres,
  And shake the rising soul;

Unmov'd may'st thou the final storm
  Of jarring worlds survey,
That ushers in the glad serene
  Of everlasting day.

TO ———.

BY THE SAME.

HOW ſweet the calm of this ſequeſter'd ſhore,
Where ebbing waters muſically roll:
And Solitude and ſilent Eve reſtore
The philoſophic temper of the ſoul.

The ſighing gale, whoſe murmurs lull to reſt
The buſy tumult of declining day,
To ſympathetic quiet ſoothes the breaſt,
And every wild emotion dies away.

Farewell the objects of diurnal care,
Your taſk be ended with the ſetting ſun:
Let all be undiſturb'd vacation here,
While o'er yon wave aſcends the peaceful Moon.

What beauteous viſions o'er the ſoften'd heart,
In this ſtill moment all their charms diffuſe,
Serener joys and brighter hopes impart,
And chear the ſoul with more than mortal views.

Here,

Here faithful Memory wakens all her powers,
She bids her fair ideal forms aſcend,
And quick to every gladden'd thought reſtores
The ſocial virtue, and the abſent friend.

Come *******, come, and with me ſhare
The ſober pleaſures of this ſolemn ſcene,
While no rude tempeſt clouds the ruffled air,
But all, like thee, is ſmiling and ſerene.

Come, while the coöl, the ſolitary hours
Each fooliſh care, and giddy wiſh controul,
With all thy ſoft perſuaſion's wonted powers,
Beyond the ſtars tranſport my liſtening ſoul.

Oft, when on earth detain'd by empty ſhow,
Thy voice has taught the trifler how to riſe;
Taught her to look with ſcorn on things below,
And ſeek her better portion in the ſkies.

Come: and the ſacred eloquence repeat:
The world ſhall vaniſh at its gentle ſound,
Angelic forms ſhall viſit this retreat,
And opening heaven diffuſe its glories round.

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE ON THE SEA SHORE.

BY THE SAME.

THOU reſtleſs fluctuating deep,
Expreſſive of the human mind,
In thy for ever varying form
My own inconſtant ſelf I find.

How ſoft now flow thy peaceful waves,
In juſt gradations to the ſhore:
While on thy brow unclouded ſhines
The regent of the midnight hour.

Bleſt emblem of that equal ſtate,
Which I this moment feel within:
Where thought to thought ſucceeding rolls,
And all is placid and ſerene.

As o'er thy ſmoothly flowing tide,
Their light the trembling moon-beams dart,
My lov'd Eudocia's image ſmiles,
And gaily brightens all my heart.

But ah! this flattering ſcene of peace
By neither can be long poſſeſt,
When Eurus breaks thy tranſient calm,
And riſing ſorrows ſhake my breaſt.

Obſcur'd thy Cynthia's ſilver ray
When clouds oppoſing intervene:
And every joy that Friendſhip gives
Shall fade beneath the gloom of Spleen.

TO MRS. ———.

BY THE SAME.

WHERE are thoſe hours, on roſy pinions borne,
Which brought to every guiltleſs wiſh ſucceſs?
When Pleaſure gladden'd each returning morn,
And every evening clos'd in calms of peace.

How ſmil'd each object, when by Friendſhip led,
Thro' flowery paths we wander'd unconfin'd:
Enjoy'd each airy hill, or ſolemn ſhade,
And left the buſtling empty world behind.

With philoſophic, ſocial ſenſe ſurvey'd
  The noon-day ſky in brighter colours ſhone:
And ſofter o'er the dewy landſcape play'd
  The peaceful radiance of the ſilent moon.

Thoſe hours are vaniſh'd with the changing year,
  And dark December clouds the ſummer ſcene:
Perhaps, alas! for ever vaniſh'd here,
  No more to bleſs diſtinguiſh'd life again.

Yet not like thoſe by thoughtleſs Folly drown'd,
  In blank Oblivion's ſullen, ſtagnant deep,
Where, never more to paſs their fated bound,
  The ruins of neglected Being ſleep.

But laſting traces mark the happier hours,
  Which active zeal in life's great taſk employs:
Which Science from the waſte of Time ſecures,
  Or various Fancy gratefully enjoys.

O ſtill be ours to each improvement given,
  Which Friendſhip doubly to the heart endears:
Thoſe hours, when baniſh'd hence, ſhall fly to heaven,
  And claim the promiſe of eternal years.

TO ———.

OCCASIONED BY

AN ODE WRITTEN BY MRS. PHILIPS.

BY THE SAME.

NARCISSA! ſtill thro' every varying name,
My conſtant care and bright enlivening theme,
In what ſoft language ſhall the Muſe declare
The fond extravagance of love ſincere?
How all thoſe pleaſing ſentiments convey,
That charm my fancy, when I think on thee?
A theme like this Orinda's thoughts inſpir'd,
Nor leſs by Friendſhip, than by Genius fir'd.
Then let her happier, more perſuaſive art
Explain th' agreeing dictates of my heart:
Sweet may her fame to late remembrance bloom,
And everlaſting laurels ſhade her tomb,
Whoſe ſpotleſs verſe with genuine force expreſt
The brighteſt paſſion of the human breaſt.
In what bleſt clime, beneath what favouring ſkies,
Did thy fair form, propitious Friendſhip, riſe?

With myſtic ſenſe, the poet's tuneful tongue
[r] Urania's birth in glittering fiction ſung.
That Paphos firſt her ſmiling preſence own'd,
Which wide diffus'd its happy influence round.
With hands united, and with looks ſerene,
Th' attending graces hail'd their new-born queen;
The zephyrs round her wav'd their purple wing,
And ſhed the fragrance of the breathing ſpring:
The roſy hours, advanc'd in ſilent flight,
Led ſparkling youth, and ever new delight.
Soft ſigh the winds, the waters gently roll,
A purer azure veſts the lucid pole,
All nature welcom'd in the beauteous train,
And heaven and earth ſmil'd conſcious of the ſcene.
But long ere Paphos roſe, or poet ſung,
In heavenly breaſts the ſacred paſſion ſprung:
The ſame bright flames in raptur'd ſeraphs glow,
As warm conſenting tempers here below:
While one attraction Mortal, Angel, binds,
Virtue, which forms the uniſon of minds:
Friendſhip her ſoft harmonious touch affords,
And gently ſtrikes the ſympathetic chords,
Th' agreeing notes in ſocial meaſures roll,
And the ſweet concert flows from ſoul to ſoul.

[r] There were two Venuſes among the ancients; one called Pandemus, to whom they attributed the love of wild diſorderly pleaſures; the other named Urania, the patroneſs and inſpirer of Friendſhip, Knowledge, and Virtue.

By

By heaven's enthuſiaſtic impulſe taught,
What ſhining viſions roſe on Plato's thought!
While by the Muſes gently winding flood [s],
His ſearching fancy trac'd the ſovereign good!
The laurell'd ſiſters touch'd the vocal lyre,
And wiſdom's goddeſs led their tuneful choir.
Beneath the genial Plantane's ſpreading ſhade,
How ſweet the philoſophic muſic play'd!
Thro' all the grove, along the flowery ſhore,
The charming ſounds reſponſive echoes bore.
Here, from the cares of vulgar life refin'd,
Immortal pleaſures open'd on his mind:
In gay ſucceſſion to his raviſh'd eyes
The animating powers of Beauty riſe;
On every object round, above, below,
Quick to the ſight her vivid colours glow:
Yet, not to matter's ſhadowy forms confin'd,
The fair and good he ſought remain'd behind:
Till gradual riſing thro' the boundleſs whole,
He view'd the blooming graces of the ſoul;
Where, to the beam of intellectual day,
The genuine charms of moral beauty play:
With pleaſing force the ſtrong attractions move
Each finer ſenſe, and tune it into love.

[s] Ilyſſus, a river near Athens, dedicated to the Muſes. On the banks of this river, under a plantane, Plato lays the ſcene of ſome of his dialogues on love and beauty.

A NIGHT-PIECE.

BY THE SAME.

WHILE Night in ſolemn ſhade inveſts the pole,
And calm Reflexion ſoothes the penſive ſoul;
While Reaſon undiſturb'd aſſerts her ſway,
And Life's deceitful colours fade away:
To thee! all-conſcious preſence! I devote
This peaceful interval of ſober thought.
Here all my better faculties confine,
And be this hour of ſacred ſilence thine.
If by the day's illuſive ſcenes miſled,
My erring ſoul from Virtue's path has ſtray'd:
Snar'd by example, or by paſſion warm'd,
Some falſe delight my giddy ſenſe has charm'd,
My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,
And my beſt hopes are center'd in thy love.
Depriv'd of this, can life one joy afford!
Its utmoſt boaſt a vain unmeaning word.
But ah! how oft my lawleſs paſſions rove,
And break thoſe awful precepts I approve!
Purſue the fatal impulſe I abhor,
And violate the Virtue I adore!

Oft'

Oft' when thy better ſpirit's guardian care
Warm'd my fond ſoul to ſhun the tempting ſnare,
My ſtubborn Will his gentle aid repreſt,
And check'd the riſing Goodneſs in my breaſt,
Mad with vain hopes, or urg'd by falſe deſires,
Still'd his ſoft voice, and quench'd his ſacred fires.
With grief oppreſt, and proſtrate in the duſt,
Shouldſt thou condemn, I own the ſentence juſt.
But oh! thy ſofter titles let me claim,
And plead my cauſe by Mercy's gentle name.
Mercy, that wipes the penitential tear,
And diſſipates the horrors of Deſpair:
From rigorous Juſtice ſteals the vengeful hour;
Softens the dreadful attribute of Power;
Diſarms the wrath of an offended God,
And ſeals my pardon in a Saviour's blood.
All-powerful Grace, exert thy gentle ſway,
And teach my rebel paſſions to obey:
Leſt lurking Folly with inſidious art
Regain my volatile inconſtant heart.
Shall every high reſolve Devotion frames,
Be only lifeleſs ſounds and ſpecious names?
O rather while thy hopes and fears controul,
In this ſtill hour each motion of my ſoul,
Secure its ſafety by a ſudden doom,
And be the ſoft retreat of Sleep my tomb.
Calm let me ſlumber in that dark repoſe,
Till the laſt morn its orient beam diſcloſe:

Then,

Then, when the great Archangel's potent ſound
Shall echo thro' Creation's ample round,
Wak'd from the ſleep of death with joy ſurvey
The opening ſplendors of eternal day.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

BY ——.

COME, fair Dorinda, and, while Beauty glows
Warm on thy lovely cheek, auſpicious come,
And animate my ſong! O may I gaze
On every charm, and from each ſhining grace
Catch inſpiration! let thy genius aid
My lays unpractis'd, pour into my verſe
The flow harmonious, while th' enchanted Muſe
Relates the charms, which o'er the yielding heart
Perpetual reign, and hold reſiſtleſs ſway.
Diffuſive Nature, who with liberal hand
Scatters her bounties round, and decks the Spring
In all its gay attire, the Virgin's cheek
Fluſhes with beauty, and adorns her brow
With charms attractive; ſhapes her faultleſs form
With ſkill unerring, on her breaſt beſtows
The ſnowy hue, while o'er her ſhining neck
In wanton ringlets flows her ebon hair
Diſhevell'd,

Diſhevell'd, graceful, and her ſparkling eyes
Dart kindling flame: majeſtic on ſhe moves,
Conſcious of native worth, and ſmiling love
Alluring. Hither, ye! whoſe hard'ned hearts
Ne'er felt a lover's pangs, ah! hither come,
To feel the force of Beauty: here ſurvey,
In radiant luſtre, the bewitching grace,
Which from the dawn of time o'er Nature held
Her ſoft domain. Since firſt the vital ſpark
Awak'd the human breaſt, and Man aroſe
To conſcious being, the fair female form
Dazzled his eye, and thro' his panting breaſt
Shot Beauty's ray. When in primæval Spring
Life uncorrupted roll'd its golden hours,
Free from th' attacks of Vice, as yet unſour'd
With Pain corroding; nor Diſeaſe had rear'd
Her ſnaky creſt to blaſt their blooming days:
Then Beauty reign'd, and form'd the ſacred tye
Connubial. Oft, amid the green retreat,
Where fanning zephyrs play'd, the joyous Hour
Fled on the wings of Love: here Innocence,
And balmy Peace, and Friendſhip, heaven-born Power,
By Beauty heighten'd, o'er the human pair
Their choiceſt influence ſhed. Nor Beauty leſs,
Thro' long ſucceeding ages, o'er the heart
Her conqueſt held; devoted man atteſts
The pleaſing truth, while at the ſyren voice
Of Muſic, thrilling the enchanting note,
He proſtrate falls, the fond diſtracted prey
Of paſſions raging thro' th' enfever'd heart.

So Nature wills; and while encreasing strength
Braces the nerves, and thro' the swelling veins
The blood fierce-boiling flows, subduing Love
Still reigns in man, to polish and refine
His barbarous mind: nor, till the soothing flame
Has seiz'd his heart, and thaw'd his frozen soul,
E'er can he relish the sublime delight
Of social transport, nor consenting feel
The sympathetic bliss, nor taste the sweets
Of hallow'd Friendship, nor affected hear
The voice of Woe, as oft she vents her moan
In wailings loud. The soft relenting heart,
Kind Pity's tear, the all-profusive hand
Of Charity, the generous flow of soul,
These are not his, who never yet has felt
The pangs of Love, o'er whom th' enchanting power
Of Beauty never reign'd, whose sullen breast
Ne'er glow'd with transport, and the anxious throbs
Which panting lovers know; but all his soul
Is solitary gloom, untaught to pour
The friendly fervor, and, with heart enlarg'd,
To breathe the warm benevolence of Love.

Come ye, who now your gayest moments pass,
And graceful flourish 'midst the shining throng,
Whilst life flies joyous, and your youthful years
Roll placid on, before the radiant throne
Of Beauty kneel. Whatever warms the breast
With noble purpose, what informs the heart
To melt, and moulds you into social man,
Is Beauty's power. From her poetic heat

Derives

Derives new fire, and taught by her oft paints
The viſionary ſcene, and touches all
The ſprings of paſſion: hers each winning grace,
And comely geſture hers: enfrozen Age,
Bending to earth beneath the weight of years,
With wrinkled front, and venerable hair,
Melts at her fair approach; he feels warm blood
Run thro' his wither'd veins, erect he lifts
His hoary head, and on his aged brow
Unuſual gladneſs ſmiles, while his cold heart
Warm'd into fervor glows: her kindling voice
All rural nature hears, and ſtarts amaz'd
To poliſh'd life. Thus when the ruſtic [t] ſwain
Saw ſleeping Beauty, on the graſſy bank,
Reclin'd at eaſe, and careleſs beaming round
Her charms attractive, while upon her face
Play'd all the laughing loves; ſurpriz'd he gaz'd,
And felt a thouſand tranſports ſhoot along
His ſhivering nerves: now his unfeeling heart,
Unus'd to pant, with ſoft emotion heaves;
He trembling view'd, and all his ſoul was Love.
And ye, fair offspring of the bounteous hand
Of Nature, ye array'd in all the charms
Of vernal youth, fluſh'd on your comely cheek
By Beauty's balmy breath, while yielding Man
To you reſigns his heart, and eager ſighs
Low at your feet, and tells the moving tale
Of plaintive love: how, ſleepleſs, on his couch

[t] Alluding to Dryden's beautiful fable of Cymon and Iphigenia.

He

He counts the tedious hours, or ſlumbering ſtarts
From flattering viſions, which deluſive ſwim
Before his eyes; how buſy Fancy paints
Your beauteous figure, in reſplendent robes
Luxuriant floating, as you graceful move
In all the airs of love; and while he graſps
Th' imagin'd form, how loſt in empty air
The fair illuſion flies: how taſte forgets
The poignant reliſh, and the ſpicy gale
To him no odours wafts: cheerleſs and ſad
He wanders penſive to the lonely ſhade,
To blend his moanings with the whiſpering breeze,
While ſympathetic glides the weeping rill
In many currents by, and there to thought
Devotes the gloomy hour, complaining oft,
In tender ſtrains, how fair Amanda ſcorns
His melting heart, how ſlights the mournful tale
Of fond, deſpairing love; nor here can long
Indulge his woe, but reſtleſs with the crowd
Impatient mingles, ſolace there to find,
Amidſt the tumult of a maddening world:
Still haunts the phantom, ſtill his boſom burns
With unremitted pain, and Love reſumes
His tyrant empire: how his alter'd looks,
Meagre and pale, ſpeak the diſtracting fiend
Which on his vitals preys; how ſtrength forſakes
His quivering limbs; how wrapt in awful gloom
Frail ſickening nature pines away in woe.—
O gently then, ye lovely conquerors! uſe
Your unreſiſted ſway; forth ſtretch your arms,

To

To raiſe from abject plight the fainting ſlave,
And on his tortur'd ſoul, propitious, pour
The balm of Hope; and now delighted taſte
Love's fond delights, while Paſſion eager pants
In every vein, and warms your glowing breaſts
With fairy proſpects of tranſporting joys.
Nor, gay Amanda, tho', with ſighs, to you
The plaintive Damon kneels, and vents his ſoul
In ſoftly ſwelling ſtrains: yet let not theſe
Dilate your heart; nor look with ſcornful air
On the gay rivals, who with you conteſt
Fair Beauty's prize, and vie, ſupreme, to ſhine
'Midſt the ſoft circles, where indulgent flow
The ſoothing hours; where Muſic gently wakes,
Symphonious, every paſſion, and attunes
The ſoul to rapture, while diffuſive joy
Spreads thro' the melting throng. For Beauty ſtill
By Taſte is prov'd, by her capricious law
It blooms or withers. You! who long have held
The willing Strephon, o'er th' obdurate heart
Of Damon never reign'd; while he, ſubdu'd
By bright Amanda, ſighs his ſoul away
In unavailing moan. Far from your breaſt
Be baniſh'd Pride; the high aſſuming air
Ill ſuits the brow where Tenderneſs and Love
Should dwell diſtinguiſh'd: nor can Reaſon judge
Whoſe charms ſuperior ſhine; ſome dazzling grace,
Still nameleſs, flaſhes on th' admiring eye.
Beyond deſcription, fairer than her ſex,
To me, Dorinda ſeems: how darts her eye

Its ſoul-diſſolving fires! how, o'er her neck,
Gracefully careleſs, falls her auburn hair!
Her mien how ſoft! Can the pure mountain ſnow,
With her warm boſom, riſing to the throbs
Of undiſſembled love, compare its white?
The roſe its red with hers? Nor Strephon leſs
Adores his blooming bride; ſhe fairer, ſhe
Is Beauty's ſelf, and as ſhe gently moves
Her limbs, proportion'd with unerring ſkill,
A thouſand radiant graces in her train
Alluring dance. Each nameleſs charm is hers;
And Love, and Joy, and Virtue, ſit enthron'd
In every look and ſmile. Not varied more
The human face, with different features ſtampt
By Nature's forming hand, than Taſte which views,
In objects different, various beauties glow.
O while ye glory in your youthful prime,
And yield attention to the ſyren voice
Of Praiſe; in that ſoft ſeaſon, when the breaſt
A ſtrange enchantment feels; when Pleaſure pants
In every vein; and ſparkles in the eye
Superfluous Health; then guard your rebel hearts
Againſt ſeducing Love. Suſpend, ye fair!
Theſe ſofter cares, and liſten, while the Muſe
Riſes ſuperior to the fading glare
Of mortal charms, and now eſſays to touch
The heart, and open to th' enraptur'd ſoul
More laſting Beauty, moral and divine,
Which grows in age, nor at the pale approach
Of death decays; but with unblaſted grace

For

For ever bloſſoms. Hail! bright Virtue, hail!
Propitious come, inſpire my glowing breaſt
To ſing of thee! Without thee, what are all
Life's gayeſt trappings, what the fleeting ſhow
Of youth, or charms, which for a moment ſpread
Their viſionary bloom, but withering die,
Nor leave remembrance of their fancy'd worth!
  See, how adorn'd in heaven's all-glorious pomp
Fair Virtue comes, and in her radiant train
Ten thouſand beauties wait: behold ſhe comes,
To fill the ſoul with never-ceaſing joy!
Attend her voice, ſweet as the ſolemn ſounds
Of cherubs, when they ſtrike their golden harps
In ſacred concert, while the ſky reſounds
Symphonious. Hence, ye fond deluſive dreams
Of fleeting pleaſure! ſhe the heart diſtends
With more enduring bliſs: kindled by her,
The generous boſom breathes the ſocial fire,
And beats reſponſive to the woes of man.
  Now native Peace, and Harmony divine,
Dwell in the ſoul: to Reaſon's powerful law
Each paſſion yields; and her reſiſtleſs ſway
Struggling Corruption owns, nor dares aſſault
A heart confirm'd by her: and now the fame
Of Nature conquer'd by th' informing voice
Of Reaſon, thro' celeſtial manſions flies
On wings angelic: thro' the winding paths
Of life, fair Prudence guides, and points the road
To Happineſs and Peace; while in the breaſt
Untainted Innocence and Freedom reign.

Theſe are the charms of Virtue, theſe will bloom
When time ſhall ceaſe: ev'n Beauty's ſelf by theſe
More lovely ſeems, ſhe looks with added grace,
And ſmiles ſeraphic: nor ſhall hoary age
Their bloſſoms wither, but perpetual ſpring
Here ſhed her influence; while a ſhowy world,
Its varniſh loſing, ſhall deceive no more,
And Nature, ſickening at approaching fate,
Shall ſink beneath its doom. Whate'er adorns
The female breaſt, whate'er can move the ſoul
With fervent rapture, every winning grace,
And mild endearment, tenderneſs and love
In fair Aſpaſia [u] ſhine; 'tis hers to charm
With elocution ſweet, and all the flow
Of ſoft perſuaſion, while the ſenſual heart
Refines, and feels fair Virtue dawning there.
Nor ye, gay glittering tribe! who oft-times drink
Of Circe's poiſon'd cup, and down the ſtream
Of ſoothing pleaſure all reſiſtleſs flow
Enervate, deem unworthy of your wiſh
The charms of Virtue. While ye reſtleſs ſeek
The phantom Pleaſure, where Indulgence plays
Her midnight gambols, o'er unſtable paths
Ye heedleſs wander: as ſhe points the way
Thro' her enchanting maze, th' illuſive form
Conceals Deſtruction. While, with eager hope,
And mad impatience, in a fond embrace
Ye graſp her panting, lo! the ſorcereſs darts

[u] See this perfect character in Mr. Johnſon's Irene.

Her latent venom thro' your tortur'd nerves.
Then wakes Remorſe; and, ſee! on yonder throne,
With woes ſurrounded, fell Diſeaſe diſplays
Her ſnaky creſt, and o'er your guilty heads
Shakes all her horrors: Anguiſh, downcaſt Shame,
Succeed, and on the diſcontented brow
Satiety ſits pale. The feeble knee,
Each nerve unbrac'd, beneath the fabric bends!
The tott'ring fabric falls! the ſhades of death
Now quench thoſe orbs, that beam'd impure deſire!
And, deeper yet, the gloom of black deſpair—
A darkneſs to be felt!—involves the ſoul!
O, dread this complicated curſe! and turn,
With holy horror, from the paths of Vice!
Nor think, ye fair! the penſive Muſe forbids
The joys of Youth; ſhe with complacent ſmile
Views ye light flutt'ring; ſhe the ſocial band
Joins chearful, and benevolent implores
Diffuſive Nature on your heads to ſhed
Her gay profuſion, laviſh all her grace,
And in your boſoms pour the ſoul of love.
Lo! roſy Youth holds forth her pictur'd ſcene,
With garlands crown'd; and tow'ring Fancy now
Her gay creation paints: high ſwells the breaſt
With emulation, and joy-teeming life
Its gay allurements ſhews. Forth by your ſide,
In glittering grandeur, walks th' enraptur'd ſwain:
With graceful eaſe, attemp'ring conſcious pride,
He ſpreads his glories to th' admiring eye.

Awak'd by Love, and by the ſubtle flame
Of Beauty kindled, with aſſiduous care,
And fond ſubmiſſion, to the chearful haunts
Of Mirth he leads you, and while wandering o'er
Enchanted ground, oft tells the pleaſing tale
Perſuaſive: gently flow the ſmiling hours
In ſocial converſe, innocently gay.
Come, Nature, beſt informer! kindly lead
Along the flowery walk, trod by the feet
Of youthful Pleaſure; guide our heedleſs ſteps,
And ſafe conduct us to the bower of bliſs!
Supreme Directreſs! ſhe the breaſt inſtructs
To breathe love's purer flame, graceful improves
Each varied motion, beams th' expreſſive eye,
And gives to Beauty all her power to charm.
O! let her influence fill the different ſcenes
Of joy and love——whether we careleſs ſtray
Along the painted mead, where fragrance blends
Her thouſand ſweets; or tread the lengthen'd walk,
While Muſic chears the ſoul, and viſtas green
Riſe to the view, and pour their freſh delights
On the bewilder'd eye; or if we move
Along the hall refulgent with the blaze
Of India's ſtores, and every meaſure trace
Or ſlow or ſprightly, while the lover feels
Unuſual tranſports ruſh upon his ſoul
In admiration loſt. Ah! here, ye fair,
Your gayeſt moments paſs: as to the touch
Ye yield your hand, with palpitations quick

The

The ſnowy boſom heaves, and unreſerv'd
Breathes the warm wiſh of kind conſenting love.
Far from the boſom of the tender fair,
Where love alone ſhould dwell, fly baſe deceit,
Nor ſtain with perfidy the ſacred ſhrine.
Who's ſhe that looks with high imperious mien,
In yonder walk, amidſt her rivals, deck'd
In yellow robes reſplendent? how ſhe moves
With practis'd air, and darts her meaning glance
Amidſt the throng! Thrown proſtrate at her feet
The lover pleads, nor ſhe the lover hears;
But ſwoln with pride of conqueſt ſcornful ſmiles.
Yet if arous'd, and conſcious of his wrongs,
He bids the laſt adieu, ſhe yet in ſtore
Has thouſand winning wiles: the blood forſakes
Her blooming cheek, and on her coral lip
Steals Paleneſs; while, adorn'd in all the charms
Of weeping beauty, ſhe reſiſtleſs holds
The lover ſtill her own. With ſtreaming eyes
Again he views her, and his yielding heart
Melts with returning Love.—Inconſtant ſtill,
She, nor by pity mov'd, nor gratitude,
Nor awful virtue, to the ſighing ſlave
Reſigns her heart—there Vanity ſtill dwells,
'Midſt her fantaſtic joys enthron'd, and plans
Unnumber'd conqueſts o'er admiring man.
Love is not hers, ſhe never taſtes the ſweets
Of mutual rapture, mutual fond eſteem,
Nor knows the charms of truth; her boſom beats
With other throbs. Anxieties and Fears,

Ambition's train! vex her aſpiring ſoul,
And Diſappointment leaves its baleful ſting.
Be this her portion! let her ſtill poſſeſs
The dear deceits!—Awake, deluſive thoughts,
Self-adulation come, and in her breaſt
Your ſoft enchantments pour! Life's glories raiſe
The ſplendid ſcene, and deck th' exulting fair
In all your fancied pomp!—Nor envy her,
Ye faithful few, whom the celeſtial grace
Of truth inſpired! for, while ſhe eager graſps
The flattering forms, they faithleſs all elude
Her fond embrace, and fleet in empty air.
  The fair Amanda knows no practis'd guile
To captivate the ſoul: ſweet innocence
And truth are hers, and beauty unadorn'd,
Save when diffuſive ſteals the glowing bluſh,
And ſhews her bright in every virgin charm.
Her eyes no conqueſts ſeek, nor beats her breaſt
With anxious throbs; ſhe Affectation's wiles
Nor practiſes nor knows: ſtranger to theſe,
She, only conſcious of her virgin worth,
Heaves Nature's ſighs, and, dreſt in Nature's grace,
All lovely ſeems, and moves attractive on
Amidſt admiring ſwains: at her approach
Each boſom flutters, while the lovely maid
Nor ſcoreful looks, nor with conſenting ſmile
Bids Admiration all its incenſe pour
To her bewitching charms: yet on her brow
Modeſt Reſerve oft ſits, forbidding all
Love's wanton hopes. The fair Amanda thus

Reſiſtleſs

Reſiſtleſs empire holds; while aw'd we gaze
On every charm, and at a diſtance ſigh.
  Yet while the ſeaſon of your blooming youth
Glides gently on, and liberal Nature ſhowers
Her gayeſt bleſſings, peaceful, on your heads;
O! then let Science on your eaſy hours
Serenely ſteal: oft when the buſy ſcene
Of meddling care, and fond officious love
Shuts on your eyes, and Solitude invites
To Meditation, let her mild infuſe
Her ſweet inſtruction: ſhe the ſoul exalts
To dignity; for when, with knowledge bleſt,
Fair Beauty ſmiles upon the bluſhing brow,
Her ſoft perſuaſion wins the yielding heart
Reſiſtleſs, each with glowing ardour hears
Her eloquence divine, the tuneful flow
Of ſweeteſt periods, warbling from the lips
Where raptures hang: the captivated ſoul,
While Beauty triumphs, owns her boundleſs ſway.
  Oft let me wander thro' the green retreat,
Where Meditation dwells, and roſes ſhed
Their mild perfumes, wak'd by the genial breath
Of May, while gently by the purling ſtream
Its cryſtal waters roll: to crown my bliſs
Let ſweet Ardelia come, on her attends
Each mild engaging grace, each nameleſs charm
Alluring; Nature, bounteous, on her brow
Beams all its beauties, and the ſoul by her
Is charm'd to rapture; ſhe the mind informs
With knowledge, which from her perſuaſive tongue

Alluring

Alluring ſtreams; while Muſic lends its voice
Melodious, and the Sapphic Muſe awaits
Soft in her train, to breathe into her breaſt
Th' inſpiring genius; ſhe in melting lays,
Sweet as herſelf, in the warm boſom wakes
The fond delights of love. Here let us join
To ſing of Nature, as we pleas'd ſurvey
The beauteous landſcape round, or frequent turn
The moving page, where glows poetic flame
And Harmony; with Nature's Shakeſpear rove
Thro' all the fairy regions, or oft fly
With Milton, boundleſs, thro' ethereal worlds.
Let raptur'd Fancy feel the circling year
Roll o'er our heads, and mark the changing ſcenes
Of Nature, dreſt in his immortal lays
Who ſung the Seaſons. Thus may gentle hours
In ſweet improvement paſs, and ſtill return
Auſpicious; for with thee, the beating heart
Feels fond emotion, and the ſoul diſſolves
In ſpeechleſs tranſport of increaſing joy.
  Ye lovely fair, while flowery chaplets bind
Your youthful brows, and o'er the verdant paths
Of gently gliding life, ye graceful ſweep,
Array'd in purple pride; as on your breaſt
The diamond ſhines, and in your floating train
The ruby glows, and emeralds around
Beſet the flying robe; while dazzling thus
In orient pomp, forgive if yet the Muſe
In moralizing ſtrains eſſays to draw
The evening veil o'er all the glitt'ring ſhow.

Vain

Vain is their blaze, which, like the noon-tide day,
Dazzles the eye: ſo flaunt the gaudy flowers
In vernal glory, wide diffuſing round
Their odoriferous ſweets, and ſhoot profuſe
Their bloſſoms forth, and flouriſh in their May,
In Nature's livery clad; but when the ſun
Beams in his pride, they droop their bluſhing heads,
Their bloſſoms wither, and their varied tints
Fade with his ſultry rays. Behold, ye fair,
Your gay deluſions, read in Nature's book
Their tranſitory life, how quickly fleets
The dream of pleaſure, at the pale approach
Of death grim blaſting all your pictur'd hopes.
So fell Amynta in her bloom of days.
Joy fluſh'd her brow, and Expectation ſwell'd
Her beating boſom; Love its tribute paid
To her bewitching charms, about to taſte
Connubial tranſports, and in Damon's arms
To ſhare the licens'd bliſs: while Virtue's ſelf
Beheld complacent the indulging pair.
Elated thus, the fair Amynta felt
The pangs of love; her wiſhes wing'd their flight
To future periods; in idea all
Life's ſofteſt bleſſings revell'd in her heart.
Oft did the lovers court the lonely ſhade,
Recluſely happy, there to mingle ſighs
In Nature's warmth: thrown on the flowery lap
Of the freſh earth, where roſes bluſh around,
They breath'd their mutual vows, and taſted all
Th' endearing ſweets of uncorrupted love.

Dear

Dear hapleſs fair, amidſt her warmeſt hopes,
When Fancy figur'd all the tender ſcene
Of mutual rapture, ſhe devoted fell
The mournful victim of the conquering hand
Of unrelenting Death: he dread approach'd,
And Nature trembled at his ghaſtly mien.
Her Damon now, in moving ſtrains, laments,
And ſadly penſive to her ſacred tomb
He oft repairs, there drops a lover's tear,
While fond Remembrance opens all the ſcene
Of paſt delight, calls forth his beauteous bride
In viſionary bloom once more to blaze
In all-attractive charms, till loſt again
The phantom glides in air: all Nature wears
To him a face of woe, the valleys round
Re-echo doleful to his moving moan.
  So Beauty fades, ſo fleets its ſhowy life,
As droops the lily, clad in all its pride
Of rich array. Yet while the penſive muſe
Touches the ſprings of grief, may no dark gloom
O'erwhelm your ſouls, for innocence ſurvives
To bloom eternal: and while life invites
To view its gayer ſcenes, amidſt the pomp
Of radiant courts, ſtill chearful move along
Its flowery walks, and lead with jovial heart
The laughing moments on; for Beauty ſhines
Firſt in the gaudy circles, and commands
Fond admiration. As Britannia's ſons
Excel in every virtue, manly brave
Amidſt th' alarms of fate, gen'rous, ſincere,

By

By glory kindled, may her virgins too,
Supremely fair, 'midſt Beauty's brighteſt blaze,
In ſoft perfections ſhine; may Hymen wave
His purple wings, and o'er the ſacred couch
His azure mantle ſpread, as down ye ſink
In wedlock's chaſte embrace, and oft renew
The hallow'd rapture: thus may peaceful life
Flow undiſturb'd, nor jarring feud invade
Your happy hours. And ye, gay circles, now
Forgive the Muſe, which daring thus has ſung
Of Beauty's triumphs, tho' unequal far
To the delightful theme; yet Beauty charm'd
My ſoul, and pour'd into my glowing breaſt
Her faſcination, led me thro' the maze
Of Love: nor unambitious of applauſe
She courts your ſmiles, yours is her pleaſing ſong,
To you ſhe warbles, and devoted pays
Her fond oblation to your radiant charms.
But chief indulgent, 'midſt the ſhining throng,
Will fair Dorinda ſmile; ſhe firſt inſpir'd
My heart with Love, to her my early Muſe
Her infant raptures pour'd; happy if now
Sweet flow my numbers on her judging ear,
And ſteal perſuaſive to her virgin breaſt.

IL PACIFICO.

WRITTEN ON THE CONCLUSION OF THE PEACE OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, MDCCXLVIII.

BY MR. MASON.

HENCE, peſtilential Mars,
Of ſable-veſted night and chaos bred,
On matter's formleſs bed,
'Mid the harſh din of elemental jars:
Hence with thy frantic crowd,
Wing'd Flight, pale Terror, Diſcord cloath'd in fire,
Precipitate retire;
While mad Bellona cracks her ſnaky thong,
And hurries headlong on,
To Ach'ron's brink and Phlegethon's flaming flood.
But hail, fair Peace! ſo mild and meek,
With poliſh'd brow and roſy cheek;
That, on thy fleece-white cloud deſcending,
Hither, ſoft-ey'd queen, art tending
Gently o'er thy favourite land
To wave thy genial myrtle wand:
To ſhake from off thy turtle wing
Th' ambroſial dews of endleſs ſpring;

Spring

Spring, like that, which poets feign,
Gilded Saturn's eafy reign:
For Saturn's firft born daughter thou;
Unlefs, as later bards avow,
The youthful god with fpangled hair
Clofely clafp'd Harmonia fair:
For, banifh'd erft heaven's ftar-pav'd floor,
(As fings my legendary lore)
As Phœbus fat by weeping brook,
With fhepherds fcrip and fhepherds crook,
Penfive 'midft a favage train
(For favage then was all the plain)
Fair Harmonia left her bower,
To join her radiant paramour:
Hence didft thou fpring; and at thy birth
Lenient Zephyrs fann'd the earth,
Rumbling thunders growl'd no more,
Prowling wolves forgot to roar,
And man, from fiercer rage poffeft,
Smil'd Diffenfion from his breaft.
She comes, fhe comes, ye nymphs, prepare
Gay floral wreaths to bind your hair;
Ye fwains, infpire the mellow flute
To dulcet ftrains, which aptly fuit
The featly-footed faraband
Of Phillis trim and Marian bland,
When nimbly light each fimpering lafs
Trips it o'er the pliant grafs.
But fee, her focial fmiling train,
Now invefts th' inraptur'd plain!

Plenty's

Plenty's treaſure-teeming horn
Show'rs its fruits, its flowers, its corn;
Commerce ſpreads his ampleſt ſail;
Strong-nerv'd Labour lift his flail;
Sylvanus too attends ('tis he
That bears the root-pluck'd cypreſs tree)
He ſhall my youngling footſteps lead
Thro' tufted lawn and fringed mead,
By ſcooped valley, heaped hill,
Level river, dancing rill,
Where the ſhepherds all appear,
To ſhear and waſh their fleecy care,
Which bleating ſtand the ſtreams around,
And whiten all the cloſe-cropt ground:
Or when the maids in bonnets ſheen,
Cock the hay upon the green;
Or up yon ſteep rough road the ſwains
Drive ſlow along their rolling wains
(Where laughing Ceres crowns the ſtack,
And makes the ponderous axle crack)
Then to the village on the hill,
The barns capacious jaws to fill,
Where the anſwering flails rebound,
Beating bold with thundering ſound.
Enchanted with this rural ſcene,
Here let me weave my arb'rets green:
Here arch the woodbine, mantling neat,
O'er my noon-tide cool retreat;
Or bind the oak with ivy-twine;
Or wed the elm and purpling vine:

But,

But if my vagrant fancy pants
For charms, which ſimple Nature wants,
Grant, Power benign, admittance free
To ſome rang'd academy:
There to give to arts refin'd
All the impulſe of my mind;
And oft obſervant take my ſtand,
Where the painter's magic hand
From ſketches rude, with gradual art,
Calls dawning life to every part,
Till, with nice tints all labour'd high,
Each ſtarting hero meets the eye:
Oft too, O! let me nice inſpect
The draughts of juſteſt architect:
And hence delighted let me paſs,
Where others mould the ductile braſs;
Or teach the Parian ſtone to wear
A letter'd ſage's muſing air.
But ah! theſe arts have fix'd their home
In Roman or in Gallic dome:
Tho' ſtrange beſeems, that arts ſhou'd ſpread
Where frowns black Slavery's baleful ſhade;
And ſtranger far that arts decay
Where Freedom deals her warmeſt ray:
This then deny'd, I'll ſwift retreat,
Where Camus winds with murmur ſweet:
There teach me, piercing Locke, t' explore
The buſy mind's ideal ſtore;
There, heaven-rapt Newton, guide my way
'Mid rolling worlds, thro' floods of day,

To mark the vagrant comet's road;
And thro' his wonders trace the God.
Then, to unbend my mind, I'll roam
Amidſt the cloyſters ſilent gloom:
Or, where rank'd oaks their ſhades diffuſe,
Hold dalliance with my darling muſe,
Recalling oft ſome heaven-born ſtrain,
That warbled in Auguſtan reign;
Or turn well pleas'd the Grecian page,
If ſweet Theocritus engage,
Or blith Anacreon, mirthful wight,
Caroll his eaſy love-lay light.
Yet let not all my pleaſure lie
Confin'd to one Phœbeian joy;
But ever give my fingers wings,
Lightly to ſkim the trembling ſtrings,
And from ſome bower to tune the lay:
While liſt'ning birds crowd every ſpray,
Or hovering ſilent o'er my head,
Their quivering wings exulting ſpread;
Save but the turtles, they alone
With tender plaintive faithful moan,
Shall tell, to all the ſecret grove,
Their ſoft thick-warbled tale of love:
Sweet birds! your mingling bliſs purſuing,
Ever billing, ever cooing,
Ye! conſtant pair! I love to note
Your hoarſe ſtrain gurgling in your throat;
And ye unheard from ſidelong hills
The liquid lapſe of whiſpering rills,

I hiſt

I hiſt to hear: ſuch ſounds diffuſe
Sweet tranſports to the thoughtful muſe.
Thus ſummer ſees me briſk and light,
Till winter ſpreads her 'kerchief white;
Then to the city's ſocial walls
Where tolling clock to buſineſs calls.
There the weaver's ſhuttle ſpeeds
Nimbly thro' the fine-ſpun threads;
There the vocal anvil rings,
While the ſmith his hammer ſwings;
And every man and every boy,
Briſkly join in warm employ,
Thro' ſuch throng'd ſcenes full oft I'll range,
Oft crowd into the rich exchange:
Or to yon wharf; aſide the mote,
Where the anchor'd ſhips do float,
And others, haſtening into bay,
Swell their ſails in fair array:
Wafting to Albion's ſons the ſtore
That each Peruvian mine can pour;
Wafting to Albion's ſmiling dames
The ruby's glow, the diamond's flames,
Till all the Indies ruſh into the Thames.
Joys vaſt as theſe my fancy claims;
And joys like theſe if Peace inſpire,
Peace with thee, I ſtring the lyre.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

BY THE SAME.

TAKE, holy earth, all that my ſoul holds dear;
Take that beſt gift which heaven ſo lately gave:
To Briſtol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form; ſhe bow'd to taſte the wave[a],

And died. Does Youth, does Beauty read the line?
Does ſympathetic fear their breaſts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria, breathe a ſtrain divine,
Ev'n from the grave thou ſhalt have power to charm.

Bid them be chaſte, be innocent like thee;
Bid them in duty's ſphere as meekly move;
And if ſo fair, from vanity ſo free,
So firm in friendſhip, and ſo fond in love;

Tell them, tho' 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas ev'n to thee) yet the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlaſting portals high,
And bids the pure in heart behold their God.

[a] Mrs. Maſon died at Briſtol Wells, while drinking a glaſs of the waters.

ELEGY

ELEGY TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN [b] LEAVING THE UNIVERSITY.

MDCCLIII.

BY THE SAME.

E'ER yet, ingenuous youth, thy ſteps retire
From Cam's ſmooth margin, and the peaceful vale,
Where Science call'd thee to her ſtudious quire,
And met thee muſing in her cloyſters pale;
O! let thy friend (and may he boaſt the name)
Breathe from his artleſs reed one parting lay;
A lay like this thy early Virtues claim,
And this let voluntary Friendſhip pay.
Yet know, the time arrives, the dangerous time,
When all thoſe Virtues, opening now ſo fair,
Tranſplanted to the world's tempeſtuous clime,
Muſt learn each paſſion's boiſterous breath to bear.
There, if Ambition peſtilent and pale,
Or Luxury ſhould taint their vernal glow;
If cold Self-intereſt, with her chilling gale,
Should blaſt th' unfolding bloſſoms e'er they blow;

[b] Lord J—— G——.

If mimic hues, by Art, or Fashion spread,
  Their genuine, simple colouring should supply,
O! with them may these laureate honours fade;
  And with them (if it can) my friendship die.
Then do not blame, if, tho' thyself inspire,
  Cautious I strike the panegyric string;
The muse full oft pursues a meteor fire,
  And, vainly ventrous, soars on waxen wing.
Too actively awake at Friendship's voice,
  The poet's bosom pours the fervent strain,
Till sad Reflection blames the hasty choice,
  And oft invokes Oblivion's aid in vain.
Call we the shade of Pope, from that blest bower
  Where thron'd he sits with many a tuneful Sage;
Ask, if he ne'er bemoans that hapless hour
  When St. John's name [c] illumin'd Glory's page?
Ask, if the wretch, who dar'd his memory stain,
  Ask, if his country's, his religion's foe,
Deserv'd the meed that Marlbro' fail'd to gain,
  The deathless meed, he only could bestow?
The bard will tell thee, the misguided praise
  Clouds the celestial sunshine of his breast;
Ev'n now, repentant of his erring lays,
  He heaves a sigh amid the realms of rest.

[c] Alluding to this couplet of Mr. Pope's,

To Cato, Virgil paid one honest line,
O let my country's friends illumine mine.

If Pope thro' friendſhip fail'd, indignant view,
  Yet pity Dryden; hark, whene'er he ſings,
How Adulation drops her courtly dew
  On titled Rhymers, and inglorious Kings.
See, from the depths of his exhauſtleſs mine,
  His glittering ſtores the tuneful ſpendthrift throws;
Where Fear, or Intereſt bids, behold they ſhine;
  Now grace a Cromwell's, now a Charles's brows.
Born with too generous, or too mean a heart,
  Dryden! in vain to thee thoſe ſtores were lent:
Thy ſweeteſt numbers but a trifling art;
  Thy ſtrongeſt diction idly eloquent.
The ſimpleſt Lyre, if Truth directs its lays,
  Warbles a melody ne'er heard from thine:
Not to diſguſt with falſe, or venal praiſe,
  Was Parnell's modeſt fame, and may be mine.
Go then, my friend, nor let thy candid breaſt
  Condemn me, if I check the plauſive ſtring;
Go to the wayward world; complete the reſt;
  Be, what the pureſt muſe would wiſh to ſing.
Be ſtill thyſelf; that open path of truth,
  Which led thee here, let Manhood firm purſue;
Retain the ſweet ſimplicity of Youth,
  And all thy virtue dictates, dare to do.
Still ſcorn, with conſcious pride, the maſk of Art;
  On Vice's front let fearful Caution lour,
And teach the diffident, diſcreeter part
  Of knaves that plot, and fools that fawn for power.

So, round thy brow when age's honours ſpread,
  When Death's cold hand unſtrings thy Maſon's lyre,
When the green turf lies lightly on his head,
  Thy worth ſhall ſome ſuperior bard inſpire:
He, to the ampleſt bounds of time's domain,
  On rapture's plume ſhall give thy name to fly;
For truſt, with reverence truſt this Sabine ſtrain!
  "The muſe forbids the virtuous man to die."

ISIS. AN ELEGY.

MDCCXLVIII.

BY THE SAME.

FAR from her hallow'd grot, where mildly bright,
  The pointed cryſtals ſhot their trembling light,
From dripping moſs, where ſparkling dew-drops fell,
Where coral glow'd, where twin'd the wreathed ſhell,
Pale Iſis lay; a willow's lowly ſhade
Spread its thin foliage o'er the ſleeping maid;
Clos'd was her eye, and from her heaving breaſt
In careleſs folds looſe flow'd her zoneleſs veſt;
While down her neck her vagrant treſſes flow,
In all the awful negligence of woe;

Her

Her urn ſuſtain'd her arm, that ſculptur'd vaſe
Where Vulcan's art had laviſh'd all its grace;
Here, full with life, was heaven-taught Science ſeen,
Known by the laurel wreath, and muſing mien:
There cloud-crown'd Fame, here Peace ſedate and bland,
Swell'd the loud trump, and wav'd the olive wand;
While ſolemn domes, arch'd ſhades, and viſtas green,
At well-mark'd diſtance cloſe the ſacred ſcene.
On this the Goddeſs caſt an anxious look,
Then dropt a tender tear, and thus ſhe ſpoke:
Yes, I could once with pleas'd attention trace
The mimic charms of this prophetic vaſe;
Then lift my head, and with enraptur'd eyes
View on yon plain the real glories riſe.
Yes, Iſis! oft haſt thou rejoic'd to lead
Thy liquid treaſures o'er yon favourite mead;
Oft haſt thou ſtopt thy pearly car to gaze,
While every Science nurs'd its growing bays;
While every Youth with fame's ſtrong impulſe fir'd,
Preſt to the goal, and at the goal untir'd,
Snatch'd each celeſtial wreath, to bind his brow,
The Muſes, Graces, Virtues could beſtow.
Ev'n now fond Fancy leads th' ideal train,
And ranks her troops on Memory's ample plain;
See! the firm leaders of my patriot line,
See! Sidney, Raleigh, Hampden, Somers ſhine.
See Hough, ſuperior to a tyrant's doom,
Smile at the menace of the ſlave of Rome:
Each ſoul whom truth could fire, or virtue move,
Each breaſt, ſtrong panting with its country's love,

All

All that to Albion gave the heart or head,
That wiſely counſell'd, or that bravely bled,
All, all appear; on me they grateful ſmile,
The well-earn'd prize of every virtuous toil
To me with filial reverence they bring,
And hang freſh trophies o'er my honour'd ſpring.
Ah! I remember well yon beachen ſpray,
There Addiſon firſt tun'd his poliſh'd lay;
'Twas there great Cato's form firſt met his eye,
In all the pomp of free-born majeſty;
" My ſon, he cry'd, obſerve this mien with awe,
" In ſolemn lines the ſtrong reſemblance draw;
" The piercing notes ſhall ſtrike each Britiſh ear;
" Each Britiſh eye ſhall drop the patriot tear!
" And rous'd to glory by the nervous ſtrain,
" Each youth ſhall ſpurn at Slavery's abject reign,
" Shall guard with Cato's zeal Britannia's laws,
" And ſpeak, and act, and bleed in Freedom's cauſe."
The hero ſpoke; the bard aſſenting bow'd,
The lay to Liberty and Cato flow'd;
While Echo, as ſhe rov'd the vale along,
Join'd the ſtrong cadence of his Roman ſong.
But ah! how Stillneſs ſlept upon the ground,
How mute Attention check'd each riſing ſound;
Scarce ſtole a breeze to wave the leafy ſpray,
Scarce thrill'd ſweet Philomel her ſofteſt lay,
When Locke walk'd muſing forth; ev'n now I view
Majeſtic Wiſdom thron'd upon his brow,
View Candor ſmile upon his modeſt cheek,
And from his eye all Judgment's radiance break.

'Twas

'Twas here the Sage his manly zeal expreſt,
Here ſtript vain Falſhood of her gaudy veſt;
Here Truth's collected beams firſt fill'd his mind,
Ere long to burſt in bleſſings on mankind;
Ere long to ſhew to Reaſon's purged eye,
That "Nature's firſt beſt gift was Liberty."
Proud of this wond'rous ſon, ſublime I ſtood,
(While louder ſurges ſwell'd my rapid flood)
Then vain as Niobe, exulting cry'd,
Iliſſus! roll thy fam'd Athenian tide;
Tho' Plato's ſteps oft mark'd thy neighb'ring glade,
Tho' fair Lycæum lent its awful ſhade,
Tho' every academic green impreſt
Its image full on thy reflecting breaſt,
Yet my pure ſtream ſhall boaſt as proud a name,
And Britain's Iſis flow with Attic fame.
Alas! how chang'd! where now that Attic boaſt!
See! Gothic Licence rage o'er all my coaſt!
See! Hydra Faction ſpread its impious reign,
Poiſon each breaſt, and madden every brain:
Hence frontleſs crowds, that not content to fright
The bluſhing Cynthia from her throne of night,
Blaſt the fair face of day; and madly bold,
To Freedom's foes infernal orgies hold;
To Freedom's foes, ah! ſee the goblet crown'd,
Hear plauſive ſhouts to Freedom's foes reſound;
The horrid notes my refluent waters daunt,
The Echoes groan, the Dryads quit their haunt;
Learning, that once to all diffus'd her beam,
Now ſheds, by ſtealth, a partial private gleam,

In

In ſome lone cloiſter's melancholy ſhade,
Where a firm few ſupport her ſickly head,
Deſpis'd, inſulted by the barbarous train,
Who ſcour like Thracia's moon-ſtruck rout the plain,
Sworn foes like them to all the Muſe approves,
All Phœbus favours, or Minerva loves.
  Are theſe the ſons my foſtering breaſt muſt rear,
Grac'd with my name, and nurtur'd by my care?
Muſt theſe go forth from my maternal hand
To deal their inſults thro' a peaceful land,
And boaſt while Freedom bleeds, and Virtue groans,
That "Iſis taught rebellion to her ſons."
Forbid it, Heaven! and let my riſing waves
Indignant ſwell, and whelm the recreant ſlaves!
In England's cauſe their patriot floods employ,
As Xanthus delug'd in the cauſe of Troy.
Is this deny'd? then point ſome ſecret way
Where far, far hence theſe guiltleſs ſtreams may ſtray;
Some unknown channel lend, where Nature ſpreads
Inglorious vales, and unfrequented meads,
There, where a hind ſcarce tunes his ruſtic ſtrain,
Where ſcarce a pilgrim treads the pathleſs plain,
Content I'll flow; forget that e'er my tide
Saw yon majeſtic ſtructures crown its ſide;
Forget, that e'er my rapt attention hung
Or on the Sage's or the Poet's tongue;
Calm and reſign'd my humbler lot embrace,
And pleas'd, prefer Oblivion to Diſgrace.

THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS.

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING POEM.

BY DR. THOMAS WARTON.

ON closing flowers when genial gales diffuse
The fragrant tribute of refreshing dews;
When chaunts the milk-maid at her balmy pail,
And weary reapers whistle o'er the vale;
Charm'd by the murmurs of the quivering shade,
O'er Isis' willow-fringed banks I stray'd:
And calmly musing thro' the twilight way,
In pensive mood I fram'd the Doric lay.
When lo! from opening clouds, a golden gleam
Pour'd sudden splendors o'er the shadowy stream;
And from the wave arose its guardian queen,
Known by her sweeping stole of glossy green;
While in the coral crown that bound her brow,
Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.
As the smooth surface of the dimply flood,
The silver-slipper'd Isis lightly trod,
From her loose hair the dropping dew she press'd,
And thus mine ear in accents mild address'd.

No

No more, my ſon, the rural reed employ,
Nor trill the trifling ſtrain of empty joy;
No more thy love-reſounding ſonnets ſuit
To notes of paſtoral pipe or oaten flute.
For hark! high-thron'd on yon majeſtic walls,
To the dear Muſe afflicted Freedom calls:
When Freedom calls, and Oxford bids thee ſing,
Why ſtays thy hand to ſtrike the ſounding ſtring?
While thus, in Freedom's and in Phœbus' ſpite,
The venal ſons of ſlaviſh Cam, unite;
To ſhake yon towers, when Malice rears her creſt,
Shall all my ſons in ſilence idly reſt?
Still ſing, O Cam, your favourite Freedom's cauſe;
Still boaſt of Freedom, while you break her laws:
To power your ſongs of gratulation pay,
To courts addreſs ſoft Flattery's ſoothing lay.
What tho' your gentle Maſon's plaintive verſe
Has hung with ſweeteſt wreaths Muſæus' hearſe;
What tho' your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,
Soft as my ſtream, in tuneful numbers flow?
Yet ſtrove his Muſe, by Fame or Envy led,
To tear the laurels from a ſiſter's head?—
Miſguided youth! with rude unclaſſic rage
To blot the beauties of thy whiter page;
A rage that ſullies ev'n thy guiltleſs lays,
And blaſts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.
Let Granta boaſt the patrons of her name,
Each pompous fool of Fortune and of Fame:
Still of preferment let her ſhine the queen,
Prolific parent of each bowing dean:

Be

Be hers each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,
Each courtly chaplain ſanctiſy'd and ſleek;
Still let the drones of her exhauſtleſs hive
On fat pluralities ſupinely thrive:
Still let her ſenates titled ſlaves revere,
Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer;
For tinſel'd courts their laurel'd mount deſpiſe,
In ſtars and ſtrings ſuperlatively wiſe:
No longer charm'd by Virtue's golden lyre,
Who ſung of old amid th'Aonian choir,
Where Cam, ſlow winding thro' the breezy reeds,
With kindly wave his groves of laurel feeds.
'Tis ours, my ſon, to deal the ſacred bay,
Where Honour calls, and Juſtice points the way;
To wear the well-earn'd wreath which Merit brings,
And ſnatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.
Scorning, and ſcorn'd by courts, yon Muſes' bower
Still nor enjoys, nor aſks the ſmile of power.
Tho' wakeful Vengeance watch my cryſtal ſpring,
Tho' Perſecution wave her iron wing,
And o'er yon ſpiry temples as ſhe flies,
"Theſe deſtin'd ſeats be mine," exulting cries;
On Iſis ſtill each gift of Fortune waits,
Still Peace and Plenty deck my beauteous gates.
See Science walks with freſheſt chaplets crown'd;
With ſongs of joy my feſtal groves reſound;
My Muſe divine ſtill keeps her wonted ſtate,
The front erect, and high majeſtic gait:
Green as of old, each oliv'd portal ſmiles,
And ſtill the Graces build my Parian piles:

My Gothic ſpires in ancient grandeur riſe,
And dare with wonted pride to ruſh into the ſkies.
Ah! ſhould'ſt thou fall (forbid it heavenly powers!)
Daſh'd into duſt with all thy cloud-capt towers;
Who but would mourn to Britiſh virtue dear,
What patriot could refuſe the manly tear!
What Britiſh Marius could refrain to weep
O'er mighty Carthage fall'n, a proſtrate heap!
Ev'n late when Radcliffe's delegated train
Auſpicious ſhone in Iſis' happy plain;
When yon proud [d] dome, fair Learning's ampleſt ſhrine,
Beneath its Attic roofs receiv'd the nine;
Mute was the voice of joy and loud applauſe,
To Radcliffe due, and Iſis' honour'd cauſe?
What free-born crowds adorn the feſtive day,
Nor bluſh'd to wear my tributary bay!
How each brave breaſt with honeſt ardors heav'd,
When Sheldon's fane the patriot band receiv'd;
While, as we loudly hail'd the choſen few,
Rome's awful ſenate ruſh'd upon our view!
O may the day in lateſt annals ſhine,
That made a Beaufort, and an Harley mine:
Then bade them leave the loftier ſcene awhile,
The pomp of guiltleſs ſtate, the patriot toil,
For bleeding Albion's aid the ſage deſign,
To hold ſhort dalliance with the tuneful nine.
Then Muſic left her golden ſphere on high,
And bore each ſtrain of triumph from the ſky:

[d] Radcliffe's library.

Swell'd

Swell'd the full ſong, and to my chiefs around
Pour'd the full Pæans of mellifluous ſound,
My Naiads blythe the floating accents caught,
And liſtening danc'd beneath their pearly grot:
In gentler eddies play'd my wanton wave,
And all my reeds their ſofteſt whiſpers gave;
Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bowers,
And breath'd a freſher fragrance on my flowers.
But lo! at once the ſwelling concerts ceaſe,
And crowded theatres are huſh'd in peace,
See, on yon Sage how all attentive ſtand,
To catch his darting eye, and waving hand.
Hark! he begins, with all a Tully's art
To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart.
Skill'd to pronounce what nobleſt thoughts inſpire,
He blends the ſpeaker's with the patriot's fire;
Bold to conceive, nor timorous to conceal,
What Britons dare to think, he dares to tell.
'Tis his alike the ear and eye to charm,
To win with action, and with ſenſe to warm;
Untaught in flowery diction to diſpenſe
The lulling ſounds of ſweet impertinence;
In frowns or ſmiles he gains an equal prize,
Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to riſe;
Bids happier days to Albion be reſtor'd,
Bids ancient Juſtice rear her radiant ſword;
From me, as from my country, wins applauſe,
And makes an Oxford's a Britannia's cauſe.
While arms like theſe my ſtedfaſt ſages wield,
While mine is Truth's impenetrable ſhield;

Say, ſhall the puny champion fondly dare
To wage with force like this, ſcholaſtic war?
Still vainly ſcribble on with pert pretence,
With all the rage of pedant impotence?
Say, ſhall I ſuffer this domeſtic peſt,
This parricide that wounds a mother's breaſt?
Thus in the ſtately ſhip that long has bore
Britain's victorious croſs from ſhore to ſhore,
By chance, beneath her cloſe ſequeſter'd cells,
Some low-born worm, a lurking miſchief dwells;
Eats his blind way, and ſaps with ſecret toil
The deep foundations of the watry pile.
In vain the foreſt lent its ſtatlieſt pride,
Rear'd her tall maſt, and fram'd her knotty ſide;
In vain the thunder's martial rage ſhe ſtood,
With each fierce conflict of the ſtormy flood;
More ſure the reptile's little arts devour,
Than waves, or wars, or Eurus' wintry power.
Ye venerable bowers, ye ſeats ſublime,
Clad in the moſſy veſt of fleeting time;
Ye ſtately piles of old munificence,
At once the pride of learning and defence,
Where ancient Piety, a matron hoar,
Still ſeems to keep the hoſpitable door;
Ye cloiſters pale, that length'ning to the ſight,
Still ſtep by ſtep to muſings mild invite;
Ye high arch'd walks, where oft the bard has caught
The glowing ſentiment, the lofty thought;
Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praiſe;

Lo!

Lo! your lov'd Isis, from the bordering vale,
With all a mother's fondness bids you hail!—
Hail, Oxford, hail! of all that's good and great,
Of all that's fair, the guardian and the seat;
Nurse of each brave pursuit, each generous aim,
By Truth exalted to the throne of Fame!
Like Greece in science and in liberty,
As Athens learn'd, as Lacedæmon free!
  Ev'n now, confess'd to my adoring eyes,
In awful ranks thy sacred sons arise;
With every various flower their temples wreath'd,
That in thy gardens green its fragrance breath'd.
Tuning to knightly tale his British reeds,
Thy crowding bards immortal Chaucer leads:
His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing choir,
And beams on all around celestial fire:
With graceful step see Addison advance,
The sweetest child of Attic elegance:
To all, but his belov'd embrace, deny'd,
See Locke leads Reason, his majestic bride:
See sacred Hammond, as he treads the field,
With godlike arm uprears his heavenly shield.
  All who, beneath the shades of gentle Peace,
Best plann'd the labours of domestic ease;
Who taught with truth, or with persuasion mov'd;
Who sooth'd with numbers, or with sense improv'd;
Who told the powers of reason, or refin'd,
All, all that strengthen'd or adorn'd the mind;
Each priest of Health, who mix'd the balmy bowl,
To rear frail man, and stay the fleeting soul;

All crowd around, and echoing to the ſky,
Hail, Oxford, hail! with filial tranſport cry.
And ſee yon ſolemn band! with virtuous aim,
'Twas theirs in thought the glorious deed to frame:
With pious plans each muſing feature glows,
And well-weigh'd counſels mark their meaning brows:
"Lo! theſe the leaders of thy patriot line,"
Hamden and Hooker, Hyde and Sidney ſhine.
Theſe from thy ſource the fires of Freedom caught:
How well thy ſons by their example taught!
While in each breaſt th' hereditary flame
Still blazes, unextinguiſh'd and the ſame!
Nor all the toils of thoughtful Peace engage,
'Tis thine to form the hero as the ſage.
I ſee the ſable-ſuited prince advance
With lillies crown'd, the ſpoils of bleeding France,
Edward—the Muſes in yon hallow'd ſhade
Bound on his tender thigh the martial blade:
Bade him the ſteel for Britiſh Freedom draw,
And Oxford taught the deeds that Creſſy ſaw.
And ſee, great father of the laureat band,
The [e] Britiſh King before me ſeems to ſtand.
He by my plenty-crowned ſcenes beguil'd,
And genial influence of my ſeaſons mild,
Hither of yore (forlorn, forgotten maid)
The Muſe in prattling infancy convey'd;
From Gothic rage the helpleſs virgin bore,
And fix'd her cradle on my friendly ſhore:

[e] Alfred. Regis Romani. V. Virg. Æn. 6.

Soon

Soon grew the maid beneath his foſtering hand,
Soon pour'd her bleſſings o'er th' enlighten'd land.
Tho' rude the [f] dome, and humble the retreat,
Where firſt his pious care ordain'd her ſeat,
Lo! now on high ſhe dwells in Attic bowers,
And proudly lifts to heaven her hundred towers.
He firſt fair Learning's and Britannia's cauſe
Adorn'd with manners, and advanc'd with laws:
He bade relent the Briton's ſavage heart,
And form'd his ſoul to ſocial ſcenes of art,
Wiſeſt and beſt of kings!—with raviſh'd gaze
Elate the long proceſſion he ſurveys:
Joyful he ſmiles to find, that not in vain
He plann'd the rudiments of Learning's reign:
Himſelf he marks in each ingenuous breaſt,
With all the founder in the race expreſt:
With rapture views, fair Freedom ſtill ſurvive
In yon bright domes (ill-fated fugitive)
(Such ſeen, as when the goddeſs pour'd the beam
Unſullied on his ancient diadem)
Well-pleas'd that in his own Pierian ſeat
She plumes her wings, and reſts her weary feet;
That here at laſt ſhe takes her favourite ſtand,
" Here deigns to linger, ere ſhe leave the land."

f ——————— Ad Capitolia ducit
Aurea nunc, olim ſylveſtribus horrida dumis. VIRG. ÆN.

read June 10 1813
much merit

NEWMARKET. A SATIRE.

BY THE SAME.

HIS country's hope, when now the blooming heir
Has left the parent's, or the guardian's care;
Fond to poſſeſs, yet eager to deſtroy,
Of each vain youth, ſay, what's the darling joy?
Of each fond frolic what the ſource and end,
His ſole and firſt ambition what?—to ſpend.
Some 'ſquires, to Gallia's cooks moſt dainty dupes,
Melt manors in ragouts, or drown in ſoups:
This coxcomb doats on fidlers, till he ſees
His mortgag'd mountains deſtitute of trees;
Convinc'd too late, that modern ſtrains can move,
With mightier force than thoſe of Greece, the grove.
In headleſs ſtatues rich, and uſeleſs urns,
Marmoreo from the claſſic tour returns;
So poor the wretch of current coin, you'd laugh—
He cares not—if his § Cæſars be but ſafe.
Some tread the ſlippery paths of love's delights,
Theſe deal the cards, or ſhake the box at White's.
To different pleaſures different taſtes incline,
Nor the ſame ſea receives the ruſhing ſwine.

§ Antique medals.

To

Tho' drunk alike with Circe's poiſonous bowl,
In ſeparate ſties the mimic monſters roll.
  But would ye learn, ye leiſure-loving 'ſquires,
How beſt you may diſgrace your prudent ſires;
How ſooneſt ſoar to faſhionable ſhame,
Be damn'd at once to ruin—and to fame;
By hands of grooms ambitious to be crown'd,
O greatly dare to tread Olympic ground!
Where ſam'd Newmarket ſpreads her tempting plain,
There let the choſen ſteed victorious ſtrain;
Where not [h] (as erſt was ſung in manly lays)
Men fly to different ends thro' different ways;
Thro' the ſame path, to the ſame goal ye run,
And are, at once, undoing and undone,
Forfeit, forget friends, honour, and eſtate,
Loſe all at once—for what?—to win the plate:
All are betray'd, and all alike betray,
To your own beaſts, Actæon-like, a prey.
  What dreams of conqueſt fluſh'd Hilario's breaſt,
When the good knight at laſt retir'd to reſt!
Behold the youth with new-felt rapture mark
Each pleaſing proſpect of the ſpacious Park,
That Park, where beauties undiſguis'd engage,
Thoſe beauties leſs the work of art than age;

h Alluding to thoſe well known lines of Sir John Denham, in Cooper's Hill, on London.

"—— Thro' ſeveral ways they run,
"Some to undo, and ſome to be undone."

In ſimple ſtate, where genuine Nature wears
Her venerable dreſs of ancient years;
Where all the charms of Chance with order meet,
The rude, the gay, the graceful, and the great.
Here aged oaks uprear their branches hoar,
And form dark groves, which Druids might adore;
Pride and ſupport of Britain's conquering croſs,
Which diſtant anceſtors ſaw crown'd with moſs:
With meeting boughs, and deepening to the view,
Here ſhoots the broad umbrageous avenue:
Here various trees compoſe a chequer'd ſcene,
Glowing in gay diverſities of green:
There the full ſtream, thro' intermingling glades,
Shines a broad lake, or falls in deep caſcades.
Nor wants there hazle copſe, or beechen lawn,
To cheer with ſun or ſhade the bounding fawn.
And ſee the good old ſeat, whoſe Gothic towers
Awful emerge from yonder tufted bowers;
Whoſe rafter'd hall the crowding tenants fed,
And dealt to Age and Want their daily bread:
Where garter'd knights, with peerleſs beauties join'd,
At high and ſolemn feſtivals have din'd;
Preſenting oft fair Virtue's ſhining taſk,
In myſtic pageantries, and moral [i] maſque.

i It was a faſhionable practice among our ancient nobility and gentry, of both ſexes, to perform perſonally in entertainments of this kind. Nothing could be a more delightful or rational method of ſpending an evening than this. Milton's Comus was thus exhibited at Ludlow-Caſtle, in the year 1631. See Ben Johnſon's Maſques.

But

But vain all ancient praiſe, or boaſts of birth,
Vain all the palms of old heroic worth!
At once a bankrupt, and a proſperous heir,
Hilario bets—Park, houſe, diſſolve in air.
With antique armour hung, high trophied rooms
Deſcend to gameſters, proſtitutes, and grooms.
He ſees his ſteel-clad ſires, and mothers mild,
Who bravely ſhook the lance, or ſweetly ſmil'd,
All the fair ſeries of the whiſker'd race,
Whoſe pictur'd forms the ſtately gallery grace,
Debas'd, abus'd, the price of ill-got gold,
To deck ſome tavern vile, at auctions ſold.
The pariſh wonders at th' unopening door,
The chimnies blaze, the tables groan no more.
Thick weeds around th' untrodden courts ariſe,
And all the ſocial ſcene in ſilence lies.
Himſelf, the loſs politely to repair,
Turns atheiſt, fidler, highwayman, or player.
At length, the ſcorn, the ſhame of Man and God,
Is doom'd to rub the ſteeds that once he rode.
Ye rival youths, your golden hopes how vain,
Your dreams of thouſands on the liſted plain!
Not more fantaſtic [k] Sancho's airy courſe,
When madly mounted on the magic horſe,
He pierc'd heaven's opening ſpheres with dazzled eyes,
And ſeem'd to ſoar in viſionary ſkies.
Nor leſs, I ween, precarious is the meed
Of young adventurers on the Muſe's ſteed;

[k] Clavileno. See Don Quixote.

For

For poets have, like you, their deſtin'd round,
And ours is but a race on claſſic ground.
  Long time, ſoft ſon of patrimonial eaſe,
Hippolitus had eat ſirloins in peace:
Had quaff'd ſecure, unvex'd by toils or wife,
The mild October of a rural life:
Long liv'd with calm domeſtic conqueſts crown'd,
And kill'd his game on ſafe paternal ground.
As bland he puff'd the pipe o'er weekly news,
His boſom kindles with ſublimer views.
Lo there, thy triumphs, Taaff, thy palms, Portmore,
Tempt him to rein the ſteed, and ſtake his ſtore.
Like a new bruiſer on Broughtonic ſand,
Amid the liſts our hero takes his ſtand;
Suck'd by the ſharper, to the peer a prey,
He rolls his eyes that witneſs huge diſmay;
When lo! the chance of one unlucky heat
Strips him of game, ſtrong beer, and ſweet retreat.
How aukward now he bears diſgrace and dirt,
Nor knows the poor's laſt refuge, to be pert.—
The ſhiftleſs beggar bears of ills the worſt,
At once with dullneſs, and with hunger curſt.
And feels the taſteleſs breaſt equeſtrian fires?
And dwells ſuch mighty rage in graver 'ſquires?
  In all attempts, but for their country, bold,
Britain, thy conſcript counſellors behold;
(For ſome, perhaps, by fortune favour'd yet,
May gain a borough by a lucky bet)
Smit with the love of the laconic boot,
The cap and wig ſuccinct, the ſilken ſuit,

Mere

Mere modern Phaetons usurp the reins,
And scour in rival race Newmarket's plains.
See side by side, the Jockey and Sir John,
Discuss th' important point—of six to one.
For O, my Muse, the deep-felt bliss how dear,
How great the pride to gain a Jockey's ear!
  See, like a routed host, with headlong pace,
Thy Members pour amid the mingling race!
All ask, what crowds the tumults could produce—
" Is Bedlam or the commons all broke loose?
Such noise and nonsense, betting, damning, sinking,
Such emphasis of oaths, and claret drinking!
Like school-boys freed, they run as chance directs,
Proud from a well-bred thing to risque their necks.
The warrior's scar not half so graceful seems,
As, at Newmarket, dislocated limbs.
  Thy sages hear, amid th' admiring crowd
Adjudge the stakes, most eloquently loud:
With critic skill, o'er dubious bets preside,
The low dispute, or kindle, or decide:
All empty wisdom, and judicious prate,
Of distanc'd horses, gravely fix the fate,
Guide the nice conduct of a daring match,
And o'er th' equestrian rights, with care paternal watch.
  Mean time, no more the mimic patriots rise,
To guard Britannia's honour, warm and wise:
No more in senates dare assert her laws,
Nor pour the bold debate in Freedom's cause:

Neglect the counſels of a ſinking land,
And know no roſtrum, but Newmarket's [l] ſtand.
  Are theſe the ſage directive powers deſign'd,
With the nice ſearch of a ſagacious mind,
In judgment's ſcales the fate of realms to weigh,
Britannia's intereſt, trade, and laws ſurvey?
O ſay, when leaſt their ſapient ſchemes are croſt,
Or when a nation, or a match is loſt?
Who dams and ſires with more exactneſs trace,
Than of their country's kings the ſacred race:
Think London journies are the worſt of ills,
And ſet their hands to articles for bills:
Strangers to all hiſtorians ſage relate,
Theirs are the memoirs of th' equeſtrian ſtate:
Unſkill'd in Albion's paſt and preſent views,
Who [m] Cheny's records for Rapin peruſe.
  Go on, brave youths, till, in ſome future age,
Whips ſhall become the ſenatorial badge;
Till England ſee her thronging ſenators
Meet all at Weſtminſter, in boots and ſpurs;
See the whole houſe, with mutual frenzy mad,
Her patriots all in leathern breeches clad;
Of bets, for taxes, learnedly debate,
And guide, with equal reins, a ſteed and ſtate.

[l] A kind of ſcaffold, where is held a conſiſtory, made up of ſeveral very eminent gentlemen for determining doubtful caſes in the race, &c. This place might not improperly be called a Pandæmonium.

[m] The accurate and annual author of an hiſtorical liſt of the running-horſes, &c.

How

How would a virtuous [n] Houhnhym neigh disdain,
To see his brethren brook th' imperious rein;
Bear slavery's wanton whip, or galling goad,
Smoak thro' the glebe, or trace the destin'd road,
And robb'd of manhood by the murderous knife,
Sustain each sordid toil of servile life.
Yet O, what rage would touch his generous mind,
To see his sons of more than mortal kind;
A kind, with each ingenuous virtue blest,
That fills the prudent head, or valorous breast,
Afford diversion to that monster base,
That meanest spawn of man's half-monkey race;
In whom pride, avarice, ignorance conspire,
That hated animal, a Yahoo-'squire.
How are th' adventurers of the British race
Chang'd from the chosen chiefs of ancient days;
Who, warm'd with genuine glory's honest thirst,
Divinely labour'd in the Pythian dust.
Theirs was the wreath that lifted from the throng,
Theirs was the Theban bard's recording song.
Mean time, to manly emulation blind,
Slaves to each vulgar vice that stains the mind,
Our British Therons issue to the race,
Of their own generous coursers the disgrace.
What tho' the grooms of Greece ne'er took the odds,
They won no bets——but then they soar'd to gods;

[n] Vide Gulliver's travels, voyage to the Houhnhyms.

And

And more an Hiero's palm, a Pindar's ode;
Than all th' united plates of George beſtow'd.
Greece! how I kindle at thy magic name,
Feel all thy warmth, and catch the kindred flame:
Thy ſolemn ſcenes, and awful viſions riſe;
In ancient grace, before my muſing eyes:
Here Sparta's ſons in mute attention hang,
While ſage Lycurgus pours the mild harangue;
There Xerxes' hoſt, all pale with deadly fear,
Shrink at her ° fated hero's flaſhing ſpear.
Here, hung with many a lyre of ſilver ſtring,
The laureat walks of ſweet Iliſſus ſpring:
And lo! where, rapt in beauty's heavenly dream,
Hoar Plato walks his oliv'd Academe.—
Yet ah! no more the ſeat of art and arms
Delights with wiſdom, or with virtue warms.
Lo! the ſtern Turk, with more than Gothic rage,
Has blaſted all the bays of ancient age;
No more her groves by ſacred feet are trod,
Each Attic Grace has left the lov'd abode.
Fall'n is fair Greece! by Luxury's pleaſing bane
Seduc'd, ſhe drags a barbarous foreign chain.
Britannia, watch! O trim thy withering bays,
Remember thou haſt rivall'd Græcia's praiſe,
Great Nurſe of works divine! yet oh! beware
Leſt thou the fate of Greece, my Country, ſhare.

° Leonidas.

Recall

Recall thy wonted worth with conſcious pride,
Thou too haſt ſeen a Solon in a Hyde;
Haſt bade thine Edwards and thine Henry's rear,
With Spartan fortitude, the Britiſh ſpear;
Alike haſt ſeen thy ſons deſerve the meed,
Or of the moral, or the martial deed.

***

On patriot plans which ancient Freedom drew,
Awhile with ſond attention deign to view
This ample wreath, which all th'aſſembled Nine
With ſkill united have conſpir'd to twine.
Yes, guide and guardian of thy country's cauſe!
Thy conſcious heart ſhall hail with juſt applauſe
The duteous Muſe, whoſe haſte officious brings
Her blameleſs offering to the ſhrine of kings:
Thy tongue well tutor'd in hiſtoric lore,
Can ſpeak her office and her uſe of yore:
For ſuch the tribute of ingenuous praiſe
Her harp diſpenſed in Græcia's golden days;
Such were the palms, in iſles of old renown,
She cull'd to deck the guiltleſs monarch's crown;
When virtuous Pindar, told with Tuſcan gore
How ſcepter'd Hiero ſtain'd Sicilia's ſhore,
Or to mild Theron's raptur'd eye diſclos'd
Bright vales where ſpirits of the brave repos'd:
Yet ſtill beneath the throne, unbrib'd ſhe ſate,
The decent hand-maid, not the ſlave of ſtate;
Pleas'd in the radiance of the regal name
To blend the luſtre of her country's fame:
For, taught like ours, ſhe dar'd with prudent pride,
Obedience from dependance to divide:
Tho' princes claim'd her tributary lays,
With truth ſevere ſhe temper'd partial praiſe;
Conſcious ſhe kept her native dignity,
Bold as her flights, and as her numbers free.
And ſure if e'er the Muſe indulg'd her ſtrains,
With juſt regard, to grace heroic reigns,

Where

Where could her glance a theme of triumph own
So dear to fame as George's trophied throne?
At whose firm base, thy stedfast soul aspires
To wake a mighty nation's ancient fires:
Aspires to baffle faction's specious claim,
Rouse England's rage, and give her thunder aim:
Once more the main her conquering banners sweep,
Again her commerce darkens all the deep.
Thy fix'd resolve renews each fair decree,
That made, that kept of yore, thy country free.
Call'd by thy voice, nor deaf to war's alarms,
Its willing youth the rural empire arms:
Again the lords of Albion's cultur'd plains
March the firm leaders of their faithful swains;
As erst stout archers from the farm or fold,
Flam'd in the van of many a baron bold.
Nor thine the pomp of indolent debate,
The war of words, the sophistries of state;
Nor frigid caution checks thy free design,
Nor stops thy stream of eloquence divine:
For thine the privilege, on few bestow'd,
To feel, to think, to speak for public good.
In vain Corruption calls her venal tribes;
One common cause, one common end prescribes;
Nor fear nor fraud, or spares or screens the foe,
But spirit prompts, and valour strikes the blow.
O Pitt, while honour points thy liberal plan,
And o'er the minister exalts the man,
Isis congenial greets thy faithful sway,
Nor scorns to bid a statesman grace her lay;

For ſcience ſtill is juſtly fond to blend,
With thine, her practice, principles, and end.
'Tis not for her, by falſe connections drawn,
At ſplendid Slavery's ſordid ſhrine to fawn;
Each native effort of the feeling breaſt
To friends, to foes, in ſervile fear, ſuppreſt:
'Tis not for her to purchaſe or purſue
The phantom favours of the cringing crew;
More uſeful toils her ſtudious hours engage,
And fairer leſſons fill her ſpotleſs page:
Beneath ambition, but above diſgrace,
With nobler arts ſhe forms the riſing race:
With happier taſks, and leſs refin'd pretence,
In elder times ſhe woo'd Munificence
To rear her arched roofs in regal guiſe,
And lift her temples nearer to the ſkies;
Princes and prelates ſtretch'd the ſocial band,
To form, diffuſe, and fix her high command:
From kings ſhe claim'd, yet ſcorn'd to ſeek the prize,
From kings, like George, benignant, juſt, and wiſe.
Lo, this her genuine lore.——Nor thou refuſe
This humble preſent of no partial muſe
From that calm bower, which nurs'd thy thoughtful youth
In the pure precepts of Athenian truth:
Where firſt the form of Britiſh Liberty
Beam'd in full radiance on thy muſing eye:
That form, whoſe mien ſublime, with equal awe,
In the ſame ſhade unblemiſh'd Somers ſaw:
Where once (for well ſhe lov'd the friendly grove
Which every claſſic Grace had learn'd to rove)

Her

Her whiſpers wak'd ſage Harrington to feign
The bleſſings of her viſionary reign;
That reign, which now no more an empty theme,
Adorns philoſophy's ideal dream,
But crowns at laſt, beneath a George's ſmile,
In full reality this favour'd iſle.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF KING GEORGE THE THIRD AND QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

BY THE SAME.

TO THE QUEEN.

WHEN firſt the kingdom to thy virtues due
Roſe from the billowy deep in diſtant view;
When Albion's iſles, old ocean's peerleſs pride,
Tower'd in imperial ſtate above the tide;
What bright ideas of the new domain
Form'd the fair proſpect of thy promis'd reign!
And well with conſcious joy thy breaſt might beat,
That Albion was ordain'd thy regal ſeat:
Lo! this the land where Freedom's ſacred rage
Has glow'd untam'd, thro' many a martial age.

Here patriot Alfred, ſtain'd with Daniſh blood,
Rear'd on one baſe the king's, the people's good:
Here Henry's archers fram'd the ſtubborn bow
That laid Alanzon's haughty helmet low;
Here wak'd the flame that ſtill ſuperior braves
The proudeſt threats of Gaul's ambitious ſlaves:
Here chivalry, ſtern ſchool of valour old,
Her nobleſt feats of knightly fame enroll'd;
Heroic champions heard the clarion's call,
And throng'd the board in Edward's banner'd hall;
While chiefs, like George, approv'd in worth alone,
Unlock'd chaſte beauty's adamantine zone.
Lo! the fam'd iſle, which hails thy choſen ſway,
What fertile fields her temperate ſuns diſplay;
Where Property ſecures the conſcious ſwain,
And guards, while Plenty gives, the golden grain:
Hence ripe with ſtores her villages abound,
Her airy downs with ſcatter'd ſheep reſound;
Freſh are her paſtures with unceaſing rills,
And future navies crown her darkſome hills.
To bear her formidable glory far,
Behold her opulence of hoarded war!
See, from her ports a thouſand banners ſtream,
On every coaſt her vengeful lightnings gleam!
Meantime, remote from Ruin's armed hand,
In peaceful majeſty her cities ſtand;
Whoſe ſplendid domes, and tradeful ſtreets declare,
Their firmeſt fort, a king's parental care.

And

And O! bleſt queen, if e'er the magic powers
Of warbled truth have won thy muſing hours;
Here Poeſy, from awful days of yore,
Has pour'd her genuine gifts of raptur'd lore.
'Mid oaken bowers, with holy verdure wreath'd,
In Druid-ſongs her ſolemn ſpirit breath'd:
While cunning bards, at ancient banquets, ſung
Of Paynim foes defy'd, and trophies hung:
Here Spenſer tun'd his myſtic minſtrelſy,
And dreſs'd in fairy robes a queen like thee.
Here, boldly mark'd with every living hue,
Nature's unbounded portrait Shakeſpear drew:
But chief, the mournful group of human woes
The daring artiſt's tragic pencil choſe;
Explor'd the pangs that rend the royal breaſt,
Thoſe wounds that lurk beneath the tiſſu'd veſt!
Lo! this the land, whence Milton's muſe of fire
High ſoar'd to ſteal from heaven a ſeraph's lyre;
And told the golden ties of wedded love
In ſacred Eden's amaranthine grove.
Thine too, majeſtic bride! the favour'd clime,
Where Science ſits enſhrin'd in roofs ſublime——
O mark how green her wood of ancient bays
O'er Iſis marge in many a chaplet ſtrays!
Thither, if haply ſome diſtinguiſh'd flower
Of theſe mix'd blooms, from that ambroſial bower,
Might catch thy glance, and, rich in Nature's hue,
Entwine thy diadem with honour due;

If ſeemly gifts the train of Phœbus pay,
To deck imperial Hymen's feſtive day;
Thither thyſelf ſhall haſte, and mildly deign
To tread with nymph-like ſtep the conſcious plain:
Pleas'd in the Muſe's nook, with decent pride,
To throw the ſcepter'd pall of ſtate aſide,
Nor from the ſhade ſhall George be long away,
Which claims Charlotta's love, and courts her ſtay.——
  Theſe are Britannia's praiſes. Deign to trace,
With rapt reflection Freedom's favourite race!
But tho' the generous iſle, in arts and arms,
Thus ſtands ſupreme, in Nature's choiceſt charms;
Tho' George and conqueſt guard her ſea-girt throne,
One happier bleſſing ſtill ſhe calls her own;
And, proud a freſh increaſe of fame to view,
Crowns all her glory by poſſeſſing you.

ON

ON THE BIRTH OF GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES.

WRITTEN AFTER AN INSTALLATION AT WINDSOR, MDCCLXII.

BY THE SAME.

IMperial dome of Edward wiſe and brave!
Where warlike Honour's brighteſt banners wave;
At whoſe proud tilts, unmatch'd for hardy deeds,
Heroic kings have frown'd on barbed ſteeds:
Tho' now no more thy creſted chiefs advance
In arm'd array, nor graſp the glittering lance;
Tho' knighthood boaſts the martial pomp no more,
That grac'd its gorgeous feſtivals of yore;
Say, ſtately dome, if e'er thy marſhall'd knights
So nobly deck'd their old majeſtic rites,
As when, high-thron'd amid thy trophied ſhrine,
George ſhone the leader of the garter'd line?
Yet future triumphs, Windſor, ſtill remain;
Still may thy bowers receive as brave a train:
For lo! to Britain and her favour'd pair,
Heaven's high command has ſent a ſacred heir!

Him, the bold pattern of his patriot ſire,
Shall fill with early fame immortal fire:
In life's freſh ſpring, e'er buds the promis'd prime
His thoughts ſhall mount to virtue's meed ſublime:
The patriot ſire ſhall catch with ſure preſage
Each liberal omen of his opening age;
Then to thy courts ſhall lead, with conſcious joy,
In ſtripling beauty's bloom the princely boy;
There firmly wreath the braid of heavenly die,
True Valour's badge around his tender thigh.
Meantime, thy royal piles that riſe elate
With many an antique tower, in maſſy ſtate,
In the young champion's muſing mind ſhall raiſe
Vaſt images of Albion's elder days.
While, as around his eager glance explores
Thy chambers rough with war's conſtructed ſtores,
Rude helms, and bruiſed ſhields, barbaric ſpoils
Of ancient chivalry's undaunted toils;
Amid the duſky trappings hung on high,
Young Edward's ſable mail ſhall ſtrike his eye:
Shall fire the youth, to crown his riper years
With rival Creſſys, and a new Poictiers;
On the ſame wall, the ſame triumphal baſe,
His own victorious monument to place.
  Nor can a fairer kindred title move
His emulative age to glory's love,
Than Edward, laureat prince. In letter'd truth,
Oxford, ſage mother, ſchool'd this ſtudious youth:

Her

Her ſimple inſtitutes, and rigid lore,
The royal nurſling unreluctant bore;
Nor ſhunn'd, at penſive eve, with loneſome pace
The moonlight cloyſter's checquer'd floor to trace;
Nor ſcorn'd to mark the ſun, at mattins due,
Stream thro' the ſtoried window's holy hue.
And O, young prince, be thine his moral praiſe;
Nor ſeek in fields of blood his warrior bays.
War has its charms terrific. Far and wide
When ſtands th' embattled hoſt in banner'd pride;
O'er the vext plain when the ſhrill clangors run,
And the long phalanx flaſhes in the ſun;
When now no dangers of the deathful day
Mar the bright ſcene, nor break the firm array;
Full oft, too raſhly glows with fond delight
The youthful breaſt, and aſks the future fight;
Nor knows that Horror's form, a ſpectre wan,
Stalks yet unſeen along the gleamy van.
May no ſuch rage be thine: no dazzling ray
Of ſpecious fame thy ſtedfaſt feet betray.
Be thine domeſtic glory's radiant calm,
Be thine the ſcepter wreath'd with many a palm,
Be thine the throne with peaceful emblems hung,
The ſilver lyre to milder conqueſt ſtrung!
Inſtead of glorious feats atchiev'd in arms,
Bid riſing arts diſplay their mimic charms:
Juſt to thy country's fame, in tranquil days,
Record the paſt, and rouſe to future praiſe:

Before

Before the public eye, in breathing brafs,
Bid thy fam'd father's mighty triumphs pafs:
Swell the broad arch with haughty Cuba's fall,
And cloath with Minden's plain th' hiftoric hall.
Then mourn not, Edward's dome, thine ancient boaft,
Thy tournaments, and lifted combats loft!
From Arthur's board, no more, proud caftle, mourn
Adventurous Valour's Gothic trophies torn!
Thofe elfin charms, that held in magic night
Its elder fame, and dimm'd its genuine light,
At length diffolve in Truth's meridian ray,
And the bright order burfts to purer day:
The myftic round, begirt with bolder peers,
On virtue's bafe its refcued glory rears;
Sees civil prowefs mightier acts atchieve,
Sees meek humanity diftrefs relieve;
Adopts the worth that bids the conflict ceafe,
And claims its honours from the chiefs of peace.

ODE FOR MUSIC.

PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE IN OXFORD, ON THE SECOND OF JULY, MDCCLI,

BEING THE ANNIVERSARY APPOINTED BY THE LATE LORD CREW, BISHOP OF DURHAM,

FOR THE COMMEMORATION OF BENEFACTORS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

BY THE SAME.

I.

WHERE ſhall the muſe, that on the ſacred ſhell
Of men in arts and arms renown'd
The ſolemn ſtrain delights to ſwell;
O! where ſhall Clio chuſe a race,
Whom fame with every laurel, every grace,
Like thoſe of Albion's envied iſle, has crown'd?
Daughter and miſtreſs of the ſea,
All-honour'd Albion, hail!
Where-e'er thy commerce ſpreads the ſwelling ſail,
Ne'er ſhall ſhe find a land like thee,
So brave, ſo learned, and ſo free;
All-honour'd Albion, hail!

II. But

II.

But in the princely land of all that's good and great,
Would Clio ſeek the moſt diſtinguiſh'd ſeat,
Moſt bleſt, where all is ſo ſublimely bleſt,
That with ſuperior grace o'erlooks the reſt,
Like a rich gem in circling gold enſhrin'd;
Where Iſis' waters wind
Along the ſweeteſt ſhore
That ever felt fair Culture's hands,
Or Spring's embroider'd mantle wore,
Lo! where majeſtic Oxford ſtands;
Virtue's awful throne!
Wiſdom's immortal ſource!
Thee well her beſt belov'd may boaſting Albion own,
Whence each fair purpoſe of ingenuous praiſe,
All that in thought or deed divine is deem'd,
In one unbounded tide, one unremitted courſe,
From age to age has ſtill ſucceſſive ſtream'd;
Where Learning and where Liberty have nurſt,
For thoſe that in their ranks have ſhone the firſt,
Their moſt luxuriant growth of ever-blooming bays.

III.

In ancient days, when ſhe the queen endu'd
With more than female fortitude,
Bonduca led her painted ranks to fight;
Oft-times, in adamantine arms array'd,
Pallas deſcended from the realms of light,
Imperial Britoneſſe! thy kindred aid.

As

As once, all-glowing from the well-fought day,
The goddeſs ſought a cooling ſtream,
By chance, inviting with their glaſſy gleam,
Fair Iſis' waters flow'd not far away.
Eager ſhe view'd the wave,
On the cool bank ſhe bar'd her breaſt,
To the ſoft gale her locks ambroſial gave;
And thus the watry nymph addreſt.
Hear, gentle nymph, whoe'er thou art,
Thy ſweet refreſhing ſtores impart:
A Goddeſs from thy moſſy brink
Aſks of thy cryſtal ſtream to drink:
Lo! Pallas aſks the friendly gift;
Thy coral crowned treſſes lift,
Riſe from the wave, propitious power,
O liſten from thy pearly bower!

IV.

Her accents Iſis' calm attention caught,
As loneſome, in her ſecret cell,
In ever-varying hues, as mimic fancy taught,
She rang'd the many-tinctur'd ſhell:
Then from her work aroſe the Nais mild;
She roſe, and ſweetly ſmil'd
With many a lovely look,
That whiſper'd ſoft conſent:
She ſmil'd, and gave the Goddeſs in her flood
To dip her caſque, tho' dy'd in recent blood;
While Pallas, as the boon ſhe took,
Thus pour'd the grateful ſentiment.

For

For this, thy flood the fairest name
Of all Britannia's streams shall glide,
Best favourite of the sons of fame,
Of every tuneful breast the pride:
For on thy borders, bounteous queen,
Where now the cowslip paints the green
With unregarded grace,
Her wanton herds where nature feeds,
As lonesome o'er the breezy reeds
She bends her silent pace;
Lo! there, to wisdom's goddess dear,
A far-fam'd city shall her turrets rear,
There all her force shall Pallas prove;
Of classic leaf with every crown,
Each olive, meed of old renown,
Each ancient wreath, which Athens wove,
I'll bid her blooming bowers abound;
And Oxford's sacred seats shall tower
To thee, mild Nais of the flood,
The trophy of my gratitude!
The temple of my power!

V.

Nor was the pious promise vain;
Soon illustrious Alfred came,
And pitch'd fair Wisdom's tent on Isis' plenteous plain.
Alfred, on thee shall all the muses wait,
Alfred, majestic name!
Of all our praise the spring!

Thee

Thee all thy ſons ſhall ſing,
Deck'd with the marſhal and the civic wreath:
In notes moſt awful ſhall the trumpet breathe
To thee, great Romulus of Learning's richeſt ſtate.

VI.

Nor Alfred's bounteous hand alone,
Oxford, thy riſing temples own:
Soon many a man munificent,
The prince, the prelate, laurel-crown'd crowd,
Their ample bounty lent
To build the beauteous monument,
That Pallas vow'd.
And now ſhe lifts her head ſublime
Majeſtic in the moſs of time;
Nor wants there Grecia's better part,
'Mid the proud piles of ancient art,
Whoſe fretted ſpires, with ruder hand,
Wainfleet and Wickham bravely plann'd;
Nor decent Doric to diſpenſe
New charms 'mid old magnificence;
And here and there ſoft Corinth weaves
Her dædal coronet of leaves;
While, as with rival pride their towers invade the ſky,
Radcliffe and Bodley ſeem to vye,
Which ſhall deſerve the foremoſt place,
Or Gothic ſtrength, or Attic grace.

VII.

O Iſis! ever will I chant thy praiſe:
Not that thy ſons have ſtruck the golden lyre
With hands moſt ſkilful; have their brows entwin'd
With every faireſt flower of Helicon,
The ſweeteſt ſwans of all th' harmonious choir;
Have bad the muſing mind
Of every ſcience pierce the pathleſs ways,
And from the reſt the wreath of wiſdom won;
But that thy ſons have dar'd to feel
For Freedom's cauſe a ſacred zeal;
With Britiſh breaſt, and patriot pride,
Have ſtill Corruption's cup defy'd;
In dangerous days untaught to fear,
Have held the name of honour dear.

VIII.

But chief of this illuſtrious day,
The Muſe her loudeſt Pæans loves to pay.
Ere while ſhe ſtrove with accents weak
In vain to build the lofty rhyme;
At length, by better days of bounty chear'd,
She dares unfold her wing.
Hail hour of tranſport moſt ſublime!
In which, the man rever'd
Immortal Crew commands to ſing,
And gives the pipe to breathe, the ſtring to ſpeak.

IX. Bleſt

IX.

Bleſt prelate, hail!
Moſt pious patron, moſt triumphant theme!
From whoſe auſpicious hand
On Iſis' towers new beauties beam,
New praiſe her nurſing fathers gain;
Immortal Crew!
Bleſt prelate, hail!
Ev'n now fir'd Fancy ſees thee lead
To Fame's high-ſeated fane
The ſhouting band!
O'er every hallowed head
Fame's choiceſt wreaths ſhe ſees thee ſpread:
Alfred ſuperior ſmiles the ſolemn ſcene to view;
And bids the Goddeſs lift
Her loudeſt trumpet to proclaim,
O Crew! thy conſecrated gift;
And echo with his own in ſocial ſtrains thy name.

THE CHARGE OF CYRUS THE GREAT.

BY RICHARD O'NELY, M. A.

WHAT means this awful ſight? why round me ſhine
Thoſe radiant glories, and that form divine?
See! where commiſſion'd with ſome dread command,
How ſternly waves yon viſionary hand!
Near and more near it beckons, "Cyrus, riſe;
"The Gods remand thee to thy native ſkies."
Since thus the pleaſure of imperial Jove,
And ſolemn omens warn me from above;
Come then, ye fathers, venerable grown,
Whoſe ſteady counſels prop the Perſian throne!
Ye friends, long wedded to fair Virtue's cauſe,
And ye, my ſons, whom filial duty awes!
Attentive hear, amidſt th' aſſembled throng,
The dying accents of a monarch's tongue.
I ceaſe to live! yet, ah! forbear to ſhew
The mad expreſſions of unmanly woe.
To die, is to be bleſt: this underſtood,
'Twere needleſs mourning for the wiſe and good.
What Virtues charm us, or what Arts engage
In childhood, youth, in manhood, or in age,

In

In theſe I ſpent each well-diſtinguiſh'd day,
And ſtill purſued, where Honour led the way:
Mine was each gift kind fortune could afford,
The ſtateſman's counſel, or the hero's ſword.
See, Aſia, ſee thy once ignoble race,
What glory heightens, and what worthies grace!
See Peace thy realms with ſmiling train adorn;
And Plenty pour the treaſures of her horn.
Yet, oft as Fortune blew propitious gales,
And mildeſt Zephyrs fann'd my ſwelling ſails,
Still Caution warn'd me, anxious for the realm,
And Reaſon fear'd to quit her much-lov'd helm:
She calmly ſtemm'd Ambition's boiſterous tide,
And lower'd the projects of gigantic Pride:
Hence unimpair'd are all my bleſſings now;
Hence freſh my laurels blooming o'er my brow:
Sage Foreſight only keeps our conqueſts won;
The too ſecure too ſurely are undone.
No claimant princes ſhall hereafter jar,
(The bloody ſources of inteſtine war)
For thus I will——both ye, my children, ſhare
Alike my fondneſs, and alike my care!
Yet you, my eldeſt, to the crown ſucceed;
'Tis what thy father, what the gods decreed.
Reflect, from whence that ſacred power is given,
Its fount, the grand authority of heaven!
Reflect, that monarchs only were deſign'd
To guard their people, and to bleſs mankind!
Each royal mandate Equity ſhould bound,
And Goodneſs caſt a ſmile on all around.

Nor leſs, whilſt, hovering o'er th' embattled field,
Her palms to thee fond Victory ſhall yield,
Let Mercy plead: no hero's truly brave
Without that god-like principle—To ſave:
Diſtreſs ſhould bid our generous pity flow,
Whilſt Nature ſoftens at another's woe.
By me releas'd, O! how the Jewiſh choir
To Sion's ſongs re-tun'd the ſacred lyre,
Which by the [p] ſtreams of Babylon, unſtrung,
In late ſad ſilence on the willows hung!
[q] Diſmiſs'd with preſents to their old abode,
To build the temple of their much-lov'd God,
[r] Each mouth was full of laughter long unknown;
The joy, that fill'd their hearts, o'erflow'd my own.
Thy breaſt, young prince, let all theſe virtues fire,
And nobly to the world confeſs thy ſire.
This happy ſtate, that, from an heavenly plan,
Forms every ſcheme of happineſs to man,
By juſtice 'ſtabliſh, and by arms defend;
No feuds embroil, and no diviſions rend!
Tranſmit entire, to bleſs the peaceful home
Of nations now unborn, and monarchs yet to come.
And thou, my ſon, thou youngeſt, ſhalt command
The narrower confines of ſome neighbouring land.

[p] See Pſalm cxxxvii.

[q] The famous edict of Cyrus in behalf of the Jews, which is here alluded to, is recited in 1 Eſdras. 2 Chron. i. 7.

[r] See Pſalm cxxvi.

Tho'

Tho' larger realms thy brother's ſway confeſs,
Thy peace is greater, as thy kingdom leſs.
Ambition's ſpur ſtill pungent to the ſoul,
When o'er his mind his father's glories roll;
Purſuing cloſe up Labour's craggy ſteep,
Fame hard to gain, and harder yet to keep;
Foremoſt in cares, as firſt in rule to ſhine;
Theſe, theſe are his—but pleaſures all are thine.
And weak, Cambyſes, will thy kingdom prove,
Without the ſcepter of thy people's love.
But yet it aſks thy caution, all thy care,
Thy ſubjects when to court, and when beware:
Not true by nature, man, whate'er he boaſt,
Moſt faithful ſeeming, may deceive the moſt.
Be thine the well-try'd ſtateſman, prudent, juſt,
Unſway'd by lucre, unenſlav'd by luſt;
Who public good prefers to private ends,
Whoſe truth directs you, and whoſe zeal defends.
Then no ſad murmurs can ſuſpicion raiſe;
Admiring Anarchy itſelf obeys;
Baſe Treaſon dreads infernal plots to lay,
And calm'd Rebellion looks her rage away.
This once, O [s] Daniel, was thy god-like part,
Thy head as learn'd, as was ſincere thy heart.
Tho' ſullen Jealouſy oft curs'd thy name,
And Envy plann'd the ruins of thy fame,

[s] The prophet Daniel was prime miniſter about ſeventy years to the princes of Babylon, of whom Cyrus was the laſt, who engaged him in his ſervice, in which he, very probably, died.

Thy ſpotleſs honour cou'd the mouth defy
Of deadly lions, or the deadlier ſpy.
Chiefs, ſuch as thou, beſt guard each prince's cauſe,
Whom conſcience binds, and whom religion awes.
Thy friends promote, thy brother firſt of theſe,
Advancing moſt his honour, intereſt, eaſe;
So ſhall his ſoul with kindred paſſions burn,
And grateful friendſhip make the beſt return;
Faithful alike his counſels and his arms,
When peace ſhall bleſs you, or when war alarms.
But, O! if where reſpect her balms ſhould bring,
Pride rears her creſt, and Envy's adders ſting;
If royal brothers, when ſome fiend inſpires,
When Anger prompts, or when Ambition fires,
Divide themſelves, and with imperious awe
Their people's hearts to different factions draw;
Then ſoon will Peace, that guardian Goddeſs, fail,
And injur'd Juſtice drop her equal ſcale;
Faith, heavenly gueſt, forſake her wonted ſtand,
And Truth indignant flee the guilty land;
In Concord's temple wild Contention reign,
And madning Fury clank her broken chain;
Her rights ſequeſter'd Freedom ſhall deplore,
And Mercy's grand aſylum be no more.
O! then, my ſons, by that great God above!
By filial duty! by paternal love!
Let ſacred Friendſhip with you ever grow,
The beſt of bleſſings earth contains below.
Nor think, when this poor life away ſhall flee,
Your royal father never more muſt be.

Tho'

Tho' in our breaſt the ſoul's unſeen, 'tis clear
A ſoul immortal has exiſtence there.
Or whence has Action its energic ſpring?
Or whence, Reflection, thy excurſive wing?
Whence all the dreadful ſcene of Horror ſpread
Around the trembling murderer's guilty head?
Or why does thus, when mortals dare to ſin,
Vindictive Conſcience ply the laſh within?
Why o'er the grave thoſe glaring trophies blaze?
Why all the pomp of monumental praiſe?
Vain were the lofty Muſe's epic ſtrain,
Vain the ſad dirge, the riſing column vain,
If human ſouls mortality muſt ſhare,
And at the laſt but vaniſh into air.

Our thirſt for Truth, which cannot here abate,
Points out ſome clearer, ſome more perfect ſtate;
Whilſt longing Hope ſtill bids us calmly die,
And take our fair poſſeſſion of the ſky.

See Innocence with various cares diſtreſs'd,
Unfed, uncloath'd, unmanſion'd, and oppreſs'd!
See modeſt Worth, 'midſt troubles undeſerv'd!
Admir'd, repuls'd! juſt pity'd, prais'd, and ſtarv'd!
Yet ſtill rejoice the ſons of virtuous Woe,
Tho' proſperous Vice triumphant reigns below;
On Honour's mount tho' glares the perjur'd chief,
They walk contented thro' the vale of grief!
—It muſt be ſo—what Reaſoner can believe,
That ſouls, when freed from bodies, ceaſe to live?
Let Age the weak corporeal frame deſtroy,
The ſoul ſurvives—— this, this can never die:

Whilſt that inactive moulders in the tomb,
This ſtill ſhall flouriſh in immortal bloom,
Purg'd from all earthly droſs, for ever rove
Thro' all th' unbounded tracts of happineſs above.
When drowſy ſlumbers o'er the ſpirits creep,
Reflect, what Death is, from its image, Sleep!
In airy dreams the ſoul then wings its way,
Freed from the dull impediments of clay,
Holds converſe ſweet with every kindred power,
In myrtle grove, or amaranthin bower;
Thro' worlds unknown quick darts the vital flame,
And traverſes all heaven, from whence it came.
But yet if, with the body, rigid Fate
The ſoul's exiſtence ſhould annihilate,
(How, when fond thoughts the pleaſing theme purſue,
Does anxious [t] Doubt thus terminate the view!)
Yet ſtill to God let pure devotion riſe,
All-powerful, juſt, all-merciful and wiſe;
Whoſe piercing eye each ſecret fraud detects;
Whoſe wiſdom governs, and whoſe care directs;
That Time, nor Fate hath in confuſion hurl'd
The beauty, order, grandeur of the world.

[t] The notions of the wiſeſt heathens concerning a future ſtate were mixed with ſuch doubts and uncertainties, that the ſtrongeſt expreſſions of their philoſophers upon this ſubject are little better than mere ſcepticiſm, when compared to the diſcoveries of the goſpel, which alone has brought life and immortality to their fulleſt light.

Hence,

Hence, where ſome [u] mountain, awful to the ſight,
Rears its rude ſummit to yon realms of light,
Let humble prayer, propitiating the ſky,
The body proſtrate, or uplift the eye;
There glad thankſgiving grateful altars raiſe!
There choral Pæans ſwell the ſong of praiſe!
Let no Corruption near thy palace ſpread,
Nor dire Oppreſſion rear her iron head.
There heaven-born virtues ſhall attract the ſight,
Peace, Love, and Charity, divinely bright;
There Bounty, guided by [x] Diſcretion's hand,
Shall deal her favours to a grateful land:
There Truth ſhall ſmile, in awful ſtate enſhrin'd,
The fair reſemblance of th' eternal mind,
There Mercy ſhall vouchſafe her milder word;
There Juſtice brandiſh her impartial ſword,
Shall right the injur'd, and the weak defend,
Each orphan's guardian, and each widow's friend.
Purſue, great prince, purſue th' important plan;
Be fear'd, as monarch; but be lov'd, as man.
And when my ſoul, fair tenant, flies away
From this frail manſion mouldering to decay,

[u] The Perſians generally performed their religious exerciſes in the open air, on high places; as thinking it derogatory from the majeſty of the deity, to ſhut that God up within walls, who ſhould have the earth for his altar, and the whole world for his temple.

[x] It is a fine compliment, that Pliny pays to the munificence of the emperor Trajan, — Augeo principis munus, quum oſtendo liberalitati ejus ineſſe rationem. Plin. Paneg. Traj.

No

No coſtly pile with funeral grandeur burn,
Nor cull my aſhes for the pompous urn;
Far other honours let theſe relics have,
The low-delv'd chamber of ſome ſilent grave:
Where, when our gloomy long abode we fix,
The human particles with earthly mix,
Whilſt beyond fate, and fortune's fartheſt line,
For ever lives the particle divine.

Yet make my [y] tomb to future ages known,
And with a modeſt verſe inſcribe the ſtone:
The verſe ſhall preach ſome moral truth to man—
"That fortune's various, or that life's a ſpan;
"That vain the pomp and pageantry of ſtate,
"That weak the mighty, and that frail the great;
"Grandeur a bubble! honours empty all!
"That heroes periſh, and that monarchs fall."

And now, my friends, receive the parting view!
Preſs my chill'd hand, and bid the laſt adieu!
Call my dear Perſians round the ſolemn bier,
And you, my [z] fellow-ſoldiers, you be there!

[y] Plutarch tells us, that Alexander, upon his firſt coming into Aſia, found the ſepulchre of Cyrus inſcribed with an epitaph; and was exceedingly affected with ſo ſerious a leſſon upon the inſtability of all human affairs. Plut. Life of Alex.

[z] Cyrus's remarkable humanity, munificence, and affability to his ſoldiery, are frequently mentioned by Xenophon; his harangues to them, before any military enterprize, are particularly fine; himſelf and his whole army went to prayers, ſung an hymn, and performed other duties to heaven, before and after battle, and always made the firſt onſet in the name of Ζευς Σωτης και Ηγεμων, that is, his country god, the protector and leader.

With me who brav'd Arabia's pathleſs lands,
Bleak Scythia's coaſts, and India's burning ſands;
While ſtrew'd on heaps around the foaming ſteed,
Or groan'd th' Aſſyrian, or expir'd the Mede.
Brave troops! by whom, as heaven protecting led,
Great Crœſus fell, and proud Belſhazzar bled.
  But now, frail Health, how wan thy roſes ſeem!
In ſlower currents flows the purple ſtream:
No more this breaſt with martial rage ſhall glow,
Nor ruſh all vengeance on the adverſe foe;
No more this arm the flaming faulchion wield,
Or gather laurels from the well-fought field;
No more—for ſee the dire diſeaſe prevail,
My nerves all tremble, all my ſpirits fail!
—Ah, why thoſe cries? ſee lovely Reaſon near
To calm the ſoul, and wipe off every tear,
O! rather all your wonted joys renew!
If life I leave, I leave its troubles too:
For, if my happy ſoul to God aſcends,
Or in mere nothing if my being ends,
Death ſoon ſhall waft me to ſome unknown ſhore,
Where labours end, and ſorrows are no more:
Where patriot heroes in the peaceful ſhade
No factions threaten, and no foes invade;
Where long oblivion, ending anxious ſtrife,
Stills the wild hurry of a noiſy life;
Or where all joys with heart-felt eaſe abound,
Whilſt youthful ſpring for ever blooms around.
  Come then, dear pledges of connubial joy,
Come, give the fond embrace, and let me die;

Next,

Next, to your [a] mother all this ſcene impart;
How will it wound, ſad tale! her tender heart!
Her heart by grief too delicately mov'd,
For ever loving, and for ever lov'd.
Ah! now what eaſe employs her ſofter hours,
Near murmuring fountains, or in cooling bowers
At Suſa's royal court? what princely care
Far from her dying lord detains my fair?
Where now that tongue, that never ceas'd to charm?
Where the ſoft ſmile, that ſickneſs could diſarm?
Or where the hands my weary eyes to cloſe,
The laſt kind office in my laſt repoſe?
How oft I nam'd her with my lateſt breath,
How bleſs'd her abſent, in the midſt of death,
Ye conſcious ſkies, ye lights celeſtial, tell!
Farewel, O loveliest of thy ſex, farewel!
Farewel, my chiefs! in my example ſee
What monarch, general, patriot, friend, ſhould be.

[a] Cyrus married the daughter of Cyaxares; who was a very beautiful young princeſs, and had the kingdom of Media for her portion.

ELEGY.

E L E G Y.

WRITTEN AT THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

BY JOHN SCOTT, ESQ.

STERN Winter hence with all his train removes;
And cheärful ſkies and limpid ſtreams are ſeen;
Thick-ſprouting foliage decorates the groves;
Reviving herbage robes the fields in green.

Yet lovelier ſcenes ſhall crown th' advancing year,
When blooming Spring's full bounty is diſplay'd;
The ſmile of beauty every vale ſhall wear;
The voice of ſong enliven every ſhade.

O Fancy, paint not coming days too fair!
Oft for the proſpects ſprightly May ſhould yield,
Rain-pouring clouds have darken'd all the air,
Or ſnows untimely whiten'd o'er the field:

But ſhould kind Spring her wonted bounty ſhower,
The ſmile of beauty and the voice of ſong;
If gloomy thought the human mind o'erpower,
Ev'n vernal hours glide unenjoy'd along.

I ſhun

I ſhun the ſcenes where maddening Paſſion raves,
  Where Pride and Folly high dominion hold,
And unrelenting Avarice drives her ſlaves
  O'er proſtrate Virtue in purſuit of gold:

The graſſy lane, the wood-ſurrounded field,
  The rude ſtone-fence with fragrant wall-flowers gay,
The clay-built cot, to me more pleaſure yield
  Than all the pomp imperial domes diſplay;

And yet ev'n here amid theſe ſecret ſhades,
  Theſe ſimple ſcenes of unreprov'd delight;
Affliction's iron hand my breaſt invades,
  And Death's dread dart is ever in my ſight.

While genial ſuns to genial ſhowers ſucceed;
  (The air all mildneſs, and the earth all bloom)
While herds and flocks range ſportive o'er the mead;
  Crop the ſweet herb, and ſnuff the rich perfume;

O why alone to hapleſs man deny'd
  To taſte the bliſs inferior beings boaſt!
O why this fate that fear and pain divide
  His few ſhort hours on earth's delightful coaſt!

Ah ceaſe—no more of Providence complain!
  'Tis ſenſe of guilt that wakes the mind to woe,
Gives force to fear, adds energy to pain,
  And palls each joy by heaven indulg'd below:

Why

Why elſe the ſmiling infant train ſo bleſt,
  Ere dear-bought knowledge ends the peace within,
Or wild deſire inflames the youthful breaſt,
  Or ill propenſion ripens into ſin?

As to the bleating tenants of the field,
  As to the ſportive warblers on the trees,
To them their joys ſincere the ſeaſons yield,
  And all their days and all their proſpects pleaſe;

Such joys were mine when from the peopled ſtreets,
  Where on Thameſis' banks I liv'd immur'd,
The new blown fields that breath'd a thouſand ſweets,
  To Surry's wood-crown'd hills my ſteps allur'd:

O happy hours, beyond recovery fled!
  What ſhare I now "that can your loſs repay,"
While o'er my mind theſe glooms of thought are ſpread,
  And veil the light of life's meridian ray?

Is there no power this darkneſs to remove?
  The long-loſt joys of Eden to reſtore,
Or raiſe our views to happier ſeats above,
  Where Fear, and Pain, and Death ſhall be no more?

Yes, thoſe there are who know a Saviour's love
  The long-loſt joys of Eden can reſtore,
And raiſe their views to happier ſeats above,
  Where Fear, and Pain, and Death ſhall be no more:

Theſe grateful ſhare the gift of Nature's hand;
And in the varied ſcenes that round them ſhine,
(The Fair, the Rich, the Awful, and the Grand)
Admire th' amazing workmanſhip divine.

Blows not a flow'ret in th' enamel'd vale,
Shines not a pebble where the rivulet ſtrays;
Sports not an inſect on the ſpicy gale,
But claims their wonder and excites their praiſe.

For them ev'n vernal nature looks more gay,
For them more lively hues the fields adorn;
To them more fair the faireſt ſmile of day,
To them more ſweet the ſweeteſt breath of morn.

They feel the bliſs that hope and faith ſupply;
They paſs ſerene th' appointed hours that bring
The day that wafts them to the realms on high;
The day that centers in eternal ſpring.

Dad May 12 - 1820

ELEGY.

E L E G Y.

WRITTEN IN THE HOT WEATHER, JULY MDCCLVII.

BY THE SAME.

THREE hours from noon the paſſing ſhadow ſhows,
The ſultry breeze glides faintly o'er the plains,
The dazzling æther fierce and fiercer glows,
And human nature ſcarce its rage ſuſtains.

Now ſtill and vacant is the duſty ſtreet,
And ſtill and vacant where yon fields extend,
Save where thoſe ſwains, oppreſs'd with toil and heat,
The graſſy harveſt of the mead attend.

Loſt is the lively aſpect of the ground,
Low are the ſprings, the reedy ditches dry;
No verdant ſpot in all the vale is found,
Save what yon ſtream's unfailing ſtores ſupply.

Where are the flowers that made the garden gay?
Where is their beauty, where their fragrance fled?
Their ſtems relax, faſt fall their leaves away,
They fade and mingle with their duſty bed:

All but the natives of the torrid zone,
  What Afric's wilds, or Peru's fields diſplay,
Pleas'd with a clime that imitates their own,
  They lovelier bloom beneath the parching ray.

Where is wild nature's heart-reviving ſong,
  That fill'd in genial Spring the verdant bowers?
Silent in gloomy woods the feather'd throng
  Pine thro' this long, long courſe of ſultry hours.

Where is the dream of bliſs by Summer brought?
  The walk along the riv'let-water'd vale?
The field with verdure clad, with fragrance fraught,
  The ſun mild-beaming, and the fanning gale?

The weary ſoul Imagination chears,
  Her pleaſing colours paint the future gay;
Time paſſes on, the truth itſelf appears,
  The pleaſing colours inſtant fade away:

In different ſeaſons different joys we place,
  And theſe ſhall Spring ſupply, and Summer theſe;
Yet frequent ſtorms the bloom of Spring deface,
  And Summer ſcarcely brings a day to pleaſe.

O for ſome ſecret ſhady cool receſs!
  Some Gothic dome o'erhung with darkſome trees,
Where thick damp walls this raging heat repreſs;
  Where the long iſle invites the lazy breeze:

But

But why theſe plaints?—amid his waſtes of ſand,
  Far more than this the wandering Arab feels;
Far more the Indian in Columbus' land,
  While Phœbus o'er him rolls his fiery wheels:

Far more the ſenſible of mind ſuſtains,
  Rack'd with the poignant pangs of fear or ſhame:
The hopeleſs lover, bound in beauty's chains,
  And he, whom envy robs of hard-earn'd fame:

He, who a father or a mother mourns,
  Or lovely conſort loſt in early bloom,
He, whom the dreaded rage of fever burns,
  Or ſlow diſeaſe leads lingering to the tomb.—

Leſt man ſhould ſink beneath the preſent pain;
  Leſt man ſhould triumph in the preſent joy;
For him th' unvarying "Laws of heaven ordain,"
  Hope in his ills, and to his bliſs alloy.

Fierce and oppreſſive is the ſun we ſhare,
  Yet not unuſeful to our humid ſoil;
Hence ſhall our fruits a richer flavour bear,
  Hence ſhall our plains with riper harveſts ſmile:

Reflect and be content—for mankind's good
  Heaven gives the due degrees of drought or rain;
To-morrow ceaſeleſs ſhowers may ſwell the flood,
  Nor ſoon yon ſun riſe blazing fierce again:

Ev'n now behold the grateful change at hand,
  Hark, in the eaſt loud bluſtering gales ariſe;
Wide and more wide the darkening clouds expand,
  And diſtant lightnings flaſh along the ſkies:

O in the awful concert of the ſtorm,
  While hail and rain, and wind and thunder join!
Let the great Ruler's praiſe my ſong inform,
  Let wonder, reverence, gratitude be mine.

E L E G Y.

WRITTEN IN THE HARVEST.

BY THE SAME.

FAREWEL the pleaſant violet-ſcented ſhade;
  The primros'd-hill, and daiſy-mantled mead;
The furrow'd land, with ſpringing corn array'd;
  The ſunny wall, with bloomy branches ſpread:

Farewel the bower with bluſhing roſes gay;
  Farewel the fragrant trefoil-purpled field;
Farewel the walk thro' rows of new-mown hay,
  When evening breezes mingled odours yield!

Farewel

Farewel to theſe—now round the lonely farms,
  Where jocund Plenty deigns to fix her ſeat;
Th' autumnal landſcape opening all its charms,
  Declares kind Nature's annual work compleat.

In different parts what different views delight,
  Where on neat ridges waves the golden grain;
Or where the bearded barley dazzling white,
  Spreads o'er the ſteepy ſlope or wide champain.

The ſmile of Morning gleams along the hills;
  And wakeful Labour calls her ſons abroad;
They leave with chearful look their lowly vills,
  And bid the fields reſign their ripen'd load.

To various taſks addreſs the ruſtic band,
  And here the ſcythe, and there the ſickle wield;
Or rear the new-bound ſheaves along the land;
  Or range in heaps the produce of the field.

Some build the ſhocks, ſome load the ſpacious wains,
  Some lead to ſheltering barns the fragrant corn,
Some form tall ricks that towering o'er the plains,
  For many a mile the rural yards adorn.—

Th' incloſure gates thrown open all around,
  The ſtubble's peopled by the gleaning throng,
The rattling car with verdant branches crown'd,
  And joyful ſwains that raiſe the clamorous ſong,

Soon mark glad harveſt o'er—Ye rural lords,
  Whoſe wild domains o'er Albion's iſle extend;
Think whoſe kind hand your annual wealth affords,
  And bid to heaven your grateful praiſe aſcend.

For tho' no gift ſpontaneous of the ground
  Roſe theſe fair crops that made your vallies ſmile,
Tho' the blithe youth of every hamlet round
  Purſued for theſe thro' many a day their toil.

Yet what avail your labours or your cares?
  Can all your labours, all your cares ſupply
Bright ſuns, or ſoftening ſhowers, or tepid airs,
  Or one indulgent influence of the ſky?

For Providence decrees that we obtain
  With toil each bleſſing deſtin'd to our uſe;
But means to teach us that our toil is vain,
  If he the bounty of his hand refuſe.

Yet Albion, blame not what thy crime demands,
  While this ſad truth the bluſhing muſe betrays,
More frequent echoes o'er thy harveſt lands
  The voice of riot than the voice of praiſe.

Prolific tho' thy fields and mild thy clime,
  Know realms once fam'd for fields and climes as fair,
Have fell the prey of famine, war, and time,
  And now no ſemblance of their glory bear.

Aſk Paleſtine, proud Aſia's early boaſt,
Where now the groves that pour'd her wine and oil,
Where the fair towns that crown'd her wealthy coaſt,
Where the glad ſwains that till'd her fertile ſoil?

Aſk, and behold, and mourn her haplefs fall!
Where rofe fair towns, where wav'd the golden grain,
Thron'd on the naked rock and mouldering wall,
Pale Want and Ruin hold their dreary reign.

Where Jordan's vallies ſmil'd in living green,
Where Sharon's flowers diſclos'd their varied hues;
The wandering pilgrim views the alter'd ſcene,
And drops the tear of pity as he views.

Aſk Grecia, mourning o'er her ruin'd towers;
Where now the proſpects charm'd her bards of old,
Her corn-clad mountains and Elyſian bowers,
And ſilver ſtreams thro' fragrant meadows roll'd?

Where Freedom's praiſe along the vale was heard,
And town to town return'd the favourite ſound;
Where patriot War her awful ſtandard rear'd,
And brav'd the millions Perſia pour'd around?

There Freedom's praiſe no more the valley chears,
There patriot War no more her banner waves;
Nor bard, nor ſage, nor martial chief appears,
But ſtern barbarians rule a land of ſlaves.

Of mighty realms are ſuch the poor remains?
  Of mighty realms that fell when mad with power,
They lur'd each vice to revel on their plains;
  Each monſter doom'd their offspring to devour!

O Albion! would'ſt thou ſhun their mournful fates,
  To ſhun their follies and their crimes be thine;
And woo to linger in thy fair retreats,
  The radiant virtues, progeny divine!

Bright Truth, the nobleſt of the ſacred band,
  Sweet Peace whoſe brow no ruffling frown deforms,
Fair Charity with ever open hand,
  And Courage ſmiling 'midſt a thouſand ſtorms.

O haſte to grace our iſle, ye lovely train!
  So may the power whoſe hand all bleſſing yields,
Give her fam'd glories ever to remain,
  And crown with annual wealth her laughing fields.

ELEGY.

E L E G Y.

WRITTEN AT THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

BY THE SAME.

THE ſun far ſouthward bends his annual way,
The bleak north-eaſt wind lays the foreſt bare,
The fruit ungather'd quits the naked ſpray,
And dreary Winter reigns o'er earth and air.

No mark of vegetable life is ſeen,
No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call;
Save the dark leaves of ſome rude ever-green,
Save the lone red-breaſt on the moſs-grown wall.

Where are the ſprightly ſcenes by Spring ſupply'd,
The May-flower'd hedges ſcenting every breeze;
The white flocks ſcattering o'er the mountain ſide,
The woodlarks warbling on the blooming trees?

Where is gay Summer's ſportive inſect train,
That in green fields on painted pinions play'd;
The herd at morn wide-paſturing o'er the plain,
Or throng'd at noon-tide in the willow ſhade?

Where

Where is brown Autumn's evening mild and ſtill,
  What time the ripen'd corn freſh fragrance yields,
What time the village peoples all the hill,
  And loud ſhouts echo o'er the harveſt fields?

To former ſcenes our fancy thus returns,
  To former ſcenes that little pleas'd when here!
Our Winter chills us, and our Summer burns;
  Yet we diſlike the changes of the year.

To happier lands then reſtleſs fancy flies,
  Where Indian ſtreams thro' green Savannahs flow;
Where brighter ſuns and ever tranquil ſkies
  Bid new fruits ripen and new flowrets blow.

Let Truth theſe fairer happier lands ſurvey,
  There half the year deſcends in watry ſtorms;
Or Nature ſickens in the blaze of day,
  And one brown hue the ſun-burnt plain deforms.

There oft as toiling in the mazy fields,
  Or homeward paſſing on the ſhadeleſs way,
His joyleſs life the weary labourer yields,
  And inſtant drops beneath the deathful ray.

Who dreams of nature free from nature's ſtrife?
  Who dreams of conſtant happineſs below?
The hope-fluſh'd enterer on the ſtage of life;
  The youth to knowledge unchaſtis'd by woe.

For

For me, long toil'd on many a weary road,
  Led by falſe hope in ſearch of many a joy;
I find in earth's bleak clime no bleſt abode,
  No place, no ſeaſon ſacred from annoy:

For me, while Winter rages round the plains,
  With his dark days I'll human life compare;
Not thoſe who fraught with clouds and winds and rains,
  Than this with pining pain and anxious care.

O whence this wonderous turn of mind our fate!
  Whate'er the ſeaſon or the place poſſeſt,
We ever murmur at our preſent ſtate,
  And yet the thought of parting breaks our reſt:

Why elſe, when heard in evening's ſolemn gloom,
  Does the ſad knell, that ſounding o'er the plain
Tolls ſome poor lifeleſs body to the tomb,
  Thus thrill my breaſt with melancholy pain?

The voice of Reaſon echoes in my ear,
  Thus thou ere long muſt join thy kindred clay;
No more theſe "noſtrils breathe the vital air,"
  No more theſe eyelids open on the day.

O Winter, round me ſpread thy joyleſs reign,
  Thy threatning ſkies in duſky horrors dreſt;
Of thy dread rage no longer I'll complain,
  Nor aſk an Eden for a tranſient gueſt.

Enough

Enough has heaven indulg'd of joy below,
  To tempt our tarriance in this lov'd retreat;
Enough has heaven ordain'd of uſeful woe,
  To make us languiſh for a happier ſeat.

There is, who deems all climes, all ſeaſons fair,
  There is, who knows no reſtleſs paſſion's ſtrife;
Contentment ſmiling at each idle care;
  Contentment thankful for the gift of life;

She finds in Winter many a ſcene to pleaſe;
  The morning landſcape fring'd with froſt-work gay,
The ſun at noon ſeen thro' the leafleſs trees,
  The clear calm æther at the cloſe of day:

She marks th' advantage ſtorms and clouds beſtow,
  When bluſtering Caurus purifies the air,
When moiſt Aquarius pours the fleecy ſnow,
  That makes th' impregnate glebe a richer harveſt bear;

She bids for all our grateful praiſe ariſe,
  To him whoſe mandate ſpake the world to form;
Gave Spring's gay bloom, and Summer's chearful ſkies,
  And Autumn's corn-clad field, and Winter's ſounding ſtorm

HYMN

HYMN FROM PSALM VIII.

BY THE SAME.

ALmighty Power! amazing are thy ways,
Above our knowledge, and above our praiſe!
How all thy works thine excellence diſplay!
How fair, how great, how wonderful are they!
Thy hand yon wide-extended heaven uprais'd,
Yon wide-extended heaven with ſtars emblaz'd,
Where each bright orb, ſince Time his courſe begun,
Has roll'd a mighty world, or ſhin'd a ſun:
Stupendous thought! how ſinks all human race,
A point, an atom in the field of ſpace!
Yet ev'n to us, O Lord! thy care extends,
Thy bounty feeds us, and thy power defends;
Yet ev'n to us, as delegates of thee,
Thou giv'ſt dominion over land and ſea:
Whate'er or walks on earth, or flits in air,
Whate'er of life the watry regions bear:
All theſe are ours, and for th' extenſive claim
We owe due homage to thy ſacred name!
Almighty Power! how wonderous are thy ways,
How far above our knowledge and our praiſe!

***

And next, in furry coat emboſt
With icicles, his brother Froſt.
  Winter, farewel! thy foreſts hoar,
Thy frozen floods delight no more;
Farewel the fields, ſo bare and wild!
But come thou roſe-cheek cherub mild,
Sweeteſt Summer! haſte thee here,
Once more to crown the gladden'd year.
Thee April blithe, as long of yore,
Bermudas' lawns he frolick'd o'er,
With muſkye nectar-trickling wing,
(In the new world's firſt dawning ſpring)
To gather balm of choiceſt dews,
And patterns fair of various hues,
With which to paint in changeful dye,
The youthful earth's embroidery;
To cull the eſſence of rich ſmells,
In which to dip his new-born bells;
Thee, as he ſkimm'd with pinions fleet,
He found an infant, ſmiling ſweet;
Where a tall citron's ſhade imbrown'd
The ſoft lap of the fragrant ground.
There on an amaranthine bed,
Thee with rare nectarine fruits he fed;
Till ſoon beneath his forming care,
You look'd a goddeſs debonair;
And then he gave the bleſſed iſle,
Aye to be ſway'd beneath thy ſmile:
There plac'd thy green and graſſy ſhrine,
With myrtle bower'd and jeſſamine:

And

And to thy care the taſk aſſign'd
With quickening hand, and nurture kind,
His roſeate infant-births to rear,
Till Autumn's mellowing reign appear.
  Haſte thee, nymph! and hand in hand
With thee lead a buxom band;
Bring fantaſtic-footed Joy,
With Sport, that yellow-treſſed boy.
Leiſure, that thro' the balmy ſky
Chaſes a crimſon butterfly.
Bring Health, that loves in early dawn
To meet the milk-maid on the lawn;
Bring Pleaſure, rural nymph, and Peace,
Meek, cottage-loving ſhepherdeſs!
And that ſweet ſtripling, Zephyr, bring,
Light, and for ever on the wing.
Bring the dear Muſe, that loves to lean
On river margins, moſſy green.
But who is ſhe that bears thy train,
Pacing light the velvet plain?
The pale pink binds her auburn hair,
Her treſſes flow with paſtoral air;
'Tis May, the grace—confeſt ſhe ſtands
By branch of hawthorn in her hands:
Lo! near her trip the lightſome dews,
Their wings all ting'd in iris-hues;
With whom the powers of Flora play,
And paint with panſies all the way.
  Oft when thy ſeaſon, ſweeteſt Queen,
Has dreſt the groves in livery green,

When

When in each fair and fertile field
Beauty begins her bower to build;
While Evening, veil'd in ſhadows brown,
Puts her matron-mantle on,
And miſts in ſpreading ſteams convey
More freſh the fumes of new-ſhorn hay;
Then, Goddeſs, guide my pilgrim feet
Contemplation hoar to meet,
As ſlow he winds in muſeful mood,
Near the ruſh'd marge of Cherwell's flood;
Or o'er old Avon's magic edge,
Whence Shakeſpeare cull'd the ſpiky ſedge,
All playful yet, in years unripe,
To frame a ſhrill and ſimple pipe.
There thro' the duſk but dimly ſeen,
Sweet evening objects intervene:
His wattled cotes the ſhepherd plants,
Beneath her elm the milk-maid chants.
The woodman, ſpeeding home, awhile
Reſts him at a ſhady ſtile.
Nor wants there fragrance to diſpenſe
Refreſhment o'er my ſoothed ſenſe;
Nor tangled woodbines balmy bloom,
Nor graſs beſprent, to breathe perfume!
Nor lurking wild-thyme's ſpicy ſweet
To bathe in dew my roving feet:
Nor wants there note of Philomel,
Nor ſound of diſtant-tinkling bell:
Nor lowings faint of herds remote,
Nor maſtiff's bark from boſom'd cott:

Ruſtle the breezes lightly borne
Or deep-embattled ears of corn:
Round ancient elm with humming noiſe,
Full loud the chaffer-ſwarms rejoice.
Meantime a thouſand dies inveſt
The ruby chambers of the weſt!
That all aſlant the village tower
A mild reflected radiance pour,
While, with the level-ſtreaming rays
Far ſeen its arched windows blaze:
And the tall grove's green top is dight
In ruſſet tints, and gleams of light:
So that the gay ſcene by degrees
Bathes my blithe heart in extaſies;
And Fancy to my raviſh'd ſight
Pourtrays her kindred viſions bright.
At length the parting light ſubdues
My ſoften'd ſoul to calmer views,
And fainter ſhapes of penſive joy,
As twilight dawns, my mind employ,
Till from the path I fondly ſtray
In muſings lapt, nor heed the way;
Wandering thro' the landſcape ſtill,
Till Melancholy has her fill;
And on each moſs-wove border damp,
The glow-worm hangs his fairy lamp.
  But when the ſun, at noon-tide hour,
Sits throned in his higheſt tower;
Me, heart-rejoicing Goddeſs, lead
To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead:

To mix in rural mood among
The nymphs and ſwains, a buſy throng;
Or, as the tepid odours breathe,
The ruſſet piles to lean beneath:
There as my liſtleſs limbs are thrown
On couch more ſoft than palace down,
I liſten to the buſy ſound
Of mirth and toil that hums around;
And ſee the team ſhrill-tinkling paſs
Alternate o'er the furrow'd graſs.
  But ever, after ſummer-ſhower,
When the bright ſun's returning power,
With laughing beam has chas'd the ſtorm;
And chear'd reviving Nature's form;
By ſweet-brier hedges, bath'd in dew,
Let me my wholeſome path purſue;
There iſſuing forth the frequent ſnail,
Wears the dank way with ſlimy trail,
While as I walk, from pearled buſh
The ſunny ſparkling drop I bruſh;
And all the landſcape fair I view
Clad in robe of freſher hue:
And ſo loud the black-bird ſings,
That far and near the valley rings.
From ſhelter deep of ſhaggy rock
The ſhepherd drives his joyful flock;
From bowering beech the mower blithe
With new-born vigour graſps the ſcythe;
While o'er the ſmooth unbounded meads
His laſt faint gleam the rainbow ſpreads.

But ever, againſt reſtleſs heat,
Bear me to the rock-arch'd ſeat,
O'er whoſe dim mouth an ivy'd oak
Hangs nodding from the low-brow'd rock;
Haunted by that chaſte nymph alone,
Whoſe waters cleave the ſmoothed ſtone;
Which, as they guſh upon the ground,
Still ſcatter miſty dews around:
A ruſtic, wild, groteſque alcove,
Its ſide with mantling woodbines wove;
Cool as the cave where Clio dwells,
Whence Helicon's freſh fountain wells;
Or noon-tide grott where Sylvan ſleeps
In hoar Lycæum's piny ſteeps.
Me, Goddeſs, in ſuch cavern lay,
While all without is ſcorch'd in day;
Sore ſighs the weary ſwain, beneath
His withering hawthorn on the heath;
The drooping hedger wiſhes eve,
In vain, of labour ſhort reprieve!
Meantime, on Afric's glowing ſands,
Smote with keen heat, the traveller ſtands:
Low ſinks his heart, while round his eye
Meaſures the ſcenes that boundleſs lie,
Ne'er yet by foot of mortal worn,
Where Thirſt, wan pilgrim, walks forlorn.
How does he wiſh ſome cooling wave
To ſlake his lips, or limbs to lave!
And thinks, in every whiſper low,
He hears a burſting fountain flow.

Or

Or bear me to yon antique wood,
Dim temple of ſage Solitude!
But ſtill in Fancy's mirror ſees
Some more romantic ſcene would pleaſe,
There within a nook moſt dark,
Where none my muſing mood may mark,
Let me, in many a whiſper'd rite,
The Genius old of Greece invite,
With that fair wreath my brows to bind,
Which for his choſen imps he twin'd,
Well nurtur'd in Pierian lore,
On clear Iliſſus' laureat ſhore—
Till high on waving neſt reclin'd,
The raven wakes my tranced mind!
Or to the foreſt-fringed vale
Where widow'd turtles love to wail,
Where cowſlips clad in mantle meek,
Nod their tall heads to breezes weak:
In the midſt, with ſedges grey
Crown'd, a ſcant rivulet winds its way,
And trembling thro' the weedy wreaths,
Around an oozy freſhneſs breathes.
O'er the ſolitary green,
Nor cott, nor loitering hind is ſeen:
Nor aught alarms the mute repoſe,
Save that by fits an heifer lows:
A ſcene might tempt ſome peaceful ſage
To rear him a lone hermitage;
Fit place his penſive eld might chuſe
On Virtue's holy lore to muſe.

Yet ſtill the ſultry noon t' appeaſe
Some more romantic ſcene might pleaſe;
Or fairy bank, or magic lawn,
By Spenſer's laviſh peneil drawn;
Or bower in Vallambroſa's ſhade,
By legendary pens pourtray'd.
Haſte let me ſhroud from painful light,
On that hoar hill's aërial height,
In ſolemn ſtate, where waving wide,
Thick pines with darkening umbrage hide
The rugged vaults, and riven towers
Of that proud caſtle's painted bowers,
Whence Hardyknute, a baron bold,
In Scotland's martial days of old,
Deſcended from the ſtately feaſt,
Begirt with many a warrior-gueſt,
To quell the pride of Norway's king,
With quivering lance and twanging ſtring.
As thro' the caverns dim I wind,
Might I that holy legend find,
By fairies ſpelt in myſtic rhymes,
To teach enquiring later times,
What open ſorce, or ſecret guile,
Daſh'd into duſt the ſolemn pile.
But when mild Morn in ſaffron ſtole
Firſt iſſues from her eaſtern goal;
Let not my due feet fail to climb
Some breezy ſummit's brow ſublime,
Whence Nature's univerſal face
Illumin'd ſmiles with new-born grace;

The

The mifty ftreams that wind below,
With filver-fparkling luftre glow;
The groves, and caftled cliffs appear
Invefted all in radiance clear;
O! every village-charm beneath!
The fmoke that mounts in azure wreath!
O beauteous, rural interchange!
The fimple fpire, and elmy grange!
Content, indulging blifsful hours,
Whiftles o'er the fragrant flowers,
And cattle rouz'd to pafture new,
Shake jocund from their fides the dew.
'Tis thou alone, O Summer mild,
Canft bid me carol wood-notes wild:
Whene'er I view thy genial fcenes,
Thy waving woods, embroider'd greens,
What fires within my bofom wake,
How glows my mind the reed to take!
What charms like thine the mufe can call,
With whom 'tis youth and laughter all;
With whom each field's a paradife,
And all the globe a bower of blifs!
With thee converfing, all the day,
I meditate my lightfome lay.
Thefe pedant cloifters let me leave
To breathe my votive fong at eve,
In valleys where mild whifpers ufe;
Of fhade and ftream to court the mufe;
While wandering o'er the brook's dim verge,
I hear the ftock-dove's dying dirge.

But when life's buſier ſcene is o'er,
And age ſhall give the treſſes hoar,
I'd fly ſoſt Luxury's marble dome,
And make an humble thatch my home,
Which ſloping hills around encloſe,
Where many a beech and brown oak grows;
Beneath whoſe dark and branching bowers
Its tides a far-fam'd river pours:
By Nature's beauties taught to pleaſe,
Sweet Tuſculane of rural eaſe!
Still grot of Peace! in lowly ſhed
Who loves to reſt her gentle head.
For not the ſcenes of Attic art
Can comfort care, or ſoothe the heart:
Nor burning cheek, nor wakeful eye,
For gold, and Tyrian purple fly.
Thither, kind heaven, in pity lent,
Send me a little and content;
The faithful friend, and chearful night,
The ſocial ſcene of dear delight:
The conſcience pure, the temper gay,
The muſing eve, and idle day.
Give me beneath cool ſhades to ſit,
Rapt with the charms of claſſic wit;
To catch the bold heroic flame,
That built immortal Græcia's fame.
Nor let me fail, meantime, to raiſe
The ſolemn ſong to Britain's praiſe:
To ſpurn the ſhepherd's ſimple reeds,
And paint heroic ancient deeds:

To

To chant fam'd Arthur's magic tale,
And Edward, ſtern in ſable mail.
Or wandering Brutus' lawleſs doom,
Or brave Bonduca, ſcourge of Rome;
O ever to ſweet poeſie,
Let me live true votary!
She ſhall lead me by the hand,
Queen of ſweet ſmiles, and ſolace bland!
She from her precious ſtores ſhall ſhed
Ambroſial flowrets o'er my head:
She, from my tender youthful cheek
Can wipe, with lenient finger meek,
The ſecret and unpitied tear,
Which ſtill I drop in darkneſs drear.
She ſhall be my blooming bride,
With her, as years ſucceſſive glide,
I'll hold divineſt dalliance,
For ever held in holy trance.

TRUE BEAUTY.

BY DR. FORDYCE.

THE diamond's and the ruby's blaze
Diſputes the palm with Beauty's queen:
Not Beauty's queen commands ſuch praiſe,
Devoid of virtue if ſhe's ſeen.

But

But the ſoft tear in Pity's eye
  Outſhines the diamond's brighteſt beams;
But the ſweet bluſh of Modeſty
  More beauteous than the ruby ſeems.

ARISTOTLE's PÆAN TO VIRTUE IMITATED.

BY MR. SHEPHERD.

VIRTUE, ſtern Tutreſs, hail!
  Hail thou, whoſe guidance trains
In life's rough paths the delegated youth;
Each thought, each enterpriſing deed arraigns
At the tribunal of impartial Truth:
What charms attractive grace thy modeſt mien,
  Or in Religion's ſnow-white veil,
  Or unſtain'd robes of Honour dreſt;
Thy eye how bold, yet mild; how rigid, yet ſerene!
  Thine, virgin, was the genial fire
  That glow'd in each heroic breaſt;
    And prompted to aſpire,
On Merit's field to win an honour'd name
In the bright annals of diſtinguiſh'd fame:

Bade

Bade them the deathleſs crown of Glory ſeize;
The crown, that, cull'd from Labour's arduous grove,
The ſiſter graces for his temples wove,
Who dar'd, amidſt a looſe and venal ſtate,
Look down ſuperior to th' alluring bait,
And ſpurn the ſluggard bed of downy eaſe.

II.

O ſay, what ſoul-ſupporting thought
In that dread hour inſpir'd th' Athenian ſage;
When, victim to a faction's rage,
Unmov'd he quaff'd the fatal bowl:
Thy influence fortified his ſoul,
And tempered to his taſte the bitter draught.
Robed in Religion's purer veſt,
Whilſt every heighten'd charm more fair appeared,
Martyrs thy conſecrated form confeſſed.
Hail'd Truth's bright dictates, and thy power revered.
Nor lure, nor threats their fixt reſolves could ſhake,
For thee they ſoared above the narrow views,
The ſcenes that more contracted minds amuſe,
And ſmil'd amidſt the tortures of the ſtake.

III.

Eſtrang'd from Pleaſure's ſoft embrace,
Whoe'er aſpires in Glory's race
By proof of many a noble deed
To win the prize for him decreed
Who Virtue's height attains;
His name the Muſe, chaſte Virtue's friend,

Shall

Shall bid, emblaz'd in pureſt ſtrains,
To the bold arch of heaven aſcend:
And whilſt the golden numbers flow,
Where all the graces all their influence breathe;
Fair Fame with never-fading wreath
Shall deck his laurell'd brow.

ODE TO AMBITION.

BY THE SAME.

O'ER midnight glaſs, or by the fair
In dalliance ſoft careſt;
Without a thought, without a care
To diſcompoſe their reſt,
The meaner herd exulting pant to rove
The flowery paths of Pleaſure's fairy grove:

While more determin'd boſoms glow
With high Ambition's fires;
Source of whate'er is great below,
The grave of mean deſires:
Adieu for them the pleaſure-winged hour,
Adieu the bed of eaſe, the Paphian bower!

Tho'

Tho' rough the paths that lead to Fame,
Their ſteps no toils diſmay;
Ambition aids the generous aim,
And ſmooths the rugged way:
With all its luſtre bids bright Virtue ſhine,
And into action wakes the big deſign.

What breaks th' aſpiring ſtateſman's reſt?
What gives the Muſe to ſing?
Ambition wakes his anxious breaſt,
And plumes her towering wing:
Inſtructs the feeble Monarch how to bear
The crown, and all the thorns that faſten there.

The General's wakeful boſom fires,
And guards the jealous camp;
The Scholar's flattering hope inſpires,
And trims the midnight lamp;
The pride of arts from fair Ambition ſprings,
And blooms ſecure beneath her foſtering wings.

Oft, Goddeſs, as thy genial ray
Pervades the feeling heart,
Love trembling quits his ſenſual ſway,
And drops his feeble dart:
The flowers, that in the Paphian garden grow,
Fade in the wreath that rounds the hero's brow.

Pleaſure

Pleaſure retreats with wanton ſmiles,
And Strength-unnerving eyes;
Hoping in vain by Parthian wiles
To conquer as ſhe flies:
Sloth with reluctance quits her foul embrace,
Rough Care and manly Toil aſſume her place.

Virtue with firm quaternion band
His eager ſteps precedes;
A flambleau graſping in her hand,
To light to glorious deeds:
The ſiſter-train his toils with glory crown,
And point the arduous paths to fair renown.

By theſe inſpir'd young Scipio trod
To Fame th' adventurous way;
"By Love, he cry'd, let Paphos' god
The ſofter ſoul betray;
A nobler quarry lures the hero's eye:"
He ſpoke, and bade th' unconquer'd eagle fly.

Hence then, ye Slaves, whom Eaſe delights,
To yon lone cloyſter ſtray,
Where monkiſh apathy invites
To doſe tame life away:
True Worth, that ſpurns the hermit's ſluggard cell,
In Glory's active courts delights to dwell.

ODE TO THE ATHEIST.

BY THE SAME.

EXPATIATE long in nice debate,
On Chance, Neceſſity, and Fate;
With learn'd Lucretius ſtray
In Epicurus' magic grove,
Where the ſelf-motion'd atoms rove
In mazy myſtic play.

Some vain hypotheſis admit,
The ſpecious cobweb-work of wit;
And daringly deny
What every object round avows,
What every act of Reaſon ſhews,
An All-wiſe Deity.

The cleareſt evidence conteſt,
Divinely ſtampt on every breaſt,
Since Time was taught to roll;
In Error's gloomy coverts ſtray,
From Truth's indiſputable ray
Remote, as pole from pole.

So

So ſhuts the moping bird of night
Her feeble eyes againſt the light,
  That glads the chearful day;
And when prevailing darkneſs reigns,
Thro' groves obſcene, or dreary plains,
  She wings her dubious way.

Conſult the blue expanſe on high,
The bluſh that paints the morning ſky,
  The cloud that nimbly rides,
The orbs that mark with luſtre bright
The ſpangled mantle of the night,
  Who there ſupreme reſides.

Queſtion the gaudy flowers around,
That ſcent the air, or paint the ground,
  Whoſe influence they obey;
Whoſe hand imparts the various dyes,
At whoſe command they bud and riſe,
  At whoſe command decay.

Say ye, on down, or mountain ſteep,
That ſtately tread, or lowly creep;
  And ye aërial throng,
That chear the woodland ſcene and fields
With vocal ſtrains; whoſe bounty yields,
  Or ſuſtenance or ſong:

Who,

Who, in the ocean's waſte domain,
The tenants of the watry plain
With liberal hand ſupplies?
The floods in icy fetters binds,
Smooths the rough ſurge, and lulls the winds,
Or bids the tempeſt riſe?

Nature in every myſtic ſcene
Declares a plaſtic Author's reign:
Above the morning's wings,
Beyond the ſea's remoteſt tides,
Beneath the Dædal earth reſides
Th' Almighty King of Kings.

ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

BY THE SAME.

REMOTE from thoſe enchanting bowers,
Where dance the nimble-footed hours,
Where revels frantic Folly;
To thee I bring the tribute tear,
Viſits the muſe thy manſions drear,
Heart-ſearching Melancholy.

By thee inſpir'd, by Fancy led,
Thy hallowed ground I ſeem to tread,
  Where o'er the joyleſs plain
The æther ſheds its blackeſt hue,
And here and there a lonely yew
  Marks Melancholy's reign.

Where chearful gales forget to blow,
Pellucid currents ceaſe to flow,
  The cloud-capt mountain's height
All avenues of the dreary way
Secures from each pervading ray
  Of ſoul-enlivening light.

Where Grief ſad ſocial ſolace ſeeks,
The roſe has fled her meagre cheeks,
  And hollow is her eye;
Care on her lap reclines his head,
Whilſt hovering round the reſtleſs bed
  The wing'd chimeras fly.

Rack'd with ideal tortures Spleen
A thouſand fiends unknown, unſeen,
  With ſhadowy faulchions ſcare;
This rends her breaſt, that goads her ſides,
And every hag of Fancy rides
  The phantom thro' the air.

Hark,

Hark, ſoftly ſtealing on the ear
The hollow ſigh, the dropping tear,
  The muſic of Deſpair;
Not lovers ſorrow-mocking ſighs,
Or mimic Grief that melts the eyes
  Of youthful widowed fair.

Sorrows that orphan boſoms pierce,
Pour'd o'er a tender parent's hearſe,
  Snatch'd by unpitying fate;
No foſtering hand's kind ſolace nigh,
Each ſummer friend with wayward eye
  Surveys their helpleſs ſtate.

Thus the vague group of vernal flies,
While Titan gilds the cloudleſs ſkies,
  Sport in the gliſtening ray:
The ſplendid ſcene once overcaſt
By lowering cloud, or adverſe blaſt,
  Each inſect veers away.

  When Pleaſure's madding tide o'erſwells
  The rapt breaſt, to thoſe doleful cells
    Of miſery let me ſtray;
  There ſhall thought-foſtering Solitude,
  Whilſt no fantaſtic joys intrude,
Each devious ſtep recal to Virtue's rugged way.

ODE ON ENVY.

BY THE SAME.

I.

BENEATH yon chain of barren rocks,
Where niggard Nature ne'er unlocks
One hoard of chearful green;
The brown yew forms a gloomy ſhade,
The blaſted oak erects its head,
A dreary waſteful ſcene.
O haſte, O fly th' accurſed cell,
Where Envy's fiendly faction dwell!
Elſe ſhall her glance, malignant caſt,
The faireſt ſhoots of Merit blaſt:
He riſks his eaſe, who ventures nigh
The baleful witchcraft of her eye.

II.

Ev'n now from her infernal dark abyſs,
At Merit's name ſhe lifts her head,
At Merit's name prepar'd to ſhed
Their influence all her ſnaky treſſes hiſs.
Ev'n now the languid mind oppreſt,
Droops under horrors damp and chill,
Whilſt heaves the ſigh from the diſtended breaſt,
Slow winds the tide of life along each azure rill.

Ariſe,

Arise, my Muse, the chorded shell prepare,
  Awake the drowsy string;
For thou canst lull the gathering storms of Care,
Thou canst disarm dire Envy of her sting,
And smooth the haggard brow of fell Despair.

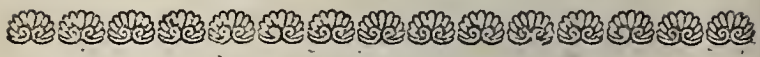
III.

Ah strange reverse of honest joys!
  The pale-ey'd fiend elate
Smiles, if Adversity annoys
  Her neighbour's hapless state.
Yet Spleen oppressive marrs her chear,
  And signs the bitter day:
For Envy drops the scalding tear,
  When all the world is gay.
The tenant of some narrow mind,
  She bids Suspicion launch the dart;
Whilst all her secret powers combin'd
  Excite the poignant smart.
Slow halts Ill-nature in the rear,
  That poisons as she probes the wound,
And Rumour's noisome breath is near,
  To waft the poison round.

I. 1.

Say, Theron, yet shall torpid Fear
Obstruct thy virtue's high career,
  Shall Envy's menace wrest
Thy merit's well-directed aim,
And quench the noble thirst of fame
  That warms thy youthful breast?

O no! purſue the glorious road
A Bacon, Hide, and Oſborne trod:
Her ſnaky head tho' Envy rear,
Fame's eagle wing thy name ſhall bear
O'er black Oblivion's frozen ſea,
Rank'd with great chiefs of old in immortality.



ODE TO HEALTH.

BY THE SAME.

HENCE meagre pale Diſeaſe,
From the crude banquets of Intemperance bred;
Nurs'd in the ſluggard bed,
And folded in the arms of pamper'd Eaſe:
Hence to Bœotian bogs;
Whence humid Auſter on his dropping wings
Groſs exhalations brings,
Where rank effluvia from the marſhy brake,
Or murky ſtagnate lake
Pregnant with ills ariſe in miſty fogs.
And come, Hygeia, bland and fair,
Fluſh'd with the glow of morning air;
With coral lip and ſparkling eye,
Complexion of enſanguin'd dye;

With

With chearful ſmile, and open brow,
Where Care could ne'er one furrow plow;
With ſteady ſtep, and aſpect ſleek,
The roſe that glows on Stella's cheek,
And ſnowy boſom, whence exhales
The ſweetneſs of Eteſian gales.
In ſylvan ſcenes is thy delight,
To climb the towering mountain's height,
Or blithely on thy native plain
To gambol with the Dryad train.
Thoſe plains, where in unguarded hour
Far from the ken of her chaſte bower,
As o'er the dew-beſpangled glade
Rov'd Temperance the mountain maid;
She ſtopt, in fixt attention viewing
Luſty Exerciſe purſuing,
With miſſive ſhaft and beechen ſpear,
Thro' opening lawns the trembling deer.
The God ſurveys the muſing dame,
The lover quits his flying game:
His treſſes dropp'd with morning dew,
While to the wood-nymph's arms he flew;
And from their hale embraces ſprung
Hygeia, ever fair and young.
Long, virgin, may thy genial fire
Each late exhauſted vein inſpire,
The crimſon tide of life renew,
And give to glide in channels blue.
Thee Wit and Mirth ſpontaneous ſerve,
That give a tone to every nerve,

Invoke thee, Harmony's bright Queen,
To tune the diſarrang'd machine.
The glow of Titan's orient ray
Thy happy pencil ſhall pourtray
With grace more exquiſite than lies
In Guido's air, or Titian's dyes;
Hence the pale hue of Sickneſs chaſe,
And call up each reviving grace.
O'er which as late with haggard hand
Conſumption ſhook her magic wand;
Nature's laſt debt prepar'd to pay
Youth's drooping flowers 'gan fade away:
No crimſon hue was ſeen to glow,
The ſtagnate blood forgot to flow;
Their luſtre fled, the languid eyes
Stood fixt in motionleſs ſurpriſe;
Each ſenſe ſeem'd loſt in endleſs night,
The trembling ſoul was wing'd for flight:
Which Death's rude ſhaft had half ſet free
In unconceiv'd eternity.

Then, Varus, was the power diſplay'd
Of medicine's heaven-directed aid.
Vers'd in each drug's balſamic uſe
The Dædal ſoils of earth produce,
In every flower of every hue,
And herb that drinks the morning dew,
Thy lenient hand allay'd each throw,
And gave a milder face to Woe;
Bade the bold pulſe elaſtic play,
The eye emit its vivid ray,

Call'd

Call'd back the flitting life again,
And Health inſpir'd thro' every vein.
Again thrills with her genial zeſt
Each nerve; again my languid breaſt
Viſits the cherub Joy. For this
May thy auſpicious heart ne'er miſs,
Oft as the fair for charms decay'd
Implores thy ſalutary aid,
To ſmooth the lovely mourner's brow,
And bid reviving beauties glow;
To ſoothe the tender parent's cries,
And wipe the tears from infant eyes.
But chief, my Muſe, with reverent awe
To Him, whoſe will is Nature's law,
Thy hymns of gratulation pay,
To Him direct the tribute lay,
From whom derives the balmy pill
Its virtues, the phyſician ſkill:
That o'er each act and thought preſides,
Directs his hand, his counſel guides:
Elſe medicine's unavailing ſtore
Shall vainly glide thro' every pore,
Thro' every pore the mineral rill
In vain its gifted powers inſtill.
Father Divine, Eternal King,
To thee I wake the trembling ſtring;
If mad Ambition ne'er miſled
In paths where Virtue dares not tread,
My vagrant ſtep; if ſordid views
Ne'er won the proſtituted Muſe;

For others let Pactolus flow,
Let Honour wreathe another's brow:
Health I intreat; whoſe jocund throng
Wantons each laughing grace among;
With Health the dancing minutes crown'd,
The field of all my wiſhes bound.

PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE.

BY MRS. GREVILLE.

OFT I've implor'd the gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary:
For once I'll ſeek my wiſh to gain
Of Oberon the fairy.

Sweet airy Being, wanton Spright,
Who liv'ſt in woods unſeen;
And oft by Cynthia's ſilver light
Trip'ſt gaily o'er the green;

If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd
As ancient ſtories tell;
And for [a] th' Athenian maid who lov'd,
Thou ſought'ſt a wondrous ſpell,

[a] See Midſummer night's dream.

O!

O! deign once more t' exert thy power!
  Haply ſome herb or tree,
Sovereign as juice from weſtern flower [a],
  Conceals a balm for me.

I aſk no kind return in love,
  No tempting charm to pleaſe;
Far from the heart ſuch gifts remove,
  That ſighs for peace and eaſe!

Nor eaſe, nor peace, that heart can know,
  That, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe;
  But, turning, trembles too.

Far as diſtreſs the ſoul can wound,
  'Tis pain in each degree:
'Tis bliſs but to a certain bound—
  Beyond—is agony.

Then take this treacherous ſenſe of mine,
  Which dooms me ſtill to ſmart;
Which pleaſure can to pain refine;
  To pain new pangs impart.

O! haſte to ſhed the ſovereign balm,
  My ſhatter'd nerves new-ſtring:
And for my gueſt, ſerenely calm,
  The nymph Indifference bring!

[a] Ibid.

At

At her approach, ſee Hope, ſee Fear,
  See Expectation fly!
And Diſappointment in the rear,
  That blaſts the purpos'd joy.

The tears, which Pity taught to flow,
  My eyes ſhall then diſown;
The heart, that throbb'd at others woe,
  Shall then ſcarce feel its own.

The wounds which now each moment bleed,
  Each moment then ſhall cloſe;
And tranquil days ſhall ſtill ſucceed
  To nights of ſweet repoſe.

O fairy-elf! but grant me this,
  This one kind comfort ſend!
And ſo may never-fading bliſs
  Thy flowery paths attend!

So may the glow-worm's glimmering light,
  Thy tiny footſteps lead
To ſome new region of delight,
  Unknown to mortal tread!

And by thy acorn goblet fill'd
  With heaven's ambroſial dew,
From ſweeteſt, freſheſt flowers diſtill'd,
  That ſhed freſh ſweets for you!

And

And what of life remains for me,
  I'll paſs in ſober eaſe;
Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
  Content—but half to pleaſe.

THE FAIRY'S ANSWER TO Mrs. GREVILLE.

BY THE COUNTESS OF C———.

WITHOUT preamble, to my friend,
  Theſe haſty lines I'm bid to ſend,
  Or give, if I am able;
I dare not heſitate to ſay,
Tho' I have trembled all the day—
  It looks ſo like a fable.

Laſt night's adventure is my theme,
And ſhould it ſtrike you as a dream,
  Yet ſoon its high import
Muſt make you own the matter ſuch,
So delicate, it were too much,
  To be compos'd in ſport.

The

The moon did ſhine ſerenely bright,
And every ſtar did deck the night,
  While Zephyr fann'd the trees,
No more aſſail'd my mind's repoſe,
Save, that yon ſtream, which murmuring flows,
  Did echo to the breeze.

Enwrapt in ſolemn thoughts, I ſate,
Revolving o'er the turns of fate,
  Yet void of hope, or fear;
When lo! behold an aëry throng,
With lighteſt ſteps, and jocund ſong,
  Surpriz'd my eye and ear.

A form, ſuperior to the reſt,
His little voice to me addreſt,
  And gently thus began,
" I've heard ſtrange things from one of you,
" Pray tell me if you think 'tis true,
  " Explain it if you can.

" Such incenſe has perfum'd my throne!
" Such eloquence my heart has won!
  " I think I gueſs the hand;
" I know her wit and beauty too,
" But why ſhe ſends a prayer ſo new,
  " I cannot underſtand.

" To

" To light ſome flames, and ſome revive,
" To keep ſome others juſt alive,
" Full oft I am implor'd;
" But, with peculiar power to pleaſe,
" To ſupplicate for nought but eaſe—
" 'Tis odd, upon my word!

" Tell her, with fruitleſs care I've ſought,
" And tho' my realms, with wonders fraught,
" In remedies abound,
" No grain of cold Indifference
" Was ever yet ally'd to Senſe,
" In all my fairy round.

" The regions of the ſky I'd trace,
" I'd ranſack every earthly place,
" Each leaf, each herb, each flower,
" To mitigate the pangs of Fear,
" Diſpel the clouds of black Deſpair,
" Or lull the reſtleſs hour.

" I would be generous, as I'm juſt,
" But I obey, as others muſt,
" Thoſe laws which Fate has made.
" My tiny kingdom how defend,
" And what might be the horrid end
" Should Man my ſtate invade?

 " 'Twould

" 'Twould put your mind into a rage,
" And ſuch unequal war to wage
" Suits not my regal duty!
" I dare not change a firſt decree,
" She's doom'd to pleaſe, nor can be free,
" Such is the lot of Beauty!"

This ſaid, he darted o'er the plain,
And after follow'd all his train;
No glimpſe of him I find;
But ſure I am, the little ſpright
Theſe words, before he took his flight,
Imprinted on my mind.

THE

THE MAN OF SORROW.

BY MR. GREVILLE.

AH! what avails the lengthening mead,
By Nature's kindeſt bounty ſpread
Along the vale of flowers!
Ah! what avails the darkening grove,
Or Philomel's melodious love,
That glads the midnight hours!

For me (alas!) the god of day
Ne'er glitters on the hawthorn ſpray,
Nor night her comfort brings:
I have no pleaſure in the roſe:
For me no vernal beauty blows,
Nor Philomela ſings.

See, how the ſturdy peaſants ſtride,
Adown yon hillock's verdant ſide,
In chearful ignorance bleſt!
Alike to them the roſe or thorn,
Alike ariſes every morn,
By gay Contentment dreſt.

Content, fair daughter of the ſkies,
Or gives ſpontaneous, or denies,
  Her choice divinely free,
She viſits oft the hamlet-cot,
When Want and Sorrow are the lot
  Of Avarice and me.

But ſee—or is it Fancy's dream?
Methought a bright celeſtial gleam
  Shot ſudden thro' the groves,
Behold, behold, in looſe array,
Euphroſyne more bright than day,
  More mild than Paphian doves!

Welcome, O! welcome, Pleaſure's queen!
And ſee, along the velvet green,
  The jocund train advance:
With ſcatter'd flowers they fill the air,
The wood-nymph's dew-beſpangled hair
  Plays in the ſportive dance.

Ah! baneful grant of angry heaven,
When to the feeling wretch is given
  A ſoul alive to joy!
Joys fly with every hour away,
And leave th' unguarded heart a prey
  To cares, that Peace deſtroy.

And

And ſee, with viſionary haſte,
(Too ſoon the gay deluſion paſt)
  Reality remains!
Deſpair has ſeiz'd my captive ſoul,
And Horror drives without controul,
  And ſlackens ſtill the reins.

Ten thouſand beauties round me throng,
What beauties, ſay, ye nymphs, belong
  To the diſtemper'd ſoul?
I ſee the lawn of hideous dye,
The towering elm nods miſery,
  With groans the waters roll.

Ye gilded roofs, Palladian domes,
Ye vivid tints of Perſia's looms,
  Ye were for miſery made—
'Twas thus the Man of Sorrow ſpoke,
His wayward ſtep then penſive took
  Along th' unhallow'd ſhade.

THE MAN OF PLEASURE.

BY THE SAME.

YES, to the Sages be it told,
However great, or wiſe, or old—
Fair Pleaſure's my purſuit;
For her I breathe the joyful day,
For her thro' Nature's wilds I ſtray,
And cull the flowers and fruit.

Sweep, ſweep the lute's enchanting ſtring,
And all thy ſweets lov'd Luxury bring!
"To enjoy is to obey;"
The heavenly mandate ſtill prevail,
And let each unwiſe wretch bewail
The dire neglected day.

Ah! graceleſs wretch! to diſobey,
And devious quit the flowery way,
And ſlight the gods decree!
Still, ſtill, ye gods, the bleſſings ſend!
If e'er my guilty hands offend,
Indeed my heart is free.

In Pleaſure's ray ſee Nature ſhine,
How dull, alas! at Wiſdom's ſhrine!
" 'Tis Folly to be wiſe:"
Colluſive term, poor vain pretence,
Enjoyment ſure is real Senſe
In philoſophic eyes.

I love the carol of the hound,
Enraptur'd on the living ground,
In daſhing ecſtaſy;
I love the aukward courſer's ſtride,
The courſer that has been well tried,
And with him eager fly.

And yes, I love, ye ſneering wiſe!—
Fair Honour, ſpurning ſtill at lies,
As courting Liberty;
Still hand in hand great Nature goes,
With joys to honour never foes,
And all thoſe joys are free.

And welcome thrice to Britiſh land,
From Italy's voluptuous ſtrand,
Ye deſtin'd men of art;
Breathe on the thrilling meaning ſound,
Each grace ſhall ſtill be faithful found,
At your admirer's heart.

Avert, ye gods! that curſe of fools,
The pride of theoretic rules;
  That dupery of ſenſe:
I ne'er refuſe the proffer'd joy,
With every good—that can annoy—
  Moſt eaſily diſpenſe.

I catch each rapture as it flies,
Each happy loſs a gain ſupplies,
  And boon ſtill follows boon:
The ſmile of beauty gilds my day,
Regardleſs of her frowns I ſtray;—
  Thus thro' my hours I run!

But let me not for idle rhyme
Neglect, ungrateful, good old Time:
  Dear watch! thou art obey'd—
'Twas thus the Man of Pleaſure ſpoke,
His jovial ſtep then careleſs took
  To Celia—or her maid.

VERSES

SENT BY LORD MELCOMBE TO DR. YOUNG, NOT LONG BEFORE HIS LORDSHIP'S DEATH.

KIND companion of my youth,
Lov'd for genius, worth, and truth!
Take what friendſhip can impart,
Tribute of a feeling heart;
Take the muſe's lateſt ſpark,
Ere we drop into the dark.
He, who parts and virtue gave,
Bade thee look beyond the grave:
Genius ſoars, and virtue guides,
Where the love of God preſides.
There's a gulph 'twixt us and God;
Let the gloomy path be trod:
Why ſtand ſhivering on the ſhore;
Why not boldly venture o'er;
Where unerring virtue guides
Let us brave the winds and tides:
Safe, thro' ſeas of doubts and fears,
Rides the bark which virtue ſteers.

may 12 - 1826

VERSES UNDER THE BUSTO OF COMUS IN A BUFFET AT HAMMERSMITH.

E AUGUST MDCCL.

BY THE SAME.

WHILE rosy wreaths the goblet deck,
Thus Comus spoke, or seem'd to speak:
"This place for social hours design'd,
"May Care and Business never find.
"Come, every Muse, without restraint,
"Let Genius prompt, and Fancy paint;
"Let Wit and Mirth, with friendly strife,
"Chase the dull gloom that saddens life:
"True Wit, that firm to Virtue's cause
"Respects religion and the laws;
"True Mirth, that chearfulness supplies
"To modest ears and decent eyes;
"Let these indulge their liveliest sallies,
"Both scorn the canker'd help of Malice;
"True to their country and their friend,
"Both scorn to flatter or offend."

PRO-

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, APRIL V. MDCCL. BEFORE THE MASQUE OF COMUS, ACTED AT DRURY-LANE, FOR THE BENEFIT OF MILTON'S GRAND-DAUGHTER.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

YE patriot crowds, who burn for England's fame,
Ye nymphs, whoſe boſoms beat at Milton's name,
Whoſe generous zeal, unbought by flattering rhymes,
Shames the mean penſions of Auguſtan times;
Immortal patrons of ſucceeding days,
Attend this prelude of perpetual praiſe!
Let Wit, condemn'd the feeble war to wage
With cloſe Malevolence, or public Rage;
Let Study, worn with Virtue's fruitleſs lore,
Behold this theatre, and grieve no more.
This night, diſtinguiſh'd by your ſmile, ſhall tell,
That never Briton can in vain excel;
The ſlighted arts futurity ſhall truſt,
And riſing ages haſten to be juſt.
At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
Fill the loud voice of univerſal praiſe;
And baffled Spite, with hopeleſs anguiſh dumb,
Yields to Renown the centuries to come.

With ardent haſte, each candidate of Fame
Ambitious catches at his towering name:
He ſees, and pitying ſees, vain Wealth beſtow
Thoſe pageant honours which he ſcorn'd below.
While crowds aloft the laureat buſt behold,
Or trace his form on circulating gold,
Unknown, unheeded, long his offspring lay,
And Want hung threatening o'er her ſlow decay.
What tho' ſhe ſhine with no Miltonian fire,
No favouring muſe her morning dreams inſpire?
Yet ſofter claims the melting heart engage;
Her youth laborious, and her blameleſs age:
Her's the mild merits of domeſtic life;
The patient ſufferer, and the faithful wife.
Thus grac'd with humble Virtue's native charms,
Her grandſire leaves her in Britannia's arms,
Secure with peace, with competence, to dwell,
While tutelary nations guard her cell.
Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wiſe, ye brave!
'Tis yours to crown deſert—beyond the grave!

THE 'SQUIRE AND THE PARSON.

AN ECLOGUE.

BY S. J. ESQ.
Soame Jenyns

BY his hall chimney, where in rusty grate
Green faggots wept their own untimely fate,
In elbow-chair the pensive 'Squire reclin'd,
Revolving debts and taxes in his mind:
A pipe just fill'd, upon a table near
Lay by the London Evening stain'd with beer,
With half a bible, on whose remnants torn
Each parish round was annually forsworn.
The gate now claps, as Evening just grew dark,
Tray starts, and with a growl prepares to bark;
But soon discerning with sagacious nose
The well known savour of the Parson's toes,
Lays down his head, and sinks in soft repose:
The Doctor entering, to the tankard ran,
Takes a good hearty pull, and thus began:

PARSON.

Why sit'st thou, thus forlorn and dull, my friend,
Now War's rapacious reign is at an end?
Hark, how the distant bells inspire delight!
See bonfires spangle o'er the veil of night!

'SQUIRE.

'SQUIRE.

What's Peace, alas! in foreign parts to me?
At home, nor peace, nor plenty can I ſee;
Joyleſs, I hear drums, bells, and fiddles ſound,
'Tis all the ſame——Four ſhillings in the pound.
My wheels, tho' old, are clogg'd with a new tax;
My oaks, tho' young, muſt groan beneath the axe:
My barns are half unthatch'd, until'd my houſe,
Loſt by this fatal ſickneſs all my cows:
See, there's the bill my late damn'd lawſuit coſt!
Long as the land contended for—and loſt:
Ev'n Ormond's Head I can frequent no more,
So ſhort my pocket is, ſo long the ſcore;
At ſhops all round I owe for fifty things.—
This comes of fetching Hanoverian kings.

PARSON.

I muſt confeſs the times are bad indeed,
No wonder; when we ſcarce believe our creed;
When purblind Reaſon's deem'd the ſureſt guide,
And heaven-born Faith at her tribunal try'd;
When all church-power is thought to make men ſlaves,
Saints, martyrs, fathers, all call'd fools, and knaves.

'SQUIRE.

Come, preach no more, but drink and hold your tongue:
I'm for the church:—but think the parſons wrong.

PARSON.

See there! Free-thinking now ſo rank is grown,
It ſpreads infection thro' each country town;

Deiſtic

Deiſtic ſcoffs fly round at rural boards,
'Squires, and their tenants too, profane as lords,
Vent impious jokes on every ſacred thing;

'SQUIRE.

Come, drink;——

PARSON.

—Here's to you then, to church and king:

'SQUIRE.

Here's church and king, I hate the glaſs ſhould ſtand,
Tho' one takes tithes, and t'other taxes land.

PARSON.

Heaven with new plagues will ſcourge this ſinful nation,
Unleſs we ſoon repeal the toleration,
And to the church reſtore the convocation:

'SQUIRE.

Plagues we ſhould feel ſufficient, on my word,
Starv'd by two houſes, prieſt-rid by a third.
For better days we lately had a chance,
Had not the honeſt Plaids been trick'd by France.

PARSON.

Is not moſt gracious George our faith's defender?
You love the church, yet wiſh for the pretender!

'SQUIRE.

Preferment, I ſuppoſe, is what you mean,
Turn Whig, and you, perhaps, may be a Dean:
But you muſt firſt learn how to treat your betters.
What's here? ſure ſome ſtrange news, a boy with letters;
O ho!

O ho! here's one I ſee, from Parſon Sly:
" My reverend neighbour Squab being like to die,
" I hope, if heaven ſhould pleaſe to take him hence,
" To aſk the living would be no offence.

PARSON.

Have you not ſwore, that I ſhould Squab ſucceed?
Think how for this I taught your ſons to read;
How oft diſcover'd puſs on new-plow'd land,
How oft ſupported you with friendly hand,
When I could ſcarcely go, nor could your worſhip ſtand.

'SQUIRE.

'Twas yours, had you been honeſt, wiſe, or civil;
Now ev'n go court the Biſhops—or the Devil.

PARSON.

If I meant any thing, now let me die,
I'm blunt, and cannot fawn and cant, not I,
Like that old preſbyterian raſcal Sly.
I am, you know, a right true-hearted Tory,
Love a good glaſs, a merry ſong, or ſtory.

'SQUIRE.

Thou art an honeſt dog, that's truth indeed—
Talk no more nonſenſe then about the creed.
I can't, I think, deny thy firſt requeſt;
'Tis thine; but firſt a bumper to the beſt.

PARSON.

Moſt noble 'Squire, more generous than your wine,
How pleaſing's the condition you aſſign?

Give

Give me the ſparkling glaſs, and here, d'ye ſee,
With joy I drink it on my bended knee:
Great Queen! who governeſt this earthly ball,
And mak'ſt both kings, and kingdoms, riſe and fall:
Whoſe wonderous power in ſecret all things rules,
Makes fools of mighty peers, and peers of fools:
Diſpenſes mitres, coronets, and ſtars;
Involves far diſtant realms in bloody wars,
Then bids the ſnaky treſſes ceaſe to hiſs,
And gives them peace again— [b] nay, gav'ſt us this:
Whoſe health does health to all mankind impart,
Here's to thy much-lov'd health:

'SQUIRE, *rubbing his hands.*

—With all my heart.

[b] Madam de P—mp—dour.

ALLEN AND ELLA. A FRAGMENT.

BY ——.

ON the banks of that cryſtalline ſtream
Where Thames, oft, his current delays;
And charms, more than poets can dream,
In his Richmond's bright villa ſurveys;

Fair Ella! of all the gay throng
The faireſt that Nature had ſeen,
Now, drew every village, along,
From the day ſhe firſt danc'd on the green.

Ah! boaſt not of beauty's fond power,
For ſhort is the triumph, ye fair!
Not fleeter the bloom of each flower;
And hope is but gilded deſpair.

His affection each ſwain now, behold,
By riches endeavours to prove!
But Ella ſtill cries, what is gold,
Or wealth, when compar'd to his love?

Yes!

Yes! Allen, together we'll wield
Our ſickles in ſummer's bright day;
Together we'll leaſe o'er the field,
And ſmile all our labours away:

In winter! I'll winnow the wheat
As it falls from thy flail on the ground;
That flail will be muſic as ſweet
When thy voice in the labour is drown'd.

How oft would he ſpeak of his bliſs!
How oft would he call her his maid!
And Allen would ſeal with a kiſs
Every promiſe and vow that he ſaid.

But, hark! o'er the graſs-level [c] land,
The village bells ſound on the plain;
Falſe Allen! this morn gave his hand,
And Ella's fond tears are in vain.

Sad Ella, too ſoon, heard the tale!
Too ſoon the ſad cauſe ſhe was told!
That his was a nymph of the vale:
That he broke his fond promiſe for gold.

As ſhe walk'd by the margin ſo green,
Which befringes the ſweet river's ſide,

[c] The village of Peterſham.

How oft' was ſhe languiſhing ſeen!
How oft' would ſhe gaze on the tide!

By the clear river, then, as ſhe ſate,
Which reflected herſelf and the mead;
Awhile! ſhe bewept her ſad fate,
And the green turf, ſtill, pillow'd her head.

There, there! is it Ella, I ſee?
'Tis Ella, the loſt, undone maid!
Ah! no, 'tis ſome Ella, like me,
Some hapleſs young virgin betray'd!

Like me! ſhe has ſorrow'd and wept;
Like me! ſhe has, fondly, believ'd;
Like me! her true promiſe ſhe kept,
And, like me, too, is juſtly deceiv'd.

I come, dear companion in grief!
Gay ſcenes and fond pleaſures, adieu!
I come! and we'll gather relief
From boſoms ſo chaſte and ſo true!

Like you! I have mourn'd the long night,
And wept out the day in deſpair!
Like you! I have baniſh'd delight,
And boſom'd a friend in my care.

Ye

Ye meadows! ſo lovely, farewel,
Your velvet, ſtill, Allen ſhall tread!
All deaf to the ſound of that knell
Which tolls for his Ella when dead.

Your wiſh will, too ſure! be obey'd;
Nor Allen her loſs ſhall bemoan!
Soon, ſoon! ſhall poor Ella be laid
Where her heart ſhall be cold as your own.

Then, twin'd in the arms of that fair,
Whoſe wealth has been Ella's ſad fate:
As, together, ye draw the free air,
And a thouſand dear pleaſures relate:

If chance, o'er my turf, as ye tread,
Ye dare to affect a fond ſigh!
The primroſe will ſhrink her pale head,
And the violet languiſh and die.

Ah! weep not, fond maid! 'tis in vain;
Like the tears which you lend to the ſtream;
Tears! are loſt in that watery plain;
And your ſighs are ſtill loſt upon him.

Scarce! echo had gather'd the ſound,
But ſhe plung'd from her graſs-ſpringing bed:
The liquid ſtream parts to the ground,
And the mirror clos'd over her head.

The ſwains of the village at eve,
    Oft meet at the dark-ſpreading yew;
There wonder how man could deceive
    A boſom ſo chaſte and ſo true.

With garlands, of every flower,
    (Which Ella herſelf ſhould have made)
They raiſe up a ſhort-living bower;
    And, ſighing! cry, "Peace to her ſhade."

Then! hand-lock'd-in-hand, as they move
    The green-platting hillock, around:
They talk of poor Ella, and love;
    And freſhen, with tears, the fair ground.

Nay, wiſh! they had never been born,
    Or liv'd the ſad moment to view!
When her Allen could thus be forſworn,
    And his Ella could ſtill be ſo true.

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